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LATER LETTERS OF EDWARD LEAR

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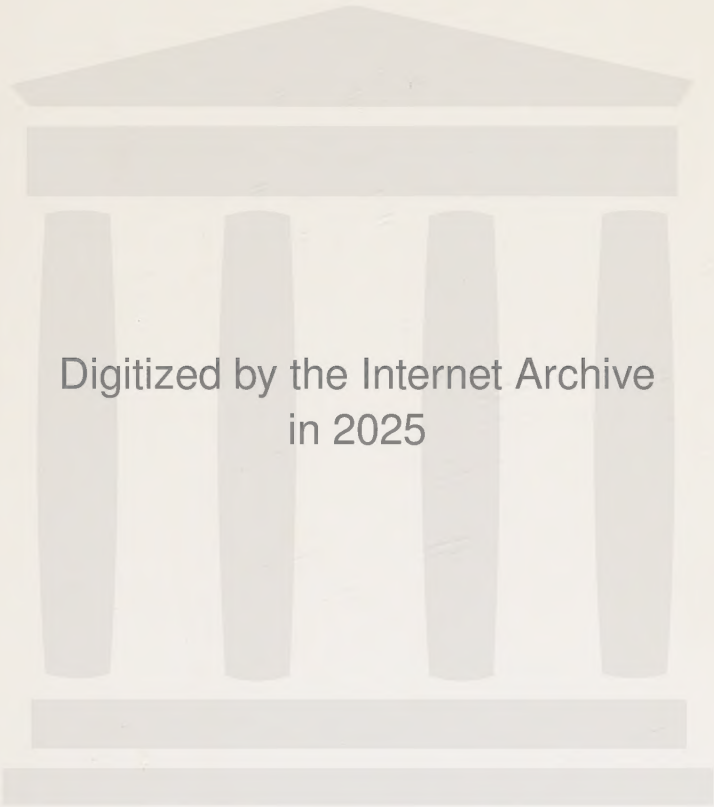
LETTERS OF EDWARD LEAR

(Author of "The Book of Nonsense")

to Chichester Fortescue, Lord Carlingford, and Frances, Countess Waldegrave (1848 to 1864). Edited by Lady Strachey (of Sutton Court). With a Photogravure Frontispiece, 3 Coloured Plates, and many other Illustrations.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN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BENARES.

(From a water-colour drawing.)

(By kind permission of the Earl of Northbrook.)

LATER LETTERS

OF

EDWARD LEAR

AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF NONSENSE"

TO

CHICHESTER FORTESCUE

(LORD CARLINGFORD)

FRANCES COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE

AND OTHERS

EDITED BY

LADY STRACHEY

OF

SUTTON COURT

NC
242
L4A32

WITH 83 ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN

ADELPHI TERRACE

1911

195040

LEW HEYMANN
P. O. Box 6448
Carmel, Calif. 93921

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EDITOR'S NOTE

IN November, 1907, I published the first book of Lear letters to my aunt and uncle, of which this volume is a continuation.

The public both here and in America received that volume in the most kindly spirit, and caused me to decide to carry out the suggestion I originally held out, that a second volume might be forthcoming if the approval of the public was assured. This volume has, I fear, been much delayed, and I would ask forgiveness from the many who were looking for it, for the long lapse which has occurred between the publication of the two volumes. After the publication of the first volume my eyes broke down for a time, and caused the imperative and necessary rest which has resulted in over three years elapsing before this second volume has been finally accomplished. I think this explanation is due to the many lovers of the delightful letters of the first

volume, and I feel any annoyance on their part at my seeming negligence to their feelings will be now condoned.

I think I may truly say that the following volume is in no way inferior to the first—in fact, my American publisher considers it almost better—and I feel I may in any case hope that the kind public will take it as much to their heart as they did the former one.

I have in many ways gained various sidelights about Mr. Lear not known to me before, gleaned from the letters called forth by the first volume from friends and persons who had known him, and who had been deeply interested by those early letters. Among them I may mention Mr. Hubert Congreve, a close friend of Lear's San Remo days, who has most kindly written for me the delightful Preface to this book, a vivid personal remembrance of his old friend and would-be master in art.

Also Madame Philipp, whose first husband was the well-known Dr. Hassall of San Remo, both great personal friends of Mr. Lear, and the latter also his medical adviser for several years and till his death. I have ended this book with a touching letter to

myself from Madame Philipp of Lear's last days and death, and also have added a short quotation from a letter from Guiseppe Orsini, Lear's faithful servant, sent by Sir Franklin Lushington to my uncle after Lear's death. These words from eye witnesses close down the life of a most remarkable and lovable man, which otherwise would have been left unknown; when "the sudden ceasing of that ceaseless hand," stilled the friendship that only the coming of death could have stayed from writing himself to his beloved friends.

Besides these I have also kindly had lent to me the miniatures of "Sister Anne" so like her brother minus the spectacles, showing the lovable elder sister and mother combined she was to her brother through life.

"Sister Mary" also who died at sea on her return to England (see p. 187, vol. i.).

Mrs. Allen, who is the possessor of these portraits, was a niece, or rather cousin, of "poor Mary's unpleasant husband," as Mr. Lear calls him in his early letters, and she and her husband, the Rev. F. A. Allen, write me the following interesting history of Mr. Boswell and his Lear wife, and thereby rather verify Mr. Lear's epithet from the

Lear point of view. Mr. Allen, in 1908, wrote: "My wife as a girl in a country Parsonage (Fareham), was a great companion of old Mr. Boswell, an eminent amateur naturalist and microscopist, who married Mary Lear. When over sixty, they both migrated to New Zealand, and lived in a hut in the bush. I am afraid that the hardships endured killed her, for she died on the voyage home (see p. 187, vol. i.). We have still a little model in New Zealand grasses, etc., of the hut in which they lived. The old gentleman lived on a small annuity which he purchased at Fareham (Hants), at Torquay, where he died and was buried, and left no descendants. He was much respected everywhere and was quite a shining light in Natural History Societies, &c. He had some patent process which died with him, for the manufacture of slides for the microscope, and supplied some of the dealers. He was a most interesting well-informed man. My wife belonged to his side of his family and was his executor, but he had not much to leave. She called him uncle, but I think he was a sort of cousin. We have one or two letters of Edward Lear written to his sister

MARY LEAR, WIFE OF RICHARD BOSWELL.
(From miniature, by kind permission of Mrs. Allen.)

before she left. They are amusing and are illustrated in his peculiar style. My wife has three Lear miniatures.

"I. Of the excellent old sister Ann who brought up the others (see Introduction, vol. i., p. xvii)—a good portrait.

"II. Of Mrs. Boswell (not so good).

"III. Containing silhouettes (in black) of Edward Lear as a lad or young man, and a sister (the ninth and youngest sister).

"If you ever bring out another volume of letters she might perhaps lend them for reproduction.

"P.S.—My wife's maiden name was Smith, daughter of the Rev. F. Smith, late Vicar of Holy Trinity, Fareham, Hants."

On Jan. 19, 1911, Mr. Allen again writes: "My wife is the owner of the three pictures, and will be glad to lend them. They came into our family this way, and a note might be made of it. My wife's mother (*née* Payne) had an uncle, Mr. Richard Shuter Boswell, who married Miss Mary Lear, and took her out to New Zealand in 1856 or 1858. In 1863 he returned to England, living first at Fareham, Hants, and then at Torquay, where he died in 1876, aged 80, and is buried in the cemetery there.

"P.S.—My wife remembers that Mrs. Boswell and Mr. B. went out to N. Zealand with the Streets (nephew—perhaps he was not married then) and that Mrs. B. died and was buried at sea on her way home. The B.'s were too old to rough it in the Bush, and he was blamed for taking her out."

From Mrs. Allen, Jan. 26, 1911:

"I am glad that the pictures of the Lear family should be of use to you in your kind undertaking of gathering Edward Lear's letters together. I was much interested in his first volume, and we shall indeed value the second. You are also quite welcome to mention anything about Uncle Richard and Aunt Mary Boswell. I was quite a small child when they went to New Zealand in /57. I believe they visited my father and mother at Fareham before they left England: Aunt Mary died on the voyage back, I think in 1861 Uncle Richard coming to us at Fareham on his reaching England. While at Fareham he made and gave to us, a little model of the hut he built himself in the bush, which he had cleared. I have it now. He died at Torquay in /76. I enclose the two letters of Ed. Lear we have as I thought you might be amused to read them."

(I give these here.)

Editor's Note

16. Upper Seymour St.,
Portman Sq.,
16. *July.*

My dear Mary,—I hope to come and see you on the 24th at Leatherhead, and to find you very well and lively. I believe you and Mr. Boswell have done the best thing you can, in making this plan of joining Sarah.

Now I want you to take something from your shabby old brother as a recollection,—but I don't know what to fix on for you—5£ is the big sum I propose that you should expend on something quite as a keepsake—a kettle, a candlestick, a looking glass —an angora cat—a barrel of wine, or whatever you like best. But I also want to add 20£ to your fund which you are to live on :—no large sum is Twenty Pounds—but better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.—This however I do not know how to bring to you,—in notes ? or should it be paid into any bank here ? or do you take all your fortune with you in a pipkin, gold and silver all wrapped up in a handkerchief ?

Just send me a line when you receive this—and tell me how I shall manage—if I should bring down all the 25£ in a lump to you on Friday or not—or how.

Perhaps you will buy a small cow to ride on in New Zealand. I imagine that you and Sarah will institute ox races in New Zealand.

Please let me hear from you soon and believe me

Yours affectionately
Edward Lear.

16. Upper Seymour Street
Portman Square
11. *Aug.* 1857

Dear Mary,—Ann will have written to you that I have sold my picture—so that I am, for once out of debt, and have nearly one hundred pounds to begin life with.

But this good luck has much deranged my plans, and I am over head and ears in business in consequence of being obliged to send off my picture at once to Derbyshire and it will not be at all possible for me to come to see you again before you leave England.

You and Richard must therefore take my best

wishes in writing, and remember that I shall always hope to hear of you through Ann. Tell Sarah, with my love to her and to all, that I *did* begin to write to her and *intended* to have written a long letter, but I really have not had a minute since I saw you—and indeed my writing days are very much finished and done for.

Now, my dear Mary, Good-bye. When you write to Ann, mention any little thing that you may want. I may or may not be able to send it you—but you know what pleasure it will always be to do so if I can.

My love to Richard,—and best wishes for a good voyage for you and for happiness on your arrival.

Your affectionate

EDWARD LEAR.

Please look well to the ox on which I am to run races against you or yours when I come. And do not be too anxious to climb up all the tallest trees; because you aint used to it.

The portraits of Anne and Mary are included in this volume, and will also add interest to the preceding one, where more mention is made of Lear's sisters.

The silhouette of Lear himself is extraordinarily good, accentuating with his hair the fine high forehead and very cone-shaped top to his head, which in later years, though quite devoid of hair, still gave the striking egg-like appearance. In this early portrait, which is so characteristic, one sees the coming man, the promised aggressiveness to be fulfilled into the positive, when in later life he did not fancy people or they happened to be Germans!

Again, I should like to make mention of the wonderful Sarah Street (Lear) and her daughter-in-law Sophie, mentioned at p. 153, vol. i., 1859. "Sarah is on her way home, and her leaving the Warepa seems to me, a sort of signal of break-up in her family, added to

by my nephew's *wife's illness, one of increasing incurability it appears to me*, and which I suppose has very much altered their views and plans." Since that paragraph was printed I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mrs. Michell, of Cambridge (*née* Gillies), and granddaughter of the said Sophie. She tells me that her grandmother recovered and is still alive in New Zealand, a beautiful old lady now aged eighty-six, quite as wonderful a woman as Sarah, and a far more attractive one. She is loved by young and old around her home, and is still the life and soul of everything that takes place. She was a Miss Dabbinett of Curry Rivel.

Mrs. Michell last month, when I specially went to Cambridge to see her, was just starting on a holiday with her beautiful little son of five, for a three months' stay with her people in New Zealand. Sarah's son, C. H. Street, married Miss Dabbinett, and their only daughter married a Mr. Gillies, whose death and that of C. H. Street within a very short time of each other, Lear grieves about, at page 356, in this volume.

Mrs. Gillies was left with nine children, seven of whom are alive, and Mrs. Michell is one of the two daughters among these. But the

Streets had all along prospered, and they have a beautiful home "Kohanga," at Parnell, Auckland.

They possess vast stores of Lear's drawings and diaries, most of them given to them as executor by Sir Franklin Lushington, and letters also from all the sisters, as well as mementos belonging to the latter. Mrs. Michell had not time to show me the pearls belonging to Sarah, a carved rosewood table which came down through Aunt Anne, and some old china left by Aunt Ellinor (Newsom). But she showed me some exquisite little drawings given her by her mother as a wedding gift one evidently a study for Lady Waldegrave's (now belonging to Mr. Fortescue Urquhart, at Oxford) beautiful Villa Petraja, and a highly finished set of four drawings in black and white, one special one of mountains with deep shadows, a perfect gem of black and white values.

Again, I have to thank Lord Northbrook for his kindness in lending me the beautiful water-colour sketches done in India by Lear when there by his father's invitation, which are included in this book.

To Mr. Congreve my thanks are also due for his interesting sketches in sepia of Ceriana and Tenda.

Also, to Canon Church for the two exquisite sketches done during the tour Mr. Lear and he took together and of which mention is made in the beginning of the first volume.

To my sister-in-law, Mrs. Shaw, for the loan of the water colour of "Becky," the Robinson parrot, showing another side of Lear's work.

To Mrs. Charles Roundell, for her permitting the reproductions of her very fine examples, "The Pinewoods of Ravenna," and "Cenc, Island of Gozo, Malta."

To the Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, for allowing a reproduction of the great oil painting of Bassæ, subscribed for by friends (see p. 155, vol. i.) in 1859.

To Lord Tennyson, for allowing his sonnet on the Villa Tennyson to be included; and to Lord Avebury, for his permission to print his Lear letter on "Insects" (see Appendix).

CONSTANCE STRACHEY.

SUTTON COURT, *Feb.*, 1911.

PREFACE

ONE evening in the early autumn of 1869, when quite a small boy, I ran down the steep path which led up to our house at San Remo to meet my father; I found him accompanied by a tall, heavily-built gentleman, with a large curly beard and wearing well-made but unusually loosely fitting clothes, and what at the time struck me most of all, very large, round spectacles. He at once asked me if I knew who he was, and without waiting for a reply proceeded to tell me a long, nonsense name, compounded of all the languages he knew, and with which he was always quite pat. This completed my discomfiture, and made me feel very awkward and self-conscious. My new acquaintance seemed to perceive this at once, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, said, "I am also the Old Derry Down Derry, who loves to see little folks merry, and I hope we shall be good friends." This

was said with a wonderful charm of manner and voice, and accompanied with such a genial, yet quizzical smile, as to put me at my ease at once. This was my first meeting with Edward Lear, who from that day to his death was my dearest and best friend of the older generation, and who for nineteen years stood in almost a paternal relation to me.

His letters contained in this volume, and those already published by Lady Strachey, tell a portion of his life's story, and reveal his versatile, eccentric genius and character. But to those who first make his acquaintance in this volume some account of the man as he was to those who knew him intimately, and loved him truly, may be of interest and assistance. At the time of our first meeting he was fifty-seven, having been born, I believe, at Highgate, on May 12, 1812. He was the youngest of a large family of Danish extraction, the spelling of his name having been altered by his grandfather to suit English pronunciation, as he says in a letter written December 31, 1882, "My own (name) as I think you know is really LØR, but my Danish Grandfather picked off the two dots and pulled out the diagonal line and made the word Lear (the two dots and the

line and the O representing the sound—ea). If he threw away the line and the dots only he would be called *Mr. Lor*, which he didn't like."

Soon after our first meeting he bought a plot of land on the hill-side adjoining my father's property at San Remo, and at once began the building of the Villa Emily, which later on was the cause of so much trouble and sorrow to him. He soon became very intimate with us, and was a constant visitor at our house, dropping in often at our mid-day meal, when he would sit, generally without taking anything beyond a glass of his favourite Marsala, and talk in the most delightful and interesting way of his garden, his travels, people he had met, birds, botany, music, and on general topics interspersed with humour, which was never long absent, and (I am sorry to say) with puns also: he was as inveterate a punster as Charles Lamb! After his day's work was over he would frequently stroll in again for an evening walk and chat, occasionally staying till quite late, and delighting us all by singing his "Tennyson Songs," set to music by himself, which he sang with great feeling and expression, and with what must have been at one time a

fine tenor voice. He accompanied himself on the piano with spread chords, of which he was very fond. He generally finished up with some humorous songs, sung with great spirit, our favourite being "The Cork Leg."

He was always full of interest in our doings, and a week seldom passed without his bringing us a nonsense poem or a funny drawing of some event in our lives, or of some plant which had flowered in our gardens.

Unfortunately all these treasures perished, along with many others, in that not very safe deposit—a boy's pocket. Occasionally we were invited to dine with him, when he always sent a nonsense menu. One of these I still have, written shortly after the arrival of his favourite cat, Foss. It reads:—

Potage	....	Potage au Petit Puss.
(*Pour Poisson*)	....	Queues de chat, à l'Aigùille.
1st Entrée	....	Orielles de Chat, frites à la Kilkenny.
		Pattes du Chat—aux chataignes.
2nd Entrée	....	Cotelettes de petit chat (sauce doigts de pied de Martyr—Tomata Sauce.)
Roti	....	Gros Chat Noir.
Pour Legume	....	De Terre—sans pommes. Petite pierres cuites à l'eau chaude.

Gibier .... Croquet aux balles.
Canards de Malta.
Sauce au poivre,
Sauce au sel.

Patisserie .... Páté de vers de soie au sucre,
Breadcrumbs à l'Oliver Cromwell (all of a crumble).
Boudin de Milles Mouches.
Compôt de Mouches Noires.

As a matter of fact, we always had soup, mutton, pilaf, and a plain pudding, his faithful old Suliot servant, Giorgio Cocali, usually known as George, not being strong as a cook. Next day we generally received an extract which he professed he had copied from the *Court Journal* of the day, enumerating the large number of distinguished people who had dined with the "Author of the Book of Nonsense," though the description, cleverly varied, all applied to three individuals.

His usual description of himself was the "Author of the Book of Nonsense," occasionally "A Nartist Cove named Lear," and I have always believed that in his heart of hearts, he was prouder of his "Book of Nonsense" than of his paintings. I remember, when the "Second Book of Nonsense" was published, the delight a favourable review

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would cause him; he beamed as he read it out to me; and how he chafed under an unfavourable notice. Yet criticisms of his pictures he always took unconcernedly, and would frequently laugh over them. I often heard him repeat the story of a brother artist who came to see his paintings, and asked, "What sort of tree do you call that, Lear?" "An olive; perhaps you have never seen one," was Lear's reply. "No, and don't want to if they are like that," was the retort. But I never knew him repeat any story telling against his Nonsense, and Ruskin's praise was very dear to him.

He was very fond of having me in to look at his sketches, and my interest in them led to his giving me and my brother lessons in drawing. Writing to me in February, 1883, he says, "Funnily enough, on looking yesterday at an old diary, 1871, I found this 'entry.' 'Gave the two young Congreves their first lesson in drawing; they are the nicest little coves possible.'" He always had a very weak spot in his heart for children and young folk. These lessons were some of the most delightful experiences of my young days, as they were

accompanied with running comments on art, drawing, nature, scenery, and his travels mixed up with directions for our work, and led to his setting his heart on my taking up art as a profession, and on my living with him later on. He always dreaded a lonely old age, and unfortunately he had to endure a very lonely one.

For some years prior to 1877 I was frequently with him in his studio, and we also went sketching expeditions together, Lear plodding slowly along, old George following behind, laden with lunch and drawing materials. When we came to a good subject, Lear would sit down, and taking his block from George, would lift his spectacles, and gaze for several minutes at the scene through a monocular glass he always carried; then, laying down the glass, and adjusting his spectacles, he would put on paper the view before us, mountain range, villages and foreground, with a rapidity and accuracy that inspired me with awestruck admiration. Whatever may be the final verdict on his "Topographies" (as he called his works in oil or water colour), no one can deny the great cleverness and power of his artist's sketches. They were always done in pencil

on the ground, and then inked in in sepia and brush washed with colour in the winter evenings. He was an indefatigable worker, and at his death left over 10,000 large cardboard sheets of sketches. Writing in 1883, when he was seventy-one, he gives the following account of his day's work:

"In general I live in a mucilaginous monotony of submarine solitude. My life goes thus, and I cannot say I find the days long. I rise partly at five or six and read till seven, when Mitri brings a cup of coffee. Then comes whole rising—tub etc.—and arrangement of studio palettes etc.—letters to read—till 8–30, when I get a big cup of cocoa, one egg and a tiece of poast. Work till near twelve, when lunch and Barolo. Sometimes half an hour's sleep, but more frequently work again till 4 or 3–30. Then hear my two Suliots lessons and walk in the garden till six, and on the terrace till 6–15. Visit to the kitchen for 15 minutes, then Dinner—two objects only—soup and meat; only latterly Nicola has taken to make lovely boiled rice puddings. After dinner 'pen out' drawings till 8–15. Next have a cup of tea—brought to my room by the lad Dimitri, who says the Lord's prayer and exit. After some more reading, I get to sleep before ten mostly. There is accounts—research once a week, the accounts being kept with perfect clearness and accuracy by Nicola, usually averaging £1–5/– for myself weekly. As for work, the big Athos keeps progressing by phitz; and so does the big Ravenna, and Esa, and

Moonlight on still waters, and Gwalior and *Argos*—which last I have been at all this week past, and which I fancy will be one of the best works of Mr. Lear's fancy (though perhaps you may say, "Ah Goose! perhaps it isn't.") But it is getting too cold to work upstairs in that big room, so I mean now to overhaul the 4 water-colour drawings which are already far advanced. Also I go on irregularly at the A [Alfred Tennyson] illustrations—vainly hitherto seeking a method of doing them by which I can eventually multiply my 200 designs by photograph or autograph, or sneezigraph or any other graph. In addition to all this, I am at present frequently occupied in cutting, measuring, squaring, and mounting on coloured paper, all the sketches I did this autumn—all very bad, though correct and not uninteresting. Perugia, Abetone, the Pineta of Pisa, etc.—with—above all, three very long ones taken from the new Bellavista at M. G. [Monte Generoso] just before dear old George died. I hope some day yet to make a long Water Colour Drawing from them. There, my chicken! don't go for to say I ain't industrious at 72!

To spend an evening looking through a set of his sketches and listening to his remarks upon them and all that had happened to him while they were being made, was a most interesting and instructive experience, and left the impression that I had actually seen the original places them-

selves. One evening at dinner I sat next a lady who had just come from Malta. I knew Lear's sketches of Malta by heart, so we got along famously. At last she said, "I see you know Malta much better than I do; I have only been there for three months." "I have never been there at all; I have only seen Mr. Lear's sketches," I replied.

In the early seventies, Lear went on a sketching tour in India, at the invitation of his friend, Lord Northbrook, then Viceroy, and while he was away from home I had charge of his house and garden. During his absence he wrote me regularly twice a month long letters, full of varied interest and vivid descriptions of the scenery, plant life, birds, and people he met. Just before his return the Villa Emily was broken into, and though I could never find that anything was actually stolen, the thieves made a sad mess in their search for valuables, and Lear never forgot or forgave it. From that day if anything were not forthcoming it was stolen when the robbery took place. The damage the thieves did was as useful as in the case of Caleb Balderstone! Lear brought back with him a wonderful collection of sketches and a quantity of seeds of Indian flowers, and his

interest in acclimatising these last was very great, and his delight at his success with the ipomæas unbounded. In October, 1882, after he had moved them to his new garden at the Villa Tennyson, he writes: "The Indian Ipomæas—of four sorts—have been a wonder to see."

Soon after his return from India, in the early spring of 1877, his old servant George's health began to fail, and it was decided that he was to go back for a change to Corfû. Lear, with his usual kindness, decided on taking him back himself. So one day late in February Lear, George, and his son and myself set off for the Ionian Isles. As we started Lear thrust a bundle of bank-notes into my hand without even counting them, all money transactions being, as he said, "An nabbomination to this child." We stopped for a day at Bologna, where Lear threw off the melancholy which had hung heavily on him throughout the journey; and we spent a busy day in visiting scenes with which he was familiar. His interest in the Etruscan remains, and the delight with which he pointed out all that there was of beauty and interest in the wonderful old town, and in its galleries and museums, was almost boyish.

Early next morning, at 2 a.m., we started on the long railway journey to Brindisi in bitterly cold weather, and Lear, who could never stand a long railway journey, became a prey to deep despondency, and I had a hard task to cheer him up and dispel his gloomy forebodings. However, at Brindisi we found deep snow and a strong gale blowing, and I shall never forget the night we spent there. It was cold and wretched in the extreme, and Lear was thoroughly dejected; and though a fowl we had for dinner—roasted, boiled, and then browned over, and which collapsed on being touched—roused him to make some jokes about the effects of snow on hens, all his fun vanished when we got into beds with a single thin blanket each in a room with the fine snow drifting in through the badly fitting windows, and he spent the night tossing about and moaning, thoroughly upset by the long journey and his anxiety about his old servant. Next day the gale had increased in force, and I became very anxious about my old friend's state, so I encouraged his disinclination to face the sea voyage, for I knew that he was a bad sailor. Finally it was decided that George and his son should go on to Corfû by them-

selves, and that we should go to Naples and Rome. So after seeing George off we started for Naples, which we reached early next morning in warm and brilliant sunshine, and Lear at once began to revive. At the station I had to leave him for a few miuutes to look after our luggage. I found him again outside the station, surrounded by a crowd of outporters, all struggling to get hold of his bag, Lear hitting out right and left and shouting "Via, via, pellandroni," the scamps all enjoying the, to them, good fun. The scene was so irresistibly funny that I was helpless with laughter, and before I could intervene my old friend had tumbled into the wrong 'bus, out of which nothing would move him, and so we were driven off to an hotel at which we had had no intention of staying, Lear, on the way there, giving me a long lecture on the care I must take while we were in Naples, as the Neapolitans were the greatest scoundrels he had ever met! We spent two days at Naples, visiting Baiae, Pompeii, &c., Lear pointing out every object, each point of view, and dwelling on the historical or other associations with eager interest in my unrestrained delight at all we saw.

We then went on to Rome, and the week

we were there was one of the fullest and happiest we ever spent together. No one knew his Rome better than Lear, and in a week he had shown me more of the wonders and beauties of the old city and its surroundings than most people see in three months. We spent a Sunday at Tivoli, where the changed conditions due to the union with Italy struck him very much. "Why! last time I was here," he said, as we strolled up the main street of the old town, "I saw two men stabbed, and had to fly for fear of being dragged in as a witness, and that, my boy, was almost as bad as being a criminal!" And then he told me how, in a neighbouring village, where he spent some weeks sketching, he was robbed of all his money by his landlady, who, on his expostulating at the enormities of her bill, put her back against the door and said, "When I catch larks I don't let them go without plucking them." We met in the evening in our hotel an old lady who greatly attracted Lear, and they had a long conversation on poetry and music; after dinner she mentioned Tennyson's song, "Home they brought her warrior dead." Lear at once went to the piano and sang his own setting of the words in a voice hollow

with age, but with great style and deep feeling and accompanied with his favourite open chords, and he brought tears into the old lady's eyes. "Why!" she exclaimed, "that is the setting I referred to; do please tell me whose it is." "It is mine," replied Lear, and seeing the old lady's evident pleasure he sat down again and sang several of the Tennyson songs he had set to music, and the room filled with attentive listeners. As soon as he became aware of their presence he got up, and with an abrupt "Good-night" retired. A sudden change of feeling and manner to casual acquaintances was one of his characteristics, and I remember many funny instances of this feature of his character.

The only cloud that ever came over our friendship was in 1877 when I decided that I had no real vocation for art. This was a great disappointment to my old friend, and for some months we scarcely saw each other. Just before I left San Remo, he became reconciled to my plans and entered fully into them, and up to a year before his death continued to write me letters full of affectionate interest in my life, and of accounts of his garden and of his old friends who had been to see him.

Shortly after my departure began the trouble which saddened and embittered his remaining years and led to his selling the Villa Emily and building the Villa Tennyson, in a position in which it was impossible that he could again have his view over land and sea ruined. The result of building a large hotel in front of his old house is best described in his own words, written on the 16th of November, 1879:

It is not yet settled whether I go out to New Zealand, and certainly a good deal of new zeal and energy will be necessary on my part if I do resolve to go. If I can succeed in getting other land, I shall buy and rebuild, for Lords Northbrook and Derby have, in the kindest way possible, put me in to a position to do so. But as yet it seems impossible to get such land as would suit, for I would not live on the East side of Sanremo, nor could I afford to live far from the town at all. . . . I only intend to go to £2000, or at most, £2500, and if I cannot see my way to that by Easter, I intend to give up all and go to Auckland. It is quite useless for me to try and live on in this house, having been used to blue sea, and moreover being blinded every time I look up—so that I never now can walk on my terrace, nor do I go into my garden at all. As for the painting light, Gastaldi made me a window in the room looking West, but I cannot work in it for want of space;

and now he has made me another on the East side of my Studio—which may or may not do—but is sure to make the room cold. Your idea of the skylight might be carried out by some artists, but I am not able to work with a light from above, nor can I within four walls, and no outer view. Thank you my dear boy, Hubert, for wishing to keep me in a place which has been a happy home for nine years, none the less so from your own excellent qualities having aided to made it so:—but you will see from what I have written that my remaining here is very doubtful.

He shortly after built the Villa Tennyson, and though he never really got over the irritation caused by his having to leave his old house, he became keenly interested in his new garden and was able to get a great deal of pleasure out of it. Writing in September, 1881, he says:

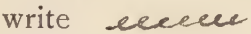
The garden has made a progress I did not at all look for, and the upper terrace might be three years instead of three months old. Ipomœas of four sorts, Tecomas of two, with many other flowers are splendid. The Mandarin oranges have suffered naturally, and if they survive must continue to do so until the Myoperum trees have grown up as a shelter from the sea-wind:—but these same trees have already grown two feet since they were planted in June, and the Eucalyptuses three.

All the remaining letters I have are tinged with deep melancholy, and show that his health was gradually failing. In a fit of depression he writes on the 28th of September, 1881 :

I am about to make a new arrangement at the end of 1881, *i.e.*, to correspond only with those I have been in the habit of writing to since 1850—32 years. This space includes Lushington and Tennyson, Husey Hunts and Holman Hunts, Unwins, Clives and Lyttletons, Barings, Fortescue, H. Seymour, Lord Somers, Francillons, Wilkie Collins, my sister and nephew and some others, and many of them disappear gradually by death, being mostly of my own age or nearly so. This change—absolutely necessary to my sight, will "disfranchise" all writers since 1850—some four score or more—and among them I am sorry your name occurs, but it cannot be helped.

He did not, I am glad to say, carry out this threat, and continued to write regularly up to 1886, letters full of interest and kindly advice, always enlivened with his quaint humour.

That's enough about your 2nd letter, and before I begin on that of June 6th, I'll have a "baruffa," as George calls it, with you. Your writing gets

worse and worse and worse and worse, many words are wholly illegible, for you do not join or form your letters, but write  like that, so that any word may be Caterpillar, or Convolvulus, or Crabapple, or Cucumber. By the time you are a head Engineer no one will be able to make out a single word of your Cacography.

A prophecy which, I am afraid, has been very nearly realised! In the spring of 1880 Lear came to England for his last visit and private exhibition of his drawings. I was in London at the time and we spent many happy evenings together; one especially dwells in my memory. I had just finished my exam. at King's College, and he carried me off to dine with him at the Zoological Gardens. "You are just beginning the battle of life," he said, "and we will spend the evening where I began it." It was a beautiful evening in July and we dined in the open and sat under the trees till the gardens closed, he telling me all the story of his boyhood and early struggles, and of his meeting with Lord Derby in those gardens, and the outcome of that meeting—the now famous book, "The Knowsley Menagerie." I never spent a more enjoyable

evening with him, and Lear, when at his best, was the most inspiring and delightful of companions. He was then absolutely natural, and we were like youths together, despite the forty and more years that lay between us.

Later in the summer I joined him at Mendrisio, and spent a very happy week with him. We walked up to the Monte Generoso, Lear plodding along with his heavy step at a pace of about two miles an hour, and frequently pulling up to admire the view and to exclaim, "O mi! ain't it fine!" or to tell me some story. From Monte Generoso we went on to Varese and spent a day visiting the Sacro Monte di Varese, with Miss Mundella, a daughter of the then Vice-President of Committee for Education, and it was very beautiful to see the old man's care and gallantry in looking after his fair companion. A week later at San Remo I saw him for the last time and had a very sad parting with my dear old friend, who completely broke down. His last letter was written to me on December 26th, 1886:

Many thanks for your's of the 22nd, and for your good wishes, though they come when I am miserable enough. It is true the fierce rheumatism has gone, . . . but I am wholly feeble, and only now

begin to use my right limb. In the midst of this Luigi goes away—he finds the work more than he can do—which I don't wonder at. I had at first decided to take a room up at the Royal Hotel, but Hassall, wisely, I think, says I could not have the same attention there, and must anyhow have a personal attendant and a cook. These have now to be sought for—all which is a misery—considering how fixed and comfortable I was. Luigi's three years service have shown him to be a most excellent, handy, and trustworthy fellow, and I regret his going. As for C——, cook, he is nothing particular, only very lazy, and I think, dirty. To-day my cough is better, but I am in a very delicate condition.

He died at the Villa Tennyson on the 29th of January, 1888, and with him passed away, not a great painter, but a man of versatile and original genius, with great gifts, one of the most interesting, affectionate, and lovable characters it has been my good fortune to know and to love. He was a real personality.

HUBERT CONGREVE.

MOORE, *December*, 1910.

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Later Letters of Edward Lear

CHAPTER I

October 19, 1864, to February 24, 1868.

ENGLAND, NICE, MALTA, EGYPT, CANNES.

Lear to Fortescue.

CADLAND.[1] SOUTHAMPTON.

19 *Oct.* 1864.

YOURS of Oct. 16th has just come, and tho' it is one of eight, wanting a reply, I will write a line at once. You have mistaken the nature of my last in a measure, tho' it is very probable I wrote curtly, for (as in the present instance) I feel that not to write immediately is to defer to an indefinite period when I should possibly have still less time or capacity to write well. Nevertheless the term "stern and stiff" is to a certain degree justly applied, and moreover may very likely be

[1] The residence of Andrew Drummond, grandson of Lord Strathallan. His wife was a daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

more so year by year: the mistake is in supposing the style is so to you more than to others, which is not the fact. Every year—especially in London—makes me less able to write as formerly—both because as I grow older I find myself altered in several ways, and because every year brings fresh sets of acquaintances all requiring a portion of time. You may however always feel certain that any letters such as my last are the result of heaps of small botherations which can by no means be particularized any more than the midges which bring on a fever by their bites can be identified or described: and that in no case have they been occasioned by any feeling towards yourself in any way. How should it be otherwise? You would find, if you could see my journal, for years past the very contrary. No friend could have helped another more, and not only in earlier days but later, for Lady W.[1] through you has had many more pictures of me than she needed to have done qua ornament: so that I have often had to thank you both for personal help. And, regarding the future, I have a perfect conviction that you would help me in any mode I asked if it were possible. But for all this, you must make up your minds never again—except by chance or fits of irregular elasticity, to find in me the descriptive or merry flow of chronic correspondence I used to be able to indulge in. As we grow older, and life changes around us and within us, we ourselves must shew some signs of change—unless we are fools, or

[1] Frances, Countess Waldegrave, married Chichester Fortescue (Lord Carlingford) in 1863, and died in 1879.

vegetables, or philosophers to a greater degree than I am or can be.

Your letter makes me almost think that it is better to write scarcely at all rather than that which is unsatisfactory. Meanwhile, avoid imagining motives which do not exist, tho' their appearance may: and be sure that anyone who has known you a tenth part as well as I have must be certain of your being as absolutely true and kind in heart as a man can be. Which I shouldn't say, if I didn't feel from your writing that I ought to do.

I have been at my sister's [1] since I wrote, and then . . . I decided on going to see Mrs. Tennyson at Freshwater—the first time for three years, since they were so kindly a refuge when my sister Ann died. I was with them nearly 4 days: but I found all that quiet part of the Island fast spoiling, and how they can stay there I can't imagine. Not only is there an enormous monster Hotel growing up in sight [2]—but a tracing of the foundations of 300 houses —a vast new road—and finally a proposed railway —cutting thro' John Simeon and A.T.s grounds from end to end.[3] Add to this, Pattledom [4] has taken entire possession of the place—Camerons and Princeps building everywhere: Watts in a cottage (not Mrs. W.) and Guests, Schreibers, Pollocks, and myriads more buzzing everywhere. However,

[1] Ellen Newsom, a widow, who lived at Leatherhead.

[2] Stark's Hotel.

[3] The proposal to carry the railway farther westward to Totland Bay lapsed.

[4] Countess Somers, *née* Virginia Pattle, was a cousin of the Prinseps, Camerons, &c.

by being (thank God) personally as uncivil as I could to most callers, I saw a good deal of my friends and the Lushingtons. The account of the visit to Osborne[1] was very interesting: and among other matters, I faintly hope I may have done some good as to choice of poem-subjects,—for I maintain that the higher the class of topic, the better for readers, provided that equal technical power is displayed. . . . On my way back, I came here for a night, a place I have been asked to for years past —very splendid—but having met some old folks who said "probably you will not come to us for we have no great house to receive you in." I am at present disgustably inclined.

Presently I return to 15 Stratford Place, and if I can shall clear out in the end of next week. . . . I shall not much longer speculate and rush about violently: as I shall probably go and live at Ega, which is on the Amazon above Para. This house is abunjantly full, of Manners—Drummonds, Percevals—Spencer Walpoles—etc: etc: etc: etc: and I wish there had been only Edgar and sweet Mrs. E. D.[2] Goodbye. My kind regards to the other half of you. . . .

Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone,
3 *Novr.* 1864.

Finding part of this envelope written and stick-stamped, I shall send it on principle, as one should eat all that is in a dish if the food "won't keep."

[1] Tennyson's visit.

[2] Edgar Drummond, son of Andrew Drummond, married a sister of Lord Muncaster.

ANN LEAR, LEAR'S ELDEST SISTER, WHO BROUGHT HIM UP.

(From a miniature, by kind permission of Mrs. Allen.)

The sea is in appearance decently respectable, and I hope I may get across calmly: the passage is, however, always a terror and disgust to me, wherein I fully sympathise with my Lady.

I have had sent me here a sermon by Colenso—published at Longman's, and called, "Abraham's Sacrifice"! !—very remarkable and good.[1] The ravening fanatics who persecute this man are highly devil-inspired. Will there now be a new edition of the Bible, the filthy, savage, or burlesque-upon-the-Deity passages left out? Shall you set it on foot any the more than that Lord Derby is advertising an edition of blank-verse Homer? If you do, you can call it

THE NEW
ANTIBEASTLY ANTIBRUTAL ANTIBOSH
BIBLE
by the
Rt. Hon. Chichester S. Fortescue.

I will take ten copies.

M. E. Lear.
Villa Canapa.
61. Promenade des Anglais.
Nice.
France.

which, *13 Nov. 7.30 *a.m.*

Is the writer's address for the next five months he supposes, and which he hopes you will write to.

[1] Colenso, appointed 1st Bishop of Natal in 1853, was deposed from his see by his Metropolitan Bishop Gray of Capetown in 1864, after the condemnation of his book, "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined."

* See p. 50.

You see by the date,* that I am up early, and I think that this hour on Sunday—or up till noon, will be my chief or only writing time. Not to begin at the beginning, I will first thank you for the fun I get out of a book I saw on your table at Carlton Gardens, —the "Competition Wallah." [1] I bought it at a hazard, with one or two more books, and now find it very useful. It is delightfully written, and the writer must be a "clayver fellow": moreover, concerning Oxford Dons, Convocations, and Bishops, etc, our ideas are as one.—I got down to Folkestone after great effort, on Wednesday the 2nd.—and on Thursday the 3d, crossed—with a good passage,—arriving at Paris by night. On the 4th. excepting a visit to Adml. and Mrs. Robinson,[2]—I was at the galleries all day, and at 8. p.m. set off by rail to Nice, reaching it exactly at 8 p.m. on the 5th., just 24 hours by rail—a journey on end I will not try again, as there is no time to eat or drink, much less for repose or sleep. I went to a bad little Hotel, partly because I knew no other by name, partly because I was there last year, and had told George[3] to come and meet me there:—he however had not appeared, wh. I did not wonder at, as he had to fit various incongruous steamers on his way from Corfû. Sunday the 6th. I looked at heaps of lodgings:—such—for size and

* See p. 49.

[1] "Letters of a Competition Wallah," 1864, by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, nephew of Macaulay.

[2] See p. 205.

[3] Giorgio Cocali, Lear's faithful Suliote servant, who had been with him in Corfû from the time he first stayed there in 1856.

position,—as I had at Corfû cost 6000, 5000. 4000 francs—being furnished—(and most hideously.) Do you know Nice?—It reminds me a good deal of St. Leonards, only that the houses are more detached, and in many instances stand in gardens. The Promenade des Anglais is altogether a long row of lodgings—with a really good broad walk above the shingly beach. The sea is rather deadly stupid, as there is no opposite coast, nor islands, nor ships, nor nothing, and the landskip is bebounded by, west the headlands of Antibes, and east, by the Castle Hill and Villa Franca point—pretty enough. Near the Castle Hill is the old town—divided from the New by the torrent Paillon cum bridgibus:—and radiating from this as a centre Northward easterly or westerly are growing streets, and villas of all descriptions, all at the mouth of the Paillon valley as it were. On Sunday I learned somewhat of the place from Lady Duncan,—and on Monday 7th. I again looked at lodgings—among these at many villas, some of which had good north light for work, and were moderate in price—but with one servant and far from the daily shops of life, they were impracticable. Other houses had red white or yellow walls opposite—reflecting sun: some had only the sea look-out—blinding to behold: others were noisy—or too small,—or what not. So I resolved to go next day to Mentone and see what I could make of that—Incordingly on Tuesday the 8th. off I set in a carriage—and certainly I had no idea the Cornice was so magnificent in scenery; Eza and Monaco are wondrously picturesque, and Mentone very pretty—; but it is too shut in and befizzled a place

for me: you have to walk thro' the long only and narrow street of the town wherever you go—unless you have a carriage, or could hire a big villa. I was, however, very glad to see the place, and moreover found a lot of Corfû friends there, besides Ld and Ly Strangford,[1] with whom I sate, and they came back in "my carriage" part of the way. (They came here yesterday, and I shall see them to-day: George, to whom Lord S. was talking, hardly believes him to be English, so remarkably well does he speak Greek.) I got back late to Nice on the 7th. and the first thing I saw on Wednesday the 8th when I opened my shutters at 7 a.m.—was Giorgio the Suliote smoking a cigar on a post opposite. Of course we went directly to see places, and finally fixed on this—in which we are as settled as if we had been here 10 years. It is a small set of rooms, on the all but ground floor—(raised by a few steps,) on the west side of a detached house in a garden—facing the sea. Madame Comtesse Colleredo has the first floor, and the other half at the ground floor entrance similar to mine. Above lives a Germing gent and lady. Below my rooms are George's kitchen, wood cellar, etc, etc—but I must go to bkft 8.30 a.m, To rezoom: after a good breakfast—and reading more of Trevelyan's book,[2] which is the most delightfully healthy toned, instructive, witty, and altogether excellent perduction I have met with for many a day. Here is a plan of my

[1] Lord Strangford, 8th Viscount, a most accomplished Orientalist, President of the Asiatic Society, married, 1862, Emily Anne, youngest daughter of Sir Francis Beaufort, K.C.B.

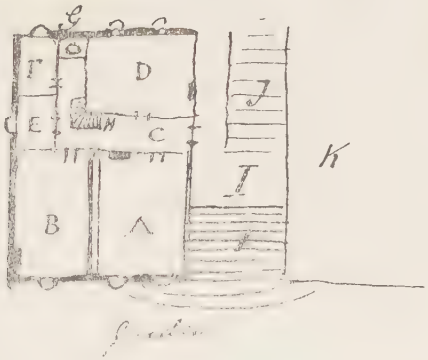
[2] See p. 50.

MONACO, FROM TURBIA.

"How like a gem beneath the city."—"The Daisy."

(From "Poems by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, illustrated by Edward Lear," by kind permission of Lord Tennyson.)

rooms. A is my parlour, where I feed, and write, and work at night. B the bedroom. C. entrance lobby from I. I stairs and hall. (J. goes up to Mdme Colleredo, and K. is her ground floor wing.) D is my study—north light, and as far as yet known—quiet. E. used as a lumberroom. F. George's room. So you see the arrangement is good. But what do you think I pay? 2000 fr.—*i.e.* £80. This was the very least I could get anything for at all suitable, and if I am able by reson of



their suitableness to work in these rooms, then they will have been wisely taken—for London Winter life is for ever impossible on all accounts. Meantime the Suliot, who always sets to work at once, gives me my breakfast and dinner quite perfectly and without bother, which is a great blessing to me. Yesterday a sole, a dish of thrushes and bacon, and stewed apples:—the day before soup and a piece of roast lamb and beans:—these are the kind of meals he provides—always well cooked,—and I never have a single thing to think of except going over the accounts weekly,

which he keeps quite well now that he has learned to read and write. His accounts of Corfû are by no means bad, tho', as he says, the English are greatly regretted. The Greek soldiers are kept in good order,—and the story of the Archbp. having been mobbed is untrue. I have already cut out an immense lot of work for winter and spring :—I wish to do no less than enough drawings to fill up all the great room of 15 Stratford Place, and to enable me to do this, I mean to refuse seeing most people,—for already I hear of many who, idle themselves, would gladly make me so. If I hate anything, it is a race of idlers. Perhaps I may dine out on Sundays, and one other day, but my evenings in general will go in hard penning-out work, if I can get lamps to suit me. In a few days—if the weather is as lovely as now, I shall go out in a carriage to Eza for 2 or 3 days and return at night. Afterwards, G. and I shall go to Mentone and Monaco for a week :—and later I hope to walk all the way to Genoa and partly back, getting good views of the whole Cornice road. G. will cook and take a cold dinner on the daily outing occasions—and as this house is full of people, I can leave it safely as I like or not. I will let you know what progress I make. Beside Lady Duncan—(who is too far to see often,) and the Strangfords, (who go to-morrow), there are Reillys and Bathursts, and Hankey's, and Cortazzi, and Saltmarshes, and Smithbarrys, and many more, whom I shall chiefly avoid or adopt as things turn out. Royal and Imperial folk abound, and no one notices them nor they nobody. Only they say the Russians have spies abunjiant everywhere, which, as there was a tame

Pole at one Hotel I was at, and a Russ at another, don't seem unlikely.

I am going to Church this morning—more because I don't like systematically shewing a determination to ignore all outward forms than for any other cause: but as it is probable I shall be disgusted, possibly I shall not go again. As the clergy go on now, they seem in a fair way of having—as the Irish gentleman said—only the four Fs for their admirers, Fanatics, Farisees, Faymales and Fools.

. . . . . .

I shan't write much more. This year I seem to have done a good deal don't you think? Paintings finished—Hy. Bruce's Cephalonia, Jameson's Florence, Sir W. James' Campagna, and Fairbairn's Janina. All Crete visited and 220 drawings made. Some 220 drawings penned and coloured, besides those of Cephalonia, Ithaca, Zante, and Cerigo penned and coloured also. Arranged and moved downstairs in Stratford Place. Bothered about[1] Nephew's death, and W. Nevill's[2] failure. Helped Nephew's family £40—sick friend £10—one godson £5—t'other's mother ditto, and other explosive charities:—and after all have nearly if not quite enough to get through the winter with, and hope besides to add some 50 or 60 Cornice drawings to my collection. Ajoo, ajoo. My very kind regards to My Lady:—I wish you could both see the sunbeams and sea here—also the flowers and the flies.

[1] In America.
[2] One of his "ten original friends."

Certainly up to 10 or 12—even this front room, (where I am writing,) seems perfect.

Yours affectionately,

EDWARD LEAR

1. P.M. Just come from Church—in a rage : collection for "pastor's aid society"—and foolish sermon to wit. Saw heaps of people I knew, out of the 500 English there, Jacob Omnium,[1] Lyons, Deakins, Ly Vaux;—won't go again for 4 months.

Goodbye

EL

61, PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS,
NICE.
January 2nd 1865.

I wrote a line from Genoa on the 23rd, and next day I set out on my return hither, where I arrived on the evening of the 31st, having divided my walk into 6 days of 16 miles—one of 14, and one of 20. Thus . . . I have "done" the Riviera di Ponente as well as Crete, and also . . . I have paid £10 to the London poor, which I omitted before to notice. I have brought back 144 drawings great and small, and can work the Corniche road pretty thoroughly, as having walked both ways I know it tolerably well. A more interesting piece of Italy I have never seen, —130 miles of narrow coast full of cultivation, villages—vines—vegetables—vaccination and vot not.

[1] Jacob Omnium was the name assumed in the *Times* by Matthew J. Higgins. For an account of his attack on the old Palace Court of Justice, which made a great stir, one cannot do better than read Thackeray's "Ballad of Policeman X, called "Jacob Homnium's Hoss."

And a more delightfully civil intelligent and industrious population does not I think exist. I have talked with many of all classes—workmen, engineers, Deputies of Parliament, &c. &c. &c. &c. and have always more and more admired Italian character. Some of their remarx on the religious crisis of their country are very striking. "I am afraid," said a fierce Protestant Exeterhalliste, "that you Italians are leaving your belief in your Roman faith, and are most of you believing in nothing at all."—"You think then" was the reply—"that God is nothing? The Pope says—believe in me or go to H——, you Calvinists say the same:—but our nation is beginning to think that the Almighty is greater than priests of either sort. . . ."

I have just got the 1st number of the new *National Review*, what I see being first-rate, and highly concordacious with my own feelins.

61, Promenade des Anglais, Nice.
24 *February* 1865.

. . . Concerning the ink of which you complain, this place is so wonderfully dry that nothing can be kept moist. I never was in so dry a place in all my life. When the little children cry, they cry dust and not tears. There is some water in the sea, but not much:—all the wetnurses cease to be so immediately on arriving:—Dryden is the only book read:—the neighbourhood abounds with Dryads and Hammerdryads: and weterinary surgeons are quite unknown. It is a queer place,—Brighton and Belgravia and Baden by the Mediterranean: odious to me in all respects but its magnificent winter climate, and

were I possessor of a villa, I could live delightedly: but to have one's only chance of exercise in a crowded promenade of swells—one year is enough of that. Among the very nice swells are Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam[1]—something uncommon for simplicity and good breeding. I have sold several small £5 drawings to them. . . .

My London life requires some arrangement and study beforehand . . . and I regret that Holman Hunt will not be in England to advise me, for by long experience I have been aware that none but an artist can enter thoroughly into these matters:—all those who have a sufficient regular income can only see things from their own point of view, as is but natural.

I hear from Baring[2] and Sir Henry Storks[3] also: and from the Curcumelly.[4] The former are not in love with Malta, the latter report well of Corfû. Lady Wolff is at Florence, Sir H. D.[5] at Constantinople. I could not say half enough of the Riviera people:—that journey, now that the small disagreeables of travel fade into distance, is one of delightful

[1] The 5th Earl, married Lady Francis Harriet Douglas, daughter of the 17th Earl of Morton.

[2] Evelyn Baring, the present Lord Cromer, was aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Storks in Corfû during part of the time that Lear was resident there.

[3] At this date Governor of Malta. Had been Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles from 1859 to its cession in 1863. Afterwards Governor of Jamaica.

[4] Sir Demetrius and Lady Curcumelli, friends in Corfû.

[5] Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, who had been Secretary to Sir Henry Storks in Corfû, held many Foreign Office appointments, and was eventually Ambassador to Spain in 1892.

memories to me: and I could wish to publish two little volumes—Crete and the Corniche, as to my 1864 doings. . . . I have been reading Sir C. Napier's life: a grand and wonderful book. The expressions, however, used towards Lord Howick, Earl Ripon, and Sir James Hogg cannot be called strictly suave and pleasant. His niece writes me a charming letter to-day. . . . The other day I met a parson here (at Lord Fitzwilliam's). After dinner—talking of great statesmen, and Ld. F. saying that Sir G. C. Lewis[1] was one of the very first men of our time, said the priest, "it is to be feared however that at one time of his life his mind was inclined to be rather sceptical, and that he even had some doubts as to the authenticity of some portions of the revealed writings: but I hope this was not so at the close of his days."

I went over to Cannes t'other day to see Lady Duncan: and as many as seven sets of people I saw only by chance. One—a most intimate lot, Harford-cum-Bunsen—and I have to go there again. Two Westbury Bethells have been here—to my delight, who with them walked and drove about thro' all the livelong day. Holman Hunt I expect.

What majestic deaths you have been having in England! The Duke of Northumberland[2] was a really fine man! How strange that aged Lord Beverley should live to be Duke:—and I suppose my old

[1] Sir George Cornewall Lewis held various Government posts. Was Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* 1852–1855. Died in 1863.

[2] The 4th Duke.

friends of Guyscliffe will be Lord and Lady Charles Percy—will they not?

Cardinal Wiseman[1] too gone—and his place not easy to fill up. Manning[2] report says—is to succeed him, but there is a wide difference twixt the two. Englishmen are made Cardinals by the Papal Government for one of three reasons I imagine: great wealth —great family position or leadership or influence, and great talents without either. Acton[3] may be an example of the first—York[4] and Weld of the second[5] and Wiseman distinctly of the third. Manning always seemed to me a very vain and babbly enthusiast—but they may give him the hat, because as a preacher he has immense influence with women, and

[1] Appointed by the Pope Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal. The religious excitement caused thereby led to the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Act.

[2] The eloquent preacher and High Churchman who joined the Church of Rome in 1851, succeeded Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster and became a Cardinal in 1875.

[3] Charles Januarius Edward Acton, 1803–1847, 2nd son of Sir John Francis Acton, Commander-in-Chief of the land and sea forces of the kingdom of Naples. Charles Acton entered the college of the Accademia Ecclesiastica in Rome, and was afterwards one of Leo XII.'s prelates. In 1842 he was made cardinal priest, and was the only witness and interpreter of the historic interview between Gregory XVI. and Nicholas I. of Russia in 1845.

[4] The Duke of York, son of the Old Pretender, born at Rome, 1725, took orders after the failure of the '45 rising and in 1747 received a Cardinal's hat. He died, the last of the Stuarts, in 1807.

[5] Thomas Weld of Lulworth Castle, born 1773, married Lucy, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Clifford. Upon the decease of his wife he took Holy Orders and eventually became Cardinal, 1829. He was the first Englishman to have a seat in the Conclave since Clement IX., and died 1837. His grandfather founded Stonyhurst.

may turn thousands of silly female swells to the true faith.

15, Stratford Place, W.
21 *April* 1865

. . . Unpacking and arranging has been a long and hardish work, and now there is the fitting, framing, finishing of the Drawings I have brought over, which are wonderful in number even for your humble servant. . . . All this speculation—the large rooms etc : is costly—but may succeed if the gallery induces people to come who may buy the big pictures. . . .

I wrote to you before I left Nice—some time back. I can't say I left that place with regret, in spite of the Suliot's homily—who said, "*μὲ κακοφαίνεται νὰ τὴν ἀφίσω—διότι ἔν' ἄνδρωπος* (sic) *πρέπει νὰ ἔχῃ, 'ς τὸ καλὸν καθὲ τόπον, ποῦ ὁ Θεὸς δὲν τὸν ἔκαμε κανὲν κακὸν εἰς ἕξ μῆνες.*"[1] I staid a week at Cannes, and that I was absolutely delighted with. It is difficult to conceive of two places so different, yet so close together. I was latterly to have shewn my drawings to the Empress of R[ussia] but the poor young grand Duke's illness put that aside.[2] I wonder what good such secrecy about Royal folk tends to. It is more than 5 months that I knew the fatal disease the Czarewitch has suffered from—though no one publicly spoke of anything but rheumatism. It is or was lumbar abscess—and disease of the spine.

[1] "I don't like leaving, for a man should count among the good things of life any place where God has done him no harm for six months."

[2] Nicolas Alexandrovitch, eldest son of Alexander II., died at Nice on April 24th, of cerebral meningitis. He was 21 years of age and betrothed to Princess Dagmar of Denmark, afterwards wife of Alexander III.

I have seen but few people here. T. S. Cocks tells me of old Mr. Wynne's death. Charles and John, Mrs. Godley and all his children were there—and to the last, tho' of so great an age—87—he was perfectly clearheaded. About 5 minutes before he died he said, "Doctor, how long do you think it will be before I am in the presence of the Lord?"—"A very short time" was the reply. After which, in a few minutes he said "Now," and died. . . . Holman Hunt has painted a most remarkable picture, Mrs. T. Fairbairn and five children. Its only fault is that some day all the figures will certainly come to life and walk out of the canvass—leaving only the landscape: such reality is there. You will see it at the Hunt gallery.

Dear old Dr. Lushington is very failing.[1] Alfred Tennyson has lost his mother and her sister[2] (88 and 87) in a few days, and Mrs. A. T. writes me that he is much depressed and nowise himself.

The Lord Chancellor case[3] you may suppose interests me, but I imagine, subtract Tory antipathy—Low Church fanaticism—High Church persecution—Law Reform victim's indignation, and 2 (at least) cases of extreme personal virulence—and little enough will be left to make a fuss about.

[1] Dr. Lushington was the Head Master of the Admiralty Court.

[2] Alfred Tennyson's mother was a daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche.

[3] The transactions in which the Lord Chancellor (Lord Westbury) was alleged to have exercised his office in a manner detrimental to the public service. The Case of Mr. Leonard Edmunds and the Case of the Leeds Court of Bankruptcy.

A vote of Censure was passed, and the Lord Chancellor resigned. He was succeeded by Lord Cranworth.

Please read J. Stuart Mill's letter in the Morning's *Times*[1]: I'm so glad I can't do a rule of three sum—and so can't have a vote. But what do you say to M. Thiers and his speech[2]? It is brutal and odious, and confounds me. The American news is indeed stupendous, and sets one thinking.[3]

P.S. You see our friend T. B. Potter is returned for Rochdale.[4] A friend of his and mine says "Let us hope he will not open his mouth in the House: so he may be useful."

You ought one day to see the whole of my outdoor work of 12 months:—200 sketches in Crete—145 in the Corniche—and 125 at Nice, Antibes and Cannes. . . . I sent George Kokali away at Marseilles.

Lear to Lady Waldegrave.

Hotel Danieli. *Nov.* 24/1865.
Venice.

My dear Lady Waldegrave,—I have just seen the Leader in the *Times* of Monday—the 20th. which congratulates Chichester on his becoming Irish Secretary[5];—being of an undiplomatic and demonstrative

[1] Giving his political opinions in view of his candidature as Member for Westminster, Lear alludes to the following paragraph: "I would open the suffrage to all grown persons, both men and women, who can read, write, and perform a sum in the rule of three. . . ."

[2] Spoken on April 13, 1865, in defence of the recent Encyclical and against the destruction of the Papal Government and the establishment of the unity of Italy.

[3] American news of General Lee's retreat from Richmond and General Sheridan's report of the capture of six Generals and several thousand confederate prisoners. In consequence General Lee's surrender was hourly expected.

[4] In a bye-election due to Cobden's death.

[5] The Leader (November 20, 1865) also pointed out that the

nature in matters that give me pleasure, I threw the paper up into the air and jumped aloft myself—ending by taking a small fried whiting out of the plate before me and waving it round my foolish head triumphantly till the tail came off and the body and head flew bounce over to the other side of the table d'hôte room. Then only did I perceive that I was not alone, but that a party was at breakfast in a recess. Happily for me they were not English, and when I made an apology saying I had suddenly seen some good news of a friend of mine—these amiable Italians said—"Bravissimo Signore! ci rallegriamo anche noi! se avessimo anche noi piccoli pesce li butteremmo di quâ e lâ per la camera in simpatia con voi!"[1]—so we ended by all screaming with laughter.

I am truly glad—but, as the *Times* says—CF's place will be no sinecure; and he has come to it in days when it is not unlikely that many remarkable events relative to Ireland will come to pass, and in his hands may well eventuate both to his honour and the good of the Irish people. I wonder immensely if you and he will go at once to Ireland. Pray write to me at Malta. . . . My love to C.S.P.F.[2] and

believe me, . . .

Yours sincerely,

Edward Lear.

Ministry increased its strength by preferring younger statesmen to important posts.

[1] "Hurrah, Signore, we also are delighted. If we had only got some little fish, too, we would throw them all about the room in sympathy with you."

[2] Fortescue's names were, besides Chichester, Samuel Parkinson, names he disliked; consequently, Lear loved occasionally to tease him with them.

England, Nice, Malta, Egypt, Cannes

Lear to Fortescue.

HOTEL DANIELI. VENEZIA.
Nov. 28. 1865.

MY DEAR 4OSCUE,—You will I hope have learned, before this reaches you, that I have already known about the Irish Secretaryship from the papers : and I sent a note enclosed in one to T. Cooper—to be left for My Lady. None the less thanks however for the letter which has just reached me—date—Dudbrook 17th.—In every way I am glad the matter is settled, and I have been reading with glee all that has been said of you in the papers. Unluckily, my *Observer* of the 19th. (which was likely to contain something about you—) was either never sent or has never turned up,—but I have read articles on your appointment in the *Times*, *Daily News* etc :—all pleasant. The *Standard* delighted me by saying, "Mr. C.F. is reputed by his own intimate friends to have talents which have never been discovered by any other persons." And one friend writes, "your friend C.F. has been justly promoted to a place he is well able to fill, in spite of B——s frequent predictions that he would shortly be ruined as a public man and sink into a permanent state of dilettante-ism." On the contrary I see in this new post the largest opening for you that anyone could suggest or wish—more so, to my thinking than if you had gone into the Cabinet as D[uchy] [of] [Lancaster] or Colonial Secretary. I hope Baring [1] will get a lift

[1] Thomas George Baring, M.P. for Penryn and Falmouth, 1857–1866, held various appointments. Secretary to Admiralty, 1866 ; succeeded his father as second Baron Northbrook in 1866 ; Under Secretary for War, 1868–1872 ; succeeded Lord Mayo as Governor-General of India, 1872–1876 ; was created

too. Milady will have told you what a Nass I made of myself when I suddenly read your Appointment. . . . Thank her very kindly about the Tor di Schiavi.[1] It is a delight to me that you and she will have it. I will write to Dickenson to fetch it away from Stratford Place, and she will order it to be sent as she pleases. The lovely tin, pleace say, may be paid into Messrs. Drummond him's Bank — Charing Cross — to my account. Long may you both enjoy the picture.

Thikphoggs have set in here, and one can see nothing.

. . . . . .

Since I began this I see your Fenians are still troublesome. I long to hear about the Phaynix house, and I daresay Milady will kindly write to me in the winter: for I don't expect you to write again. I daresay you never heard me speak of Dr. Barry[2]— the Army Inspector of Hospitals at Corfû. He was old then—ranking as a General, and having gone thro' all wars since 1800. *He* is just dead, and has been found to be a Woman.—A mad world my masters.

Yrs. affe.

Ed. Lear.

an Earl in 1876. One of Lear's best and most generous friends and patrons.

[1] "Tor di Schiavi Campagna di Roma," painted in 1862, was purchased by Lady Waldegrave.

[2] James Barry, 1795–1865, Inspector General of the Army Medical Department, said to have been the granddaughter of a Scotch Earl, entered the Army as hospital assistant attired as a man, July 5, 1813. She was described as "the most skilful of physicians and the most wayward of men, in appearance a beardless lad, a certain effeminacy in his manner which he was always striving to overcome." She died in London in July, 1855. The motive of her disguise was supposed to be love for an Army Surgeon.

9. Via Torri. Sliéma.
Malta.
23. *Janry* 1866.

My dear Lady Waldegrave,—I have often wished to write—but could not do so—nor can I well now. I often too have thought of you and C.S.P.F. at your new abode—of which he gives a nice account: I fear he will have a good deal of bother yet awhile—but he is certainly the best man to meet it, and it will prepare him for higher duties bye and bye.—I have been *miserable* here—at Sir Henry Storks and Barings[1] absence first, and then of dear good Strahans[2]:—John Peel[3] is the only one I have left to whom there seems to be any tie,—although nothing can exceed the kindness of the General (Ridley)—the Bishop, and everybody else. Yet you know I am not gregarious but social, and the social life was what I wanted. Then again, the ONLY place vacant and fit for painting was this vast house 3 miles off—except across the water, a mode of journey I hate—and so one is pretty isolated, and had not my good servant George come I don't know how I could have got on. I was obliged however to take a Maltese boy besides, for the house and journeyings were too much for one.

I wish I had heart or spirit to write you a long letter: but much prevents this: the propinquity of the

[1] See p. 58.

[2] J. Strahan, Aide-de-Camp to Sir Henry Storks in Corfû and in Malta, afterwards Governor of Tasmania, the Windward Isles, &c.

[3] Major Peel, 4th son of Lt.-Gen. the Right Hon. J. Peel, had served throughout the Crimean War, and been appointed Assistant Military Secretary at Malta in 1864.

noisy sea, and the high wind depress me abundantly, —my sister—the widow [1]—is very unwell, and were she to get worse I should come to England: John Gibson [2] of Rome—a very old acquaintance—is I think dying—and his death will greatly affect my oldest friend there—Henry Williams:—these things and Mr. Edwards not paying me, with flies and a pain in my toe all affect me at once. Bother. The only good thing is that your picture really looks very promising—whereas last week I nearly cut it into slices. My love to C.F. I don't write to him as he must be so busy, and it is all one.

Believe me, Dear Lady Waldegrave,
Yours sincerely
EDWARD LEAR.

Lear to Lady Waldegrave

9. VIA TORRI. SLIÉMA. MALTA.
13. *Feby.* 1866.

Your last very kind letter, (with C.S.P.F's endorsement) ought to be better answered than it will be; for, as you conjecture, I am *not* in good spirits—and in fact altogether in a crooked frame of mind. Nor without reason, as in some respects I never passed a less pleasant winter, spite of the set off of Paradise weather, *no* cold and all sun—and of having nothing to complain of so far as life made easy by good food and servants, goes. But on the other hand, the loss of Sir Henry, and of my two intimate friends Baring and Strahan has been a *shocking* one—for though by

[1] See p. 47.

[2] The sculptor, who revived the use of colour in statuary. Died in Rome 1866.

nature hating crowds and hustle and gaiety, yet some social sympathy is necessary and one don't get any except from John Peel, and the General[1] with whom I dine once a fortnight. But the former is a sad invalid, and the latter's dinners are, tho' good, uninteresting to me, who know nothing of the small talk of the place and its gossip :—and the going across to Valetta and return put me out of my way a good deal. The Anglo-Maltese intelligence does not seem ever to have heard that Artists require particular light, aspect, quiet, etc : and because I cannot have some three or four hundred visitors lounging in my rooms—I am dubbed a mystery and a savage :—tho' the very same people can understand that they could not go to a Lawyer's or Physician's rooms to take up his hours gratis. Were I to ask a Military Cove, if this climate on account of its dryness required him always to pour water down his gun before firing it, or a Naval one if he weighed anchor before he sailed or a week afterwards, I should be laughed at as a fool ; yet many not much less silly questions are asked me. No creature has as yet asked for even a £5 drawing, nor have I sold even one of my few remaining Corfû books. My rooms though spacious are painted, one blue—one orange—one green—so that my sight is getting really injured as to colour, just as if a musical composer should have to work in the midst of hundreds of out of tune instruments. My sister Ellen is very unwell, and most anxious about the ship my New Zealand sister[2] sailed in. There are also very dis-

[1] General Ridley.

[2] His sister, Sarah Street, married and settled with a large family at Dunedin in New Zealand.

agreeable reports about the *Atrato*, the ship J. Strahan went to Jamaica in. From Rome, every week has brought sadder letters and Gibson's near death was the subject of the last. And Mr. Edwards, for whom I painted the Jerusalem, from July to November, and for whom I made it so large a picture on account of auld lang-syne, has never paid for it, and as I have been at very great expense here, it is most fortunate for me that I have happened this last year to be a little beforehand—and that you bought my Tor di Schiavi. That's enough I think to account for non-liveliness : . . .

To many people however Malta ought to be a charming winter residence : for there is every variety of luxury, animal, mineral and vegetable—a Bishop and daughter, pease and artichokes, works in marble and fillagree, redmullet, an Archdeacon, Mandarin Oranges, Admirals and Generals, Marsala Wine 10d. a bottle—religious processions, poodles, geraniums, balls, bacon, baboons, books and what not. The chief person here after the Govr. General, and top Admiral, is Lady Hamilton Chichester. Mr. Hookham Frere, who married her aunt, Lady Erroll left her a fine house and gardens and I suppose she is a "power in the State" as she is now a R.C. and I fancy is influential. (She was a Wallscourt Blake.) After Ash Wednesday, I am going to be at home for 3 days—to Adml. and Ldy Smart, Adml. Yelverton, Sir V. and Ldy Houlton and a heap more : I wish they were all in Japan or Madagascar, except Admiral Y. O! that's enough about myself which I wish I was a seagull and could fly off to Jaffa at once.—I am delighted at your account of your and C's life : and

everyone seems to like you both there, which I looked for. Nevertheless, C. must have had a great deal of anxiety, for it is not to be supposed—seeing what is known publicly about the F[enians][1]—that he has not many more rocks and breakers to think of. Some red-hot Ulster Protestants here, which their noble family is all Orange, give me a good idea of the sectarian good sense he must have to deal with. I trust however that all will come tolerably straight—

(tho' such speeches as Mr. Dillon's[2] don't tend to quiet me,) and if so, that then C.S.P.F's time will come for doing something really important for Ireland The Parliament will be most interesting this year. . . .

[1] This month saw the second Fenian rising (the first was in September, 1865); but it was speedily suppressed by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. Fortescue went into office at a particularly critical time in Irish affairs.

[2] John Blake Dillon, a leader of the Young Ireland party, an exile from 1848 to 1855, and member for County Tipperary from 1865 till his death in 1866.

What a busy life you must both lead, you and C.F! and it seems to me that you are exactly the right "t'other half" of the position—because C's nature wants as you say self-confidence, and that you are able to give him. Yet the finer the mind, the more (generally speaking) is such accompanied by the critical disposition: and he who foregoes self-criticism must sooner or later get into a groove, and stand still —if he don't fall down. Do not let him give up *any* horse or walking exercise, because he is never well without that. . . . At present however, I have no more energy than a shrimp who has swallowed a Norfolk Dumpling. Goodbye.

SLIÉMA. MALTA.
March 9. 1866

If you have any leisure, which I don't very well see how you can, I hope you will write a line to me before I leave this island. Every fresh batch of newspapers keeps me in not a little anxiety on C. F.'s and your account: nor does the Irish cloudy sky appear to get brighter. Even without the help of Earl R's and Sir G. Grey's speeches, one can see that there is much more than outsiders know,—and now that Chichester has to go through his election again, by the disgusting dodgery of the Tories, it is a fresh lot of trouble for you both. I hope he keeps well in health through these odious times: when they are over, I trust his reward will come, in being able to do something really good for Ireland.

. . . I have hardly ever known any place more melancholy than the vast Valetta Palace—wanting the life of Sir Henry Storks, Baring and Strahan.

CENC, ISLE OF GOZO, MALTA.
(By kind permission of Mrs. Roundell.)

The two latter write often from Jamaica: Strahan's last to me was very funny, and they certainly all seem in their normal state of high spirits. Crowds of swells have been to me, but only one young R. A. officer has bought or thought of buying a drawing: so that £10 and £12 from sale of Ionian books, as all my winter gains, made Mr. Edwards' pay welcome enough. . . .

Father Ignatius [1]—dressed as a mucilaginous monk—is come to stay here, and walks about like a mediæval donkey.

VALETTA. MALTA.
30th March, 1866.

I was so glad to get your long letter of the 17th on my return from Gozo. It was very kind of you to write, as I was in an orfle fidgett about you and C. I hope now to know by the papers that his election for Louth is well over. I wish he instead of Sir Somebody Gray were going to bring in the Irish Prot: Church do away with Bill, as I wish he had all the credit. . . .[2]

I was very glad to hear you think well of the stability of Lord R's govt. and greatly hope it will last. I wish I could hear C. S. P. F. "speak a speech," and perhaps when I come back I'll have a

[1] Father Ignatius was the name assumed by Joseph Leycester Lyne; he received Anglican orders in 1860, and in 1862 revived the "ancient rule of St. Benedict" in the Church of England. He settled eventually at Llanthony Abbey in Monmouthshire.

[2] The abolition of the Irish Church Establishment was finally decreed in 1869.

try. I am glad of Miss Money's engagement[1] : anyhow nobody can say you are not everything that is kind to all about you, and when you are pleased it is a pleasure to those who know you. . . . The Palestine trip must be given up this year. The cholera is so likely to re-appear all about there that to risk 40 days' lazaretto with nasty people would be madness. . . . There is another little reason for not going to Palestine, viz. the white glare of this place is hurting my eyes, and an additional two months of hot sunwork I fear to encounter.

My kind love to

P.S. I've made 2 riddles.
What saint should be the patron of Malta?
Saint Sea-bastian.

And why are the kisses of mermaids pleasant at breakfast?

Because they are a kind of Water C$^{a}_{\wedge}$resses.

Hotel della Trinacria. Messina.
13. *April.* 1866.

Just before I left Malta, I was glad to see that

[1] Miss Ida Money, daughter of General and Lady Laura Money, of Crownpoint, consequently niece by marriage to Lady Waldegrave, who was taking her out in society, became engaged in Dublin to Major, the Hon. Edmund Boyle, brother of the Earl of Cork, Aide-de-Camp to Lord Kimberley Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and afterwards Gentleman Usher to Earl Spencer.

CSPF was re-returned for Louth and to London, for I read in some paper or other that you and he were at Strawberry. So my anxieties on the score of Fenian assassination are over.[1] It is also a pleasure to perceive that the whole of the big bother is being finished up, unless indeed Canada gives fresh trouble.[2]

I left Malta on the 10th in a fuliginous flea-full Steamer, and got here on the Evening of the 11th—when I chose to leave the crowded boat and wait for McIver's large steamer, the *Palestine*, which should arrive to-morrow and go on direct to Corfû, Ancona, and Trieste, so that I hope to be at the latter place before the 20th. Then I purpose visiting as much as I can of Dalmatia—beginning with Pola, and ending if possible with Montenegro:—all which being "done" I wish to be back by the 1st week in June. But until I get to Trieste, the capital or base of operations, I cannot very well see my way. Up to the evening of the 9th I had almost given up this trip altogether, as the reports of Austro-Italo war were getting very unpleasant, and were war to break out, all the Adriatic would be shut up. . . .

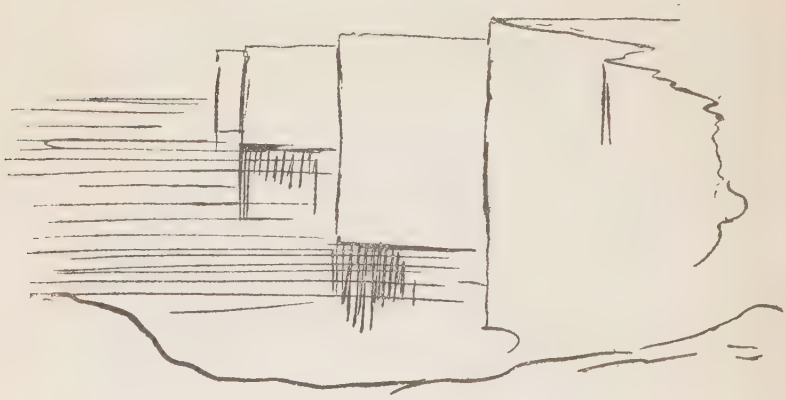
This place is vastly dirty. Dirtyissimo. But it is interesting to me in many ways—and looking at Reggio and the Calabrian hills, I cannot realize that it is just 19 years since I was there with poor John Proby.[3] There is a great deal of discontent here

[1] See p. 71.

[2] The Fenians of America did carry out their threatened "invasion" of Canada, and occupied Fort Erie, but the United States enforced the neutrality of their frontier.

[3] John, Lord Proby, eldest son of the Earl of Carysfort, was

and in many parts of Italy: the taxes and the conscription being a sore which worries the lower class, and is used as a worry by the Bourbonites and priests. The last affair at Barletta is much felt—if not much talked of. When will it please God to knock religion on the head, and substitute charity, love, and common sense? I fear me poor dear Italy has a great many hard trials before her yet; and as strongly do I hope she will get over them, and put her foot on those who



call her Atheist—they themselves being if not Atheist —haters of God and man.

I was sorry in some respex to leave Malta. It is impossible to say how constantly kind dear good General Ridley has been to me. The V. Houltons were also so: ditto Lady H. C.—— —but I don't worship her, which she is wiolent and spiteful, although hospitable.

one of Lear's earliest friends. He died in 1858, at the age of 35.

Did I tell you of my visit to Oudesh, vulgarly called Gozo? It was a most pleasant one, and with the aid of Giorgio I drew every bit of it, walking fifteen or twenty miles a day. Its Coast scenery may truly be called pomskizillious and gromphibberous, being as no words can describe its magnificence. I have also drawn all Malta—more because I happened to be there, and some work had to be done, than for any good it is likely to do me. My whole winter gains—twenty-five pounds,—must remain a melanchollical reminiscence of the rocky island and its swell community.

It will be curious to see poor Corfû again : and I will write from Trieste, where I have dim hopes of finding a letter from you.

15, Stratford Place. Oxford St.
May 30. /66.

I am working awfully hard to complete my unfinished drawings, so as to open my Gallery next week *if possible.*

I dined yesterday at Lord Westbury's.[1] Ld. W. seems to be much more inclined to re-settle in England, and in various ways *there is much that gives me satisfaction.* I am to dine there again on Friday. He said to me—"when you see Lady Waldegrave, give her my kindest remembrances—and say that I have not left a piece of pasteboard at her door, because that is a form by which"—(so I understood him) "the amount of esteem in which one person holds another cannot be accurately measured."

I hope you are not all a-going to split and go out

[1] Lord Chancellor, 1861.

about this Redistribution of seats.[1] On Sunday Mrs. M. endeavoured to draw from me if I knew or didn't know anything about what you told me of C. S. P. F. —whereat I collapsed into a vacuum of ignorance.

My love to said See Ess Pee Eff.

To Lady Waldegrave.

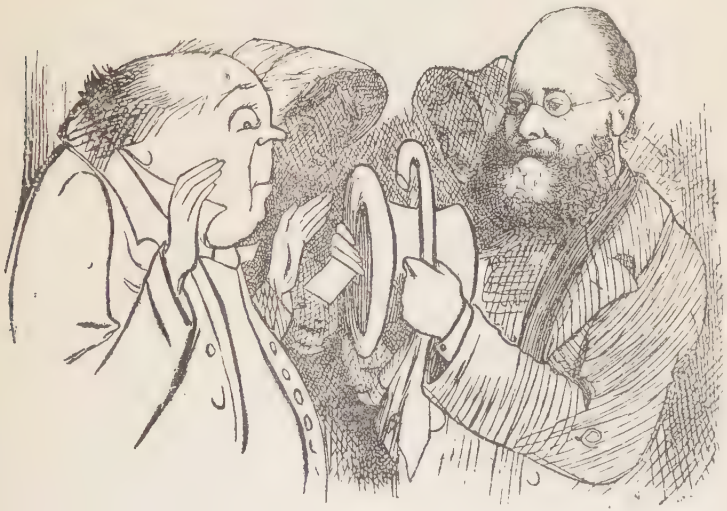
15, Stratford Place, Oxford St.
W.
17 *October* 1866.

My dear Lady Waldegrave,—It is orfle cold here, and I don't know what to do. I think I shall go to Jibberolter, passing through Spain, and doing Portigle later. After all one isn't a potato—to remain always in one place.

A few days ago in a railway as I went to my sister's a gentleman explained to two ladies, (whose children had my "Book of Nonsense,") that thousands of families were grateful to the author (which in silence I agreed to) who was not generally known —but was really Lord Derby: and now came a showing forth, which cleared up at once to my mind why that statement has already appeared in several papers. Edward Earl of Derby (said the Gentleman) did not choose to publish the book openly, but dedicated it as you see to his relations, and now if you will transpose the letters LEAR you will read simply EDWARD EARL.—Says I, joining spontanious in the conversation—"That is quite a mistake: I have reason to know that Edward Lear

[1] Disraeli's proposals to frame a Reform Bill "by way of resolutions," which he had to abandon.

the painter and author wrote and illustrated the whole book." "And I," says the Gentleman, says he—"have good reason to know Sir, that you are wholly mistaken. *There is no such a person* as Edward Lear." "But," says I, there *is*—and I am the man—and I wrote the book!" Whereon all the party burst out laughing and evidently thought me mad or telling fibs. So I took off my hat and



showed it all round, with Edward Lear and the address in large letters—also one of my cards, and a marked handkerchief: on which amazement devoured those benighted individuals and I left them to gnash their teeth in trouble and tumult.

Believe me, Dear Lady Waldegrave,
Yours sincerely,
EDWARD LEAR

Grand Hotel du Louvre.
Marseille.
11. *December.* 1866.

I am glad to have received a letter from you just before starting, and to know that you and the Mimber are well, and have been so happy. I am off to-morrow by the P. & O. steamer—the *Pera*—to Alexandria, having just heard that Sir H. J. Storks may be a week longer before he comes, and if a week why not 2 weeks? or 3? So I can't dawdle any more, and I wish now that I had gone on last week by the *Poonah.* As it was I went to Hyères, and St. Tropez, both of which were bosh. I have made up my mind to go in for a Nile and Palestine move: as I may have no better opportunity because, in spite of Lords' Stratford and Strangford's nursing, the sick man[1] will be more of an invalid before long I guess—and his dominions will not be good for travelling Topographers. My objects on the Nile are, (excepting only to draw Denderah on the lower river,) wholly above Philæ—as I never saw Nubia, and particularly wish to get drawings of Ipsambûl, and Ibreêm. If I can't manage this I shall make for Jerusalem earlier than I should get to the second cataract. In Palestine, a certain view of Jerusalem, a tour to Galilee, Nazareth (for a picture for R. M. Milnes,[2]) Carmel—Tiberias—Tyre — Sidon — Banias — and if possible Palmyra.

[1] Lord Strangford was at that time at Constantinople. Lord Stratford had had extraordinary influence as ambassador at Constantinople, 1842–1858. The "sick man," of course, is Turkey.

[2] Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, the poet.

The length and breadth of this tour will however depend on many circumstances.

. . . . . .

I have never been so utterly weary of 6 months as of these last: never seeing anything but the dreadful brick houses—and latterly suffering from cold, smoke — darkness — ach! horror! — verily England may be a blessed place for the wealthy, but an accursed dwelling place for those who have known liberty and have seen God's daylight daily in other countries. By degrees, however, (if I don't leave it by the sudden collapse of mortality) I hope to quit it altogether, even if I turn Mussulman and settle at Timbuctoo.

CAIRO. *March* 9. 1867.

I wish I could write you a long letter, but I want to thank you and C.F. for your help before the Mail goes, and there is scanty time and much to do. I came back from having safely performed the first half of my journey—viz—the Nile and Nubia, yesterday, and found your very kind letter, as well as one from Messrs. Drummond, informing me of the payment of One Hundred Pounds which you have so kindly lent me. Conjointly with your aid, assistance also came to me, in more or less degree, from Lord Houghton, Mrs. Clive, B. Husey-Hunt, T. Fairbairn, John E. Cross, F. Lushington and W. Langton. I am a queer beast to have so many friends. I am so pleased the Venice[1] is so much

[1] A companion picture to the "Tor di Schiavi" painted in 1862 for Lady Waldegrave. They both hang at Chewton Priory and are the property of the present Earl Waldegrave.

liked, but it is quite fit and right that CSPF should like it less than your portrait: so long as it ranks next I am well content. I should like to see Richmond's drawing of C.[1] I hope he won't make him clerical and holy and soft, he being neither. What an awfully cold winter you seem to have had! and in other respects not a pleasing one, particularly as regards Fenianism. I hear just now that Lord Cranbourne, General Peel and Lord Carnarvon have left the Government[2]—will it break up and cease, or join Gladstone, or what next? I should like to have read C's letter,[3] but I get no sight of papers now, as directly they are devoured, off they go and no old ones exist. The Consul General here, Colonel Stanton, R.E.[4] and Mrs. S. are very good-natured, but I am not—after rising as I do at 5.30 and writing all day—up to going into "SOCIETY" at 9 or 10. In a few days I go to Memphis for a day or two—to wind up my Egyptian work, and then I hope to start across what is called the short desert—for Gaza, Askalon, and Ashdod: and if I chance to find a nosering of Delilah with Samson's hair set in it, won't I pick it up? Then, after a time

[1] I never heard of this picture. I do not think it ever took shape, or is confounded by Mr. Lear with a drawing by Watts.

[2] Lear refers to the split in the ministry on the Reform and Borough Franchise.

[3] C. F.'s letter of the 4th of February to the *Times*, in which he advocated the passing of a Land Bill, and condemned Lord Dufferin for seeming to wish "to let well or ill alone."

[4] Sir Ed. Stanton, K.C.M.G., General (retired), entered the Royal Engineers, 1844. Consul-General at Warsaw, 1860. Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, 1865. Charge d'Affaires, at Munich, 1876.

EDWARD LEAR IN 1867.
(Alexandria.)

CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, LORD CARLINGFORD.
(About 1874.)

and times and half a time at Jerusalem, I trust to go to Nazareth, on the score of M. Milnes' picture. The Sea of Galilee, the City on a hill which cannot be id, the site of the cursed cursive concurrent pigs, Endor with or without a witch, and other places are to be visited: if possible, Gilead and Gerarh, and if possibler, Palmyra. Also Canobĕen and other Lebanon places, so that from Berūt I may come back by Carmel and on to Jaffa, and Alexandria, and thence by Italy to England early in July. I hope then that I shall have done with all this part of Asiatic topography, and that I shall be able to projuice two worx—one on Egypt—t'other on Palestine.

Nubia delighted me, it isn't a bit like Egypt, except that there's a river in both. Sad, stern, uncompromising landscape, dark ashy purple lines of hills, piles of granite rocks, fringes of palm, and ever and anon astonishing ruins of oldest temples: above all wonderful Abou Simbel, which took my breath away. The second cataract also is very interesting, and at Philæ and Denderah I got new subjects besides scores and scores of little atomy illustrations all the way up and down the river. An "American" or Montreal cousin was with me above Luxor, but he was a fearful bore; of whom it is only necessary to say that he whistled all day aloud, and that he was "disappointed" in Abou Simbel. You can't imagine the extent of the American element in travel here! They are as twenty-five to one English. They go about in dozens and scores—one dragoman to so many—and are a fearful race mostly. One lot of sixteen, with whom was an acquaintance of my own, came up by

steamer, but outvoted my friend, who desired to see the Temple of Abydos because "it was Sunday, and it was wrong to break the Sabbath and inspect a heathen church." Whereon the Parson who was one of the party preached three times that day, and Mr. my friend shut himself up in a rage. Would it be believed, the same lot, Parson and all, went on arriving at Assouan—on a *Sunday* evening—to see some of those poor women whose dances cannot be described, and who only dance them by threats and offers of large sums of money? As all outer adornment of the person—except noserings and necklaces, are dispensed with on these occasions, the swallowing of camels and straining at gnats is finely illustrated. At Luxor I frequently saw Lady Duff Gordon, but on my return she had broken a blood vessel, and is now reported very ill indeed. She is doubtless a complete enthusiast, but very clever and agreeable. I heard there of the death of my poor friend Holman Hunt's wife [1] at Florence, and I find very affecting letters from her sister. Poor Daddy [2] is still at Florence where some friends take charge of his motherless boy. Meanwhile it is getting very hot here, and the flies are becoming most odious and unscrupulous. As a whole this Shepherd's Hotel (or Zech's as it is called now,) is more like a pigstye mixed with a beargarden or a horribly noisy railway station than anything that I

[1] Miss Waugh.

[2] Lear was greatly influenced by the Pre-Raphaelites and considered Holman Hunt his artistic father. Hence the nickname "Daddy," though Holman Hunt was many years his junior.

can compare it to. To add to my difficulty in writing I have miserable toothache and Neuralgia, so I must stop.

My kindest regards to you and the Mimber.

P.S. As I passed Philæ going up—just at sunset—the very same effect of the Duc D'Aumâle's [1] picture was over it.

Lear to Fortescue.

15, Stratford Place,
Oxford St.
9 *August*, 1867.

My dear Excelscue,—(N.B.—XL is 40). I was so sorry not to have been at home when you came, as scissors and grasshoppers only know when we may meet again : you certainly do all you can to see me, but the conditions of life are against your so doing.

I had gone to my sister's [2]—the first and only time since I returned—and the fourth time only that I have left London—the other three being to B. Husey Hunt, to Alfred Tennyson, and to Strawberry. I cannot recall two months of my life more wearying and distressing—shut up literally all the day, day after day—(the only means of getting even a chance of a livelihood ;) with nothing but brick walls and cursed cats to look at outside, with a climate,—the first month bitter winter cold and the second perpetual darkness and pouring rain : and with neuralgia usually as well—or more strictly speaking—as bad.

Were it possible to avoid doing so I would gladly never come to England again—so disgusted am I

[1] A picture Lear had painted for the Duke.
[2] His sister, Elinor Newsom, the widow.

with all therein and thereof at present. Very happily for me, my queer natural elasticity of temperament does not at all lead me to the morbids—" suicide " or what not,—but on the contrary to Abercrombical [1] reflexions on life in general. Sometimes I make considerable progress in my new Book of Nonsense—(which I hope will help me to Nazareth—I mean Nazareth in Syria,) and sometimes I consider as to the wit of taking my Cedars out of its frame and putting round it a border of rose coloured velvet, embellished with a fringe of yellow worsted with black spots, to protypify the possible proximate propinquity of predatorial panthers—and then selling the whole for floorcloth by auction.

By the bye, the original Abercromby [2] book fell up two days ago—as I was by degrees moving all my books upstairs. Also five volumes of Byron, the fifth of which you stole, or rather borrowed and never returned. I don't want it however a bit, for I've got a better edition : and some day I will pitch the remaining five vols out of window as you get into a Nansen Cab, just as you drive off.

On Thursday I dined at the Viscountess Strangford —which the party was very agreeable : " Foffy " Curcumelli [3] also. And—speaking of visits, yesterday Lady Franklin [4] passed an hour here, looking at every one of my drawings with the Zeal of a Girl of 25.

[1] " Abercrombical " was a favourite adjective of Lear's, and I think he must have been referring to the writings of Dr. John Abercrombie, the well-known philosophical and metaphysical writer, who died in 1844.

[2] Probably " The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings."

[3] See p. 58. [4] Wife of the celebrated Arctic explorer.

My sister showed me some beautiful drawings of "Sister Sarah" [1]—just sent from N.Z.—flowers—and a large panoramic view—she is a wonderful old lady—at 73!

I shall write to you before the Ortum begins, from Stratton. . . .

As for me, I stay at Stratton and Selbourne till I come back to town to finish two small copies of the Seeders: and then comes the moving upstairs—or into the Pamteggnikon—as yet I don't know which.

What nation talks the greatest nonsense?

The Boshmen!

And where are the greatest number of Pawnbrokers' shops?

Among the Pawnee Indians.

O child! climb up a high tree at Chewton [2] and compose a pamphlet on the follies of the world in general, and more particularly of your very misbegotten and affectionate friend,

Aug. 10th.

I read this over to-day, and tho' it is very absurd shall send it. Adieu!

LEWES. 24. *Novbr.* 1867.

Life, my child, is a bore. . . . I didn't write a note to you about your Toe [3] as I had wished to do, in which I meant to have recommended you to study the book of *To*bit, and to drink a glass of *To*kay, but not too much for fear you should go down into *To*phet,

[1] The wonderful Sarah Street of the first volume.

[2] Chewton Priory, Lady Waldegrave's Somerset home.

[3] A broken chilblain.

and there be burned like Tow: you should also have been told to eat *To*matas, by way of soothing your *To*martyrdom, and in a word I should have *to*tally punned the matter bare and out and out. In the meantime don't be careless about your foot, as toes are not to be trifled with.

I go early to-morrow by Hastings to Folkestone—to cross on Tuesday : and by Thursday hope to be at Cannes. . . .

P.S. W. Neville came to me. My sister I found sadly deaf ; but tho' alone she has three servants who have been about her thirty odd years.

P.P.S. Holman Hunt has been painting a large picture from Keats' pome of Isabella.

VILLA MONTÂRET,
No. 6. RUE ST. HONORÉ,
CANNES. ALPES MARITIMES.
Dec. 26. 1867.

I don't like not to send New Year's good wishes to you and My Lady, so I shall write a note if never so short ; all the more that up to now I have had no heart to write, but this morning has begun with a run of good luck that both you and Lady W. will be glad to hear of.

"The Cedars" are at last sold—not by any means for the sum I wished, nor even for a third, but still they will be well placed, and thoroughly appreciated, and I shall get £6 a year out of the critters for the rest of my life, if I can contrive to put the money into the three per cents. Louisa, Lady Ashburton,[1] is the

[1] The friend of Carlyle. She was the youngest daughter of the Rt. Hon. James Stewart Mackenzie, nephew of the Earl of

purchaser, and they will go to Melchet Court, Romsey for their fewcherome. Then Dr. Montague Butler of Harrow[1] has just been here—and Mrs. Butler is going to have one of my £12 drawings: and indeed it was high time, for I was getting into a mess, and had no heart to write to anybody.

I had to take very expensive rooms here—sun-aspect for health—light to work, and position etc. for swells to come to, were all necessary, and I have hitherto been in despair that no one out of over fifty people who have called have as yet bought anything. Let us hope the luck is turned.

. . . . . .

About two thousand English are here, and among other amusing facts no—less than twenty-five Eton boys came out in one batch for their holidays last week!

Interruptions from people—Mrs. Butler[2] has two small 7 pounders instead of one large 12. (She is a niece of Lady Hislop.) So I can't go on with this letter; I must stop, as the watch said when a beetle got into his wheels.

Lady Strachey's brother[3] is near here: he and Mrs. Symonds are a gain.

Galloway. She married the 2nd Baron Ashburton, who died in 1864. This picture, I believe, was afterwards burnt.

[1] Dr. Montague Butler, formerly head master of Harrow 1859-1885, Dean of Gloucester 1886, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, married as his second wife 1888, Miss Agneta Ramsay, Senior Classic of the year.

[2] Georgina Isabella, granddaughter of the Rt. Hon. Hugh Elliot, Minister at the Court of Frederick the Great.

[3] John Addington Symonds, the well-known writer. Elected a Fellow of Magdalen 1862; published numerous works

To Lady Waldegrave.

Villa Montaret,
6. Rue St. Honoré.
Cannes. Alpes Maritimes.
January 9. 1868.

A happy New Year to you and the Mimber! Just as I was going to bed last night the preliminary pusillanimous peripatetic postman brought me CSTRPQF's letter—date the 4th, which I beg you will thank him for—for it was exceedingly welcome. The weather has been so *beeeeeestly* cold here, and these lodgings are so venomously odious in some respects, that I get perfectly cross and require to be soothed by letters now and then. I am very glad you and C have had that Growling Eclogue[1] I wrote from Lady Strachey: I enclose another bit of fun, for some child or other—(I wrote it for Lady Strachey's niece, little Janet Symonds:) if Lady S. has a small enough creature not to scorn it, perhaps you will give it to her for its use, and anyhow I hope she has been thanked for her letter to Lady Suffolk. (The original poem of the Growl, had a line—altered afterwards thus—"*nearly*—run over by the Lady Mary *Peerly*"—stood—"*all but*, run over by the Lady Emma *Talbot*"—which was fact—but I suppressed it as too personal.[2]) While I am in a lucid interval before breakfast, I will tell you what I think of doing. For in the first place it seems to me that

"Renaissance in Italy," also sketches of travel, monographs, and translations. He died at Rome in 1893.

[1] Interlocutors—Mr. Lear and Mr. and Mrs. Symonds—to be found in Warne's "Nonsense Songs and Stories," by Edward Lear. 9th and revised edition, 1894.

[2] This poem I cannot trace.

luck *has* turned, inasmuch as Dr. Butler of Harrow, Mr. Buxton, and more especially Sir Richard Glass have all bought drawings: and as I know that Lord Mt. Edgecumbe is coming, and also Lord Henry Scott—and I hope many more—I think there cannot be much doubt that Cannes will be the best winter place I can select.

. . . At present I am not drawing at all nor painting—but writing: the rough copy of my Cretan journals is done, and nearly that of the Nile 1854: the Nubia of 1867 will follow, and I mean to get all three ready for publication with illustrations, if possible next summer, whether in parts or volumes I can't yet say. By degrees I want to topographize and topographize all the journeyings of my life, so that I shall have been of some use after all to my fellow critters besides leaving the drawings and pictures which they may sell when I'm dead. This plan of a winter home here, I don't think I could carry out easily, for I have no head for bother, if I hadn't my old servant Giorgio, who cooks, markets, and keeps the house clean so systematically that I have no trouble whatever: though neither he nor his master at all like the cold weather here, which in three large cold rooms is horrid. (Just now I said to this man, "Why Giorgio, there is ten minutes difference between my watch and the hall clock since Sunday! which is wrong of the two? is my watch ten minutes too slow or the clock ten minutes too fast?" "Your watch is all right Sir" said he grimly "because he very warm in your pocket: clock stand out in the cold hall, he go faster to warm himself.") . . .

Meanwhile the mass of English here is quite

curious, and every bit of ground near the place seems to be for sale at great prices. But so scattered and detached are the villas and hotels, and so dirty are the roads, that very few people see much of others, unless they keep carriages. The Symonds are pretty near me, but I am *sorry to say he is not nearly as well as he was*, and has to be kept so quiet that I shall hardly see him now [1]—which is a great loss—as a more charming and good fellow I never met, besides so full of knowledge and learning. A friend of his, one Mr. Sedgwick—a fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, dines with me to-day, but I can't ask poor John Symonds. (We are to have soup, and a curried fowl, a roast lamb and stewed pears: and one gets divine Marsala cheap.) By way of what a Scotch friend calls "femmel society," William and Mrs. W. Sandbach are next door: she is Dutch and was one of the Queen of Holland's ladies,[2] (The Queen stays with them sometimes in England), very intelligent and kindly. Lady Grey [3] (Honble.) and Miss Des Voeux are near: Lady Glass, Mrs. (Sutherland) Scott and others are all near on this side: the other side I don't affect, it is such a brutal road full of carriages: but there are the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord and Lady H. Scott, Lord Mt. Edgcumbe, Elcho,

[1] Mr. Symonds' health had been very delicate from lung trouble for many years, but later on he discovered and established himself permanently at Davos, where he led an active life till his death, and where all his later books were written.

[2] Maid of Honor to Queen Sophia of the Netherlands, was before her marriage Mademoiselle Sara de Capellen.

[3] Wife of the Hon. Sir George Grey, G.C.B., Governor and later Premier of New Zealand. She was Charlotte, only daughter of Sir Charles Des Voeux, 1st Baronet.

Brougham, Lady Houghton, Bradford, Limerick, Dalhousie, and crowds more. There too is the Parsonic home and then the Church, where I go sometimes, but you can't get out when once you are in for the crowd, and when you do get out you are smashed instantly by the carriages. Cannes is a place literally with *no* amusements: people who come must live, just as you and CF do now at Chewton, absolutely to themselves in a country life, or make excursions to the really beautiful places about when the weather permits. I know no place where there are such walks *close* to the town: and the Esterel range is what you can look at all day with delight. Only for the last week it has been atrocious weather, rain and cold: the hills are covered with snow, and the sun don't shine. Nevertheless there is *no fog* of any sort; and with all this cold, I have no Neuralgia which amazes me. . . .

Give my love to Chichester and thank him for his letter: tell him I will set his[1] verses to music, and publish them dedicated to him. I hope Lord Clermont[2] is better. How distressing all these wretched matters in England and Ireland are!

Do you not wish, since the Holy Father is so determined an enemy of Italy, and so outrageously opposite in conduct to the rules of Him whom he professes to represent, that someone in the Italian Parliament might venture to propose an entire separation religiously, by creating a Pontiff in Milan or Florence, abolishing celibacy, in fact making a

[1] I greatly regret I have not found these.

[2] Lord Clermont was the elder brother of Fortescue. He had married a daughter of the Marquis of Ormond.

Henry VIII reform, only not Calvinistic? Could not such a member point out that Russia, as well as England, Holland, Prussia, are all execrated by the blasphemous violence of those monstrous Popes, and yet *notwithstanding* are the most flourishing of peoples and lands? Would not a torrent of ridicule thrown on insolent and uncharitable pretension do some good? Ask Count Maffei[1]: I am miserable at times about Italy, but always hope on.

Meanwhile I shall have tired your ize: so I will conclude.

Lady Waldegrave to Lear.

Chewton Priory,
Bath.
Feb. 10. /68.

We were delighted to hear that you had not only sold your fine Cedars, but found an appreciative public at Cannes. Your idea of taking a permanent Studio there sounds jolly and likely to be prosperous. I quite understand your horror of the fogs and fogies of London in winter, and with you a natural, neutral, Indian ink spirits climate must have an immense effect upon your well or ill-being.

We are groaning at having to leave this dear place to-morrow for hateful London. We have been immensely happy here in spite of all sorts of little worries, broken chilblains, Mendip mists, East winds, weak eyes, . . . etc., etc.

[1] Secretary to the Italian Legation in London.

. . . We hear that Lord Derby will be obliged to resign as his health is completely broken.[1] Lord Stanley is expected to take his place. His speech at Bristol has done him great harm in Ireland and no good here.[2]

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

7, Carlton Gardens, *Feb.* 22.

My Lady handed me this document the day before we left Chewton, with a command that I should finish it forthwith and despatch it to Cannes. I was full of Steward's accounts, gardener's accounts, etc, etc, put it into my box, and there it has remained until this present writing. We were very sorry to leave Chewton, where we passed some very quiet and especially happy months. But "noblesse oblige," or rather the duties of a politician oblige. Mrs. Gladstone wrote just at the same time: "My husband has been so happy here" (Hawarden), "he feels like a schoolboy going back to school." I wish by the way he wouldn't write devout, fanciful, uncritical articles on "Ecce Homo" in "Good Words."[3] I have seen a good deal of him and of Lord Russell about Irish affairs. The letter of Lord Russell to me[4] has caused much interest, especially his resig-

[1] Lord Derby resigned the Premiership in Disraeli's favour during the year. He died in 1869.

[2] Lord Stanley was Foreign Secretary at this time.

[3] Mr. Gladstone's article in "Good Words" on "Ecce Homo" (Sir J. R. Seeley's book, which appeared anonymously in 1865) did not give his opinion on the book, but his ideas on irrelevant theological matters, having no reference to the view taken in the book of the relation of Christ to Christianity.

[4] "A Letter to the Rt. Hon. C. Fortescue."

nation, in very handsome terms, of the leadership to Gladstone.

Lord Derby was thought to be dying, but has rallied. Stanley told me yesterday that he was "going on as well as possible." But it is fully believed that at Easter, if not sooner, he will hand over the Prime Ministership to Dizzy! Stanley supports Dizzy—and the Squires acquiesce, in consequence of his triumphs of last year.[1] I am glad to see that Colenso is vanquishing his enemies at Natal in the Law Courts, having gained a complete victory over Dean Green.[2] The Bishop of London behaved very well about the intended rival Bishop, and repulsed that ill-conditioned bigot, Bishop Gray.[3] . . .

Lear to Fortescue.

VILLA MONTARET. 6, ROOSENT ONNORAY.
24th Febbirowerry 1868

Ritten at night.

I "remained confounded"—as my servant George says when he is surprised—"rimasto confuso"—by getting a letter from you and my lady at once just now from the peripatetic postman, whom in the street near my new lodgings I met. (The said Postman greets me always with great enthusiasm and respect; since after a week had passed without his bringing letters—I said to him: "Savez vous

[1] The passing of the Reform Bill of 1867.

[2] Colenso had appealed to the Court of Chancery and the Master of the Rolls had given judgment in his favour; in consequence his salary was restored to him.

[3] Bishop of Cape Town from 1847, in 1863 he had pronounced Colenso's deposition.

pourquoi il n'y a pas de lettres? C'est parcequ' en Angleterre il fait si froid qu'on ne peut plus tenir la plume en main!"—"C'est donc terrible ça, Monsieur!"—said he, and now as a burst of letters have turned up, he says—"Voyez donc Monsieur, le froid commence à passer! Dieu! comme il a dû faire froid là bas!"[1]) For,—to return to the first line,—I have intended to write to you ever so long a time past; but at night I can't do so easily, and the days are so broken up and bebothered: So, as Pistol says—"things must be as they may"—I was reading only yesterday of a dinner at 7 Carlton Gardens[2]: I always fancy Goldwin Smith must be a very angular cornery man: but perhaps I am wrong. The Grenfells[3] are by no means at Nice, but on the contrary here. Mr. Grenfell's brother is in a hopeless state of illness—so that in one respect their visit is a sad one: and in others they evidently enjoy it greatly. Mrs. Henry Grenfell is Τὸ καῖ ἐμὲ[4] a sort of A No. 1 woman multiplied by 10 or 20, by which I mean she seems to be a woman combining good sense and good taste with a perfectly feminine nature and manner:

[1] "Do you know why there are no letters? It is because it is too cold in England to hold a pen in one's hand." "That is indeed terrible, Sir!"... "See, Sir, the cold is beginning to go! Goodness! how cold it must have been out there!"

[2] Lady Waldegrave's town house, and Goldwin Smith was probably at this dinner as he was a friend of Fortescue's, a contemporary of his at Oxford.

[3] Henry Riversdale Grenfell, a Governor of the Bank of England, was one of Fortescue's greatest friends. Mrs. Grenfell was a Miss Adeane.

[4] In my opinion.

one might have added good education and more goods. She is also though not handsome, quite nice looking and perfectly ladylike: and by what I hear from others, has acted as a regular mother to her younger sisters. Altogether it is plain to me that Henry G. has secured a prize, and this I am glad of thoroughly, as I have always liked him so much. He and I are going somewhere or other next Sunday, and after that I suppose they will "draw to the cold and bitter north," which I shall be sorry for. . . .

To look over your letter . . . a more interesting period for politicians can hardly be than this, and if Dizzy should become Premier, I fancy that the Liberal—our side—will gain in the end: for it is impossible now that he can ever do any real Toryism: quite the contrary.[1] Grenfell tells me that some friends of his write that another said:—"What! Disraeli, a Jew—Premier?"—and that the respondent aptly answered: "Well, wasn't St. Paul a Jew before he was a Xtian?" For my own part if Judaizing all England would do us any good—why not? I am glad of what you say of Colenso: I didn't know his cause was so prospering. You should hear Lady Duff Gordon (junior) speak of Bishop Gray.

I think I have answered most topicks and toothpicks of your letter, and shall now go on in a meandering mashpotato manner, male and female after his kind, like an obese gander as I am. . . . The conventional swell Sunday here is awful! The last sermon on "the Lord God made them coats of skins

[1] Disraeli was appointed Lord Derby's successor in February, 1868.

of beasts"—anyhow made it necessary to use one's reason. I wish Lord Lansdowne's speech about "too much church and too many priests and too little humanity" was printed widely: here as Hy. G. says —"the hills are covered with parsons,"—and women and fine ladies walk miles to morning sacraments and daily prayers: but their dress and the narrowness of their mental perceptions is what most strikes thinking men who see much of them. If a tenth part of what the Saturday Reviewers write about women is true [1]— a "national calamity" is on the increase: and the priesthood as a class are responsible for removing half of their hearers out of the pale of reason into that of vanity, bigotry and living death. So, my dear boy, you see, I go, by way of not being completely unconventional, to church often, bitter as the hideous talk is: on the other hand I think—is one sex doomed to be the prey of the priests and to deteriorate accordingly? will nobody help these long-trained chignon-befooled lambs?—and—q.e.d.—therefore I go out for all the Sunday at times—not being able to bear respectable foolery and superstitious iniquity more than in a certain quantity at once.

You ax about my plans: they are still at a scroobious dubious doubtfulness. If the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Dalhousie, or Mr. Jackson the millionaire come to sweep off £300 of my drawings, I should go off to finish my Palestine, because that kind of life is more difficult as one has to look at it and undertake it fifty sixcally or fifty sevenically.

[1] Three articles on Women in three successive Saturday Reviews, "Mistress and Maid," "Æsthetic Women," and "The Theology of the Teapot."

But if they—the above-named potentates—don't come and buy, I must sneak back to England in May or June, perhaps only running over to Corsica for a Cornhill paper or separately illustrated bit of journal, which I am much inclined to set my wits to—as—Athos—or a portion of Nile—to Philistine country, etc., etc.—thus gradually oozing out all my intellectual topographic bowels as a silkworm doth its caterpillary silk. . . .

(Abruptious interpolation). Will you tell me if you know much or any of M. Prosper Merimée's writings? [1] He lives here in winter and came to my rooms two

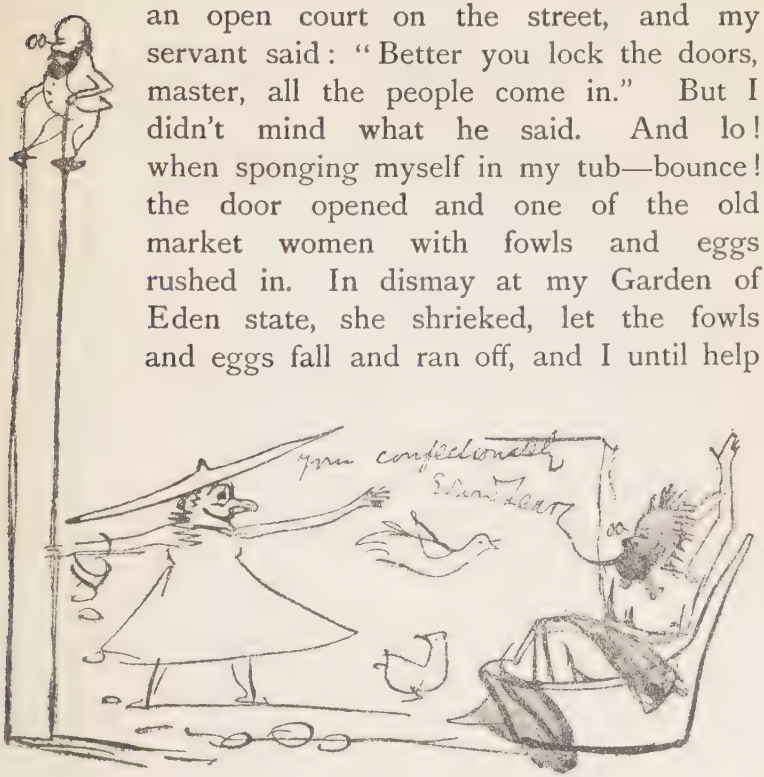
weeks ago. He speaks English well, which is a comfort to me who hate speaking French. The rooms I have taken (and I am glad you and my Lady think I have done well in so doing) are on the third floor of a new house, looking directly to the harbour and Esterels—a line of hills, the termination of which is absolutely *Grecian*, as to decision of form and beauty—and this is much for me to say.

[1] His more important works embrace novels and short stories, archæological and historical dissertations, and travels. "Colomba" (a story of Corsican vendetta) was his best known work. At the time Lear writes, his life was clouded by ill-health and melancholy. He died at Cannes in 1870.

England, Nice, Malta, Egypt, Cannes

A is the sea. B the beautiful end of the hills. C the promontory of Teoule. D the pier of Cannes. E the town. F the arbour.

By all the Devils in or out of Hell! four hundred and seventy-three cats at least are all at once making a ninfernal row in the garden close to my window. Therefore, being mentally decompoged, I shall write no more. Adding only a portrait of myself going on stilts (which mode of progress, as practised here, I mean to learn) and another drawing illustrative of what really occurred here some weeks ago. All these beastly rooms where I am open to an open court on the street, and my servant said: "Better you lock the doors, master, all the people come in." But I didn't mind what he said. And lo! when sponging myself in my tub—bounce! the door opened and one of the old market women with fowls and eggs rushed in. In dismay at my Garden of Eden state, she shrieked, let the fowls and eggs fall and ran off, and I until help



came, was all open to the passing world. Please give my kindest regards to my lady. I will write to her in a morning when I can write more tolerably than, as I do now, at night. Remember me to Lord and Lady Clermont: I hope he is better.

CHAPTER II

May, 1868, to January, 1870

CORSICA, ENGLAND, AND CANNES

To Lady Waldegrave.

WILLER MONTÂRET.
6. ROO SCENTONNORAY.
Kân. ALPES MARITIMES.
Feby. 28. 1868.
France.

AJACCIO, CORSICA,
May 6. 1868.

I HAVE left the above absurd address on this paper, to show you that I had an intention, never carried out, of writing to you before I left Cannes, which I did at the first week in April. . . .

During the time I have been here I have seen the south part of the island pretty thoroughly: the inland mountain scenery is of the most magnificent character, but the coast or edges are not remarkable. The great pine forest of Bavella is I think one of the most wonderfully beautiful sights nature can produce. The extraordinary covering of verdure on all but the tops of granite mountains make Corsica delightful: such Ilex trees and Chestnuts are rarely

seen, and where they are not, a blaze of colour from wild flowers charms the foolish traveller into fits. The people are unlike what I expected, having read of "revenge," etc; they have the intelligence of Italians but not their vivacity: shrewd as Scotch, but slow and lazy and quiet generally. It must be added that a more thoroughly kindly and obliging set of people, so far as I have gone, cannot easily be found. . . .

I should tell you the people nearly all dress in black, which makes a glumy appierance: the food is good generally, but partickly trout and lobsters: and the wine is delightful, and some well known Landscape Painters drink no end of it. . . .

The last day of twenty on my return here, a vile little disgusting driver of the carriage I had hired, took a fit of cursing as he was wont to do at times, and of beating his poor horses on the head. In this instance as they backed towards the precipice and the coachman continued to beat, the result was hideous to see, for carriage and horses and driver all went over into the ravine—a ghastly sight I can't get rid of. The carriage was broken to bits; one horse killed; the little beast of a driver not so badly hurt as he ought to have been. It took a day to fish up the ruins, and this . . . has rather disgusted me with Corsican carriage drives and drivers.

Lear to Fortescue.

15, Stratford Place. Oxford St.
22 August. 1868.

Concerning the parchments or papers, you did not leave anywhere, as far as I can perceive. . . . I hope

the papers were not important: perhaps an agreement signed by you and W.E.G. (compared to whom, a speaker at the Crystal Palace Protestant meeting says: Judas Iscariot was a gentleman) to deliver over Ireland bodily to the Pope of Rome on the Liberal party coming in. . . .

There is a possibility of my having to go into Devonshire to see a very old companion, who writes "there seems now little else for me to do but to die." If I do this—*i.e.*—*not* die, but go to Torquay, I shall pass Bath and possibly might get a peep at you. Shall I knot rejoice when this place is off my hands? Many of my books I shall send off to Cannes, but at present, as you may suppose, I am very dimbe-misted-cloudybesquashed as to plans. Nevertheless, they go on slowly forming like the walls of Troy or some place as riz to slow music.

Every marriage of people I care about rather seems to leave one on the bleak shore alone—naturally. You however—since you were "made a Bishop," as the Blueposts waiter said—have made *no difference*, excepting in so far as the inevitable staccamento [1] occasioned by the exigencies of active and private life compel you.

Lear to Fortescue.

10. Duchess Street. Portland Place.
Aug. 16. 1869.

I was surprised to find your card, and wonder how you get time even to think of calling. Never bother yourself to do so, aimable as is the fact,

[1] Severing.

for, happily, I can "put myself in other peoples' places" very thoroughly, and I know how impossible it is to do as one did when one's occupations and thoughts were otherwise than as years go on they needs must be. My life here is truely odious-shocking: of my twenty-eight days in England, the first seven went in bustle, looking for a lodging, and roughing out a plan for publication.[1] Of the next twenty-one—twelve have gone in neccessary visits, to you and Lady W., my sister, Poor W. Nevill, the Hollands, and Mrs. Hunt. The remaining time has gone utterly in hard writing,

often over one hundred notes in the day, besides arranging the subscription list at post time, and also getting to see various old obscure remote friends in suburbs etc. So that rest is there none. When shall we fold our wings, and list to what the inner spirit says—there is no joy but calm? Never in this world I fear—for I shall never get a large northlight studio to paint in. Perhaps in the next eggzi stens you and I and My lady may be able to sit for placid hours under a lotus tree a eating of ice creams and pelican pie, with our feet

[1] Of his Corsican Journal.

in a hazure coloured stream and with the birds and beasts of Paradise a sporting around us.

I can't help laughing at my'position'at fifty-seven! And considering how the Corfû, Florence, Petra, etc, etc, etc, are seen by thousands, and not one commission coming from that fact, how plainly is it visible that the wise public only give commissions for pictures through the Press that tell the sheep to leap where others leap! . . .

And are you to be made a pier? as the papers say you are.

> And hoping that such fact may come to pass,
> Forgive the maunderings of a d—d old Ass.

To Lady Waldegrave.

Ashtead Park. Epsom.
August 19. 1869.

I have no whole sheet of paper to answer your note, which came to me yesterday before I left 10 Duchess St, but as there is a peaceful half-hour just now available I shall not put off writing to you, but rather use this piece in peacefulness as a pis-aller. I came here for two nights and return to misery to-morrow: ever since 1834 I have always been used to come to Mrs. Greville Howard's,[1] who all that time has been a very unvarying good friend: she is now more than eighty-four but is as bright

[1] Mrs. Greville Howard was Mary Howard of Castle Rising in Norfolk and Ashtead in Surrey. She was the great granddaughter of the 11th Earl of Suffolk. Her mother married Richard Bagot, who took the name of Howard. She herself married, in 1807, Col. the Hon. Fulke Greville Upton who assumed the name of Howard.

and amiable as ever, and surrounded by people of her own family, Howards, Bagots and Chesters, Herveys, Lanes and Legges. Far less a Tory by nature than by education, (*just as dear old Mrs. Ruxton*[1] *was a Calvinist by education and not naturally,*) she is one of the finest specimens of the Grand English Lady of the olden time I have known. Meanwhile the park is much as it used to be thirty years ago, so that I shall go and walk among the deer as I did then; and so my one day of idleness will go by without much growling on my part. Nor does looking at places I knew so well, and shall shortly cease to see, bring much regret: as I grow older, I as it were prohibit regrets of all sorts, for they only do harm to the present and thereby to the future. By degrees one is coming to look on the whole of life past as a dream, and one of no very great importance either if one is not in a position to affect the lives of others particularly. After which maundering, I will stop, or perhaps you may double up this paper and throw it away to the destructive Billy.[2] Thank you very much for your invitation, which I should enjoy accepting, but I do not perceive the smallest possibility of so doing. This Corsica[3] must be published, and to do that various tortures must be endured: . . .

You and CFPQ will be glad to hear that three hundred and fifty-two copies of my beastly bothering

[1] Fortescue's old Aunt who brought him up. See vol. i. p. 52.

[2] Lady Waldegrave's bull-terrier.

[3] "Journal in Corsica."

book are subscribed for (though the Goal of a thousand is as yet a long way off,) and doubtless when I get back to Duchess St. to-morrow there will be a good many more. 10 Duchess St. has the merit of facing the North and of being pretty light, and also this, that it is very tolerably quiet: having said which nothing more is to be said. If I were Dante and writing a new Inferno, I would make whole vistas of London lodgings part of my series of Hell punishments. The Count de Paris[1] wrote me such a pretty note in subscribing to my work: that young man must have naturally "good conditions" as Bunyan says, for whatever he does is so nicely and gracefully cut out. Various other people too have written very nicely, which consoles me for much disgust. My love to the Mimber, whose likeness I bought yesterday in "Vanity Fair."[2] . . .

You and CF will, if the papers are well-informed, go and live in Ireland as Vice Kg and Q. and I shall probably go to Darjeeling or Parā where for the few remaining years of life I shall silently subsist on Parrot Pudding and Lizard lozenges in chubby contentment.

[1] Grandson of Louis Phillippe. The Orlean's Princes lived in different mansions at and round Twickenham and Richmond, and were great friends of Lady Waldegrave and Fortescue. Lear had met the Comte de Paris at Strawberry Hill.

[2] Cartoon by "Ape" (Pelegrini), August 14, 1869.

To Fortescue.

MAISON GUICHARD. CANNES.
Jany. 1. 1870.

Jan. 2d. 8. A.M. Here goes for a scribble which you or My Lady can divide or put by or extinguish as the case may be. If ever there was a propitious day for letterwriting it is this, for it is frightfully cold and black and rains hard, so, all the more that my throat is somewhat better for keeping indoors, I shall not move out all day. Would that I knew anything about the Book—*i.e.*—Corsica. I can't hear of anyone getting it, and don't know what Bush[1] is about. Two copies have reached me by Book Post, one I got from M. Merimée, who seems greatly pleased with it. I am glad to know you are hopeful about Irish affairs: certainly they are very sad, but I cannot see why some are so unjust as to place all the onus of the evil on a Liberal Government, as if Ireland had always been cheerful and comfortable cum Toryism. I was sure My Lady would feel the Duchess D'A[umale]s death as you say she does[2]: and one is sorry for the poor Duke. . . .

My health altogether is not very nice just now, but then I am 58 next May, and never thought I should live so long. My floor, or flat here is very unsatisfactory in some points *i.e.* being in a house with three other floors full of people, noises abound: 2nd I have no good painting room: 3rd

[1] Lear's publisher.

[2] She was a devoted friend of Lady Waldegrave's, and lived at Orleans House, Twickenham.

my bedroom is cold: 4th the chimneys smoke. . . . Could I get any suitable house here for £3000 it appears to me that such a step would be a wise one, for as that sum, all I have, produces only £90 a year, I should gain by the move, . . . As for distance from "patronage"—that seems a matter of indifference—for only £12 was expended on this child by strangers last year, and I forsee no greater luck this year, (The Princess —— and —— came, but of course thought the honour sufficient, nor indeed did I expect them to give commissions.) When such wealthy people as Lord Dalhousie and others set their faces against art, all the sheep foolies go with them; and thus I repeat, it don't seem to matter much whether one is near or far from visitors. Certainly the non-possession of taste, or the fashion of taste is very distinctly shown in such places as Cannes, Brighton, etc., *versus* Rome, where, as it is the fashion to buy art, everybody buys it. . . .

How do you like the last Idylls?[1] . . .

I doubt, under any circumstances, my coming to England next summer: life has been of late simply disgusting to me there, and I have seen only glimpses of those I most care for. After all, it is perhaps the best plan to run about continually like an Ant, and die simultaneous some day or other.

Meanwhile in some matters I am really perfectly well off; *quâ* food and service, for instance, Giorgio Kokali though not getting younger, is as good and attentive as ever, and like a clock for regularity.

[1] The first four Idylls appeared in 1859, the others in 1870–1872 and 1885.

His three sons, by way of presents, have sent me three most beautiful sponges, worth £2 apiece in Piccadilly. I wish I could give you and My Lady a Pilaf and soup for luncheon, for I can and do ask ladies sometimes, and we manage things very neatly. My sister Newsom at Leatherhead is well for her age—going on seventy-one. Sarah, in Dunedin, at seventy-six, thrives as usual, and rows her two great-grandchildren about in a boat! Sometimes I think I will go out there, but on the whole they are too fussy and noisy and religious in those colonial places.

I shall leave off now, for which you may be "truly thankful." And I shall look out and heap together all the nonsense I can for my new book which is to be entitled—

Learical Lyrics
and Puffles of Prose,
&c., &c.

Pray write to me and say how you and My Lady like the books: if they are not come write ferociously to Bush, whose name at present makes me foam. The beastly aristocratic idiots who come here, and think they are doing me a service by taking up my time! one day one of them condescendingly said "you may sit down—we do not wish you to stand." Shall I build a house or not? There is a queer little orange garden for £1000, if only one could ensure that no building could be placed opposite. Why do topographical artists and Chief Secretaries for Ireland have false teeth? Because they *choose*.

Give my kindest remembrances to My Lady, and wish her and yourself many happy new years.

O pumpkins! O periwinkles!
O pobblesquattles! how him rain!

Lear to Lady Waldegrave.

MAISON GUICHARD. CANNES.
10 *Feby.* 1870.

I hope—for all you say—that you will feel no less interest than ever in the "Party"—or Liberal side: for if there be not union there is nothing, and without you there would be a disgusting vacuum not to be filled up. I can well understand the disadvantages and disagreeables of the Chief Secretaryship, but who could take the place as CF does? For even granted another with exactly the same capacity, few could have the interior combination of being an Irishman, and not only that, but one who has lived among and studied the people and the circumstances of the country, and who has a real interest in its welfare.

Bye the bye you will surely see that he will have much more credit than you forebode at present,[1] and later I trust to see him in Lord Granville's[2] place, Colonies or some other post he would like. So in spite of certain of Mr. G's qualities I hope you will go on flourishing and more rejoicefully.

Poor Duke D'Aumâle! Is it better, I wonder,

[1] In December, 1870, Mr. Fortescue was made President of the Board of Trade.

[2] Lord Granville was at this time Secretary for the Colonies.

as A says, "to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all?" I don't know. I think, as I can't help being alone it is perhaps best to be altogether, jellyfish-fashion caring for nobody.

The Baillie Cochranes is come, which I'm pleased at. Drummond Wolff is a coming. And to-day, says somebody, Lord Ebury and Co., are coming to this child's studio.

CHAPTER III

July, 1870, to May, 1872

SAN REMO

IT is hardly necessary to point out that Lear had always an extreme difficulty in making up his mind about his movements. He was for ever drawing up elaborate plans for the future which seldom saw completion. But as he grew older and less inclined for travel, the necessity for having some fixed residence began to press insistently. At last, in the spring of 1870, he decided to build a house, as he found it impossible to get rooms or rent a villa in any convenient situation on the Riviera coast with a suitable studio. For this purpose he proposed to draw upon part of his small invested capital of £3,000, and he bought a piece of land near San Remo, and set the builders to work. The new house, which was not finally ready until the March of the following year, was christened Villa Emily, after a

New Zealand grand-niece.[1] It was the painter's home for many years.

To Lady Waldegrave.

MESSRS. ASQUASCIATI
ITALIA | SAN REMO.
July 6. 1870.

I wish you and C. to know that on June 22 I finally left Cannes, and the pigeon shooting swell community thereof—for San Remo—all my things coming in a Van—Vanity of Vanity—I may indeed say a Carry-van—by way of Nice to San Remo where, as above, is now my future address. My Pantechnicon things, (C.F's table and all[2]) are to come out by sea. I have taken lodgings, see address above, for six months, for though I hope to paint in my new room in December I don't get in till March to sleep. The house is already fast rising, and the roof is to be on by end of July.

(I am writing this from Certosa del Pesio, a Mountain Pension twenty-four hours above S. Remo, to which I can run down when wanted—a place near Cuneo, (Turin) to which I have come for a week or two to be out of the great heat by the sea-shore, to complete my child's-nonsense-book for Xmas, and to write letters, and a fair copy of two Egyptian journals, 1854 and 1867, for future publication.)

I now mean, at least from October, to do as I said to C.F., try all I can for public exhibition and sale

[1] Emily Gillies, granddaughter of Sarah Street.
[2] See p. 135.

TENDA, ITALY.
(From a sepia drawing.)
(By kind permission of Hubert Congreve, Esq.)

thereby. One of two pictures I sent to the R.A.[1] ("And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!") was sold at once, the other, the £150 forest, with three more will go to Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester, and if not sold there must be at Christie's bye and bye. As I wrote to C., private patronage must end in the natural course of things, but eating and drinking and clothing go on disagreeably continually; yet in striking out this new path (the old one was worn out, for I only got £30 from the rich Cannes public this last winter) I may well say that no one ever had more or better friends than I, *you My Lady, and the steady* 40*scue among the first and best.*

Poor John Simeon![2] I know C. has felt his death.

C. must have had no end of worry and work about that land bill,[3] but I have not seen papers for a fortnight as I have been a-walking over the Col di Tenda, which produced so to speak a Tenda-ness in my feet and it will be Tenda one if I can get a shoe on which keeps me on Tendahooks.

For all I write cheerfully I am as savage and black as 90000 bears. There is nobody in this place (an Ex-Carthusian convent with 200 rooms,) whom I know: and they feed at the beastliest hours—10 and 5.

If you see Delane, Pigott,[4] or the Editor of the

[1] See Appendix, "List of Lear's Exhibits at the Royal Academy," p. 379.

[2] Sir John Simeon, 3rd Bart., M.P., a mutual friend and a patron of Lear's.

[3] The Irish Land Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone in February, received the Royal Assent in August.

[4] Delane, Editor of the "*Times*"; Pigott, Editor of the "*Daily News.*"

Saturday, my compliments and they are brutes and thieves to take my Corsica and write no notice of it. Is it yet too late? On the contrary the *Daily Telegraph*, *Athenæum*, *Pall Mall*, *Illustrated News*, *Post*, *etc.*, will doubtless be rewarded in heaven, when the above three are in torchers.

My love to the Mimber. Please, when that bill is done, have a tendency to consumption, and come out to San Remo for the winter! My friend Congreve, next me, has a charming villa to let.

The following letter is chiefly interesting as a typical example of the orderly and minute character of Lear's correspondence:—

To Fortescue.

CERTOSA DEL PESIO.
CUNEO.
TURIN. 31*st. July.* 1870.

1. Time of getting his letter.
2. Bfkt at S. Hill.
3. CF's and J. Simeon's paintings of mine also my Lady's.
4. F. L and the Essex house.
5. Lord Derby and request.
6. War.
7. Ld. Clermont's letter.

I was delighted to get your letter, date 14th, which came to me on Saturday 23rd. Since when I having jotted down scraps of memoranda to aid me in writing to you when I had a Nopportunity,

To-day being Sunday, which I show my respect for my wearing a coat with tails and by writing letters instead of Egyptian journal, I can seize the memoranda accordingly. But as I have been writing all day, I am unequal

8. George Kokali.
9. Lord Granville.
10. I. Secretaryship.
11. Ireland.
12. Valaorites.
13. Egyptian Journal.
14. Child's Book.
15. Certosa life.
16. Scenery.
17. Topographic life.
18. Pictures.
19. Piedmontese.
20. Counts and Markisses.
21. Visit to Turin.
22. Things sent for.
23. Flies.
24. Lord Henley.
25. C. Simeon.
26. C. Roundell.
27. Heart disease.
28. Sisters.
29. Congreves.
30. Milady.

to the task of "composition," and I shall accordingly put down all the notes, and comment upon them just as they come, without any order at all. Here goes:

(1) Your letter came about noon, just as (2) you must have been 'holding' the breakfast at Strawberry[1]: I should like to have been there.

(3) Poor John Simeon! All you say of him is true. I wrote to Lady S. to-day. He and you have been two of my friends who have done me always justice as to my working conscientiously, and who have always appreciated my work. I should like by degrees to get a set of photographs of all my pictures. My Lady is another who has been just the same to me: I was reckoning only a few days ago that she has as many as eight of my works: you three or four also.

(4) My friend Lushington[2] has very kindly got me a com-

[1] The breakfast club to which Carlingford belonged.

[2] Franklin Lushington, at this time magistrate at the Thames Police Court, was one of the two Justices in Corfû when Lear first went to live there. He was one of the painter's most intimate friends, and an executor after his death.

31. Lord Derby, marriage and letter.
32. Corsica.
33. Reviews.
34. Lord E. B.
35. Holman Hunt.

plete certificate of London residence countersigned by Italian Consul, a necessary form for getting furniture duty free. He, F. Lushington, being now P. Magistrate in the East of London, has taken a house in the East county of Essex.

(5) You will think this next an odd bit, but I had an uncontrollable desire to paint one more picture for Knowsley, so I wrote to Lord Derby that I wished to do so if he would let me—knowing how fond of my works he has always been, and that from a child he knew me. But directly after I wrote the letter I got some papers where in the very first I saw his *Marriage!* [1] and in the next the announcement that it was to take place. So I set down the letter which must have arrived on the day after his marriage, as gone to limbo.

(6) The War is a bore.[2] But if F. wants to devour others, I can't but recollect that P. *did* devour some of Denmark and other places: so I don't see that one is worse than t'other. (7) I have half written a letter to Lord Clermont, as I have done to everyone who has pictures of mine, about some photographs: not knowing where he may be I addressed the letter to Carlton Gardens, please let it be forwarded. (8) My good servant Giorgio who hurt his foot badly on the Col di Tenda, and had to stay here some time, has gone back to Corfû. I heard from him yesterday—

[1] Lord Derby married Mary Catherine, daughter of the 5th Earl De La Warr, and widow of the 2nd Marquess of Salisbury.

[2] Franco-Prussian.

all safe. But I miss him here considerably, having to do many things for myself I now can't well manage. He returns to me in October early.

(9, 10, 11) I had not known of Lord Cn's[1] death when I last wrote, but next day or so I did, and wondered who would fill Lord G's place,[2] who I grasped would succeed him. But I cannot wonder at your not being moved at present from the Irish Secretaryship, for who on earth could replace you? I do not see how you can be staccato from Irish affairs for some time, and the next step would naturally I fancy be Lord Lieutenant, because it would with a Peerage be the just reward of so much work, and to one who is so identified with the island. You could have done the colonies well I believe—(G.B. will I think be radiant at Lord K.[3] being there instead of you,) but the nonpossibility of filling up the Irish office at this time could not I think be got over. So you see *I* don't look on the matter as a slight, but quite the particular contrairy reverse. Why was old Lord H.[4] put in again? I suppose some one must have been and there wasn't much choice.

(12) I see Valaorites is Capo in Greece. I do hope the Greek affair won't be dropped. Valaorites was always thought a good man by people one thought good and worthy of credit. (13) My only employ here is writing: and I have already written out the

[1] Lord Clarendon died June 27, 1870.

[2] Lord Granville succeeded Lord Clarendon as Foreign Secretary.

[3] Lord Kimberley succeeded Lord Granville as Colonial Secretary.

[4] Lord Halifax.

first part—(1854) of my Egyptian journals: I believe *you* would like them, as they are photographically minute and truthful. But it will be long before I publish them. (14) I have also finished (up here) my new Xmas book.[1] 9 songs—110 "old persons" and other rubbish and fun. All have gone to England to be lithographed.

(15) I live the queerest solitary life here, in company of seventy people. They are, many of them, very nice but their hours don't suit me, and I HATE LIFE unless I WORK ALWAYS. I rise at 5, coffee at 6, write till 10. Breakfast at Table d'hote. Walk till 11.30, write till 6, walk till 8, dine alone, and bed at 10 or 9.30. (16) The scenery here is of most remarkably English character as to greenness, but of course the Halps is bigger; I never saw such magnificent trees, such immense slopes of meadows, and such big hills combined together; the Certosa Monastery itself is a beast to look at. (17) I should certainly like, as I grow old, (if I do at all) to work out and complete my topographic life, publish all my journals illustrated, and illustrations of all my pictures: for after all if a man does *any*thing *all* his life and is not a dawdler, what he does *must* be worth something, even if only as a lesson of perseverance. I should also like to see a little more of other places yet, but that must be as it may as the little boy said when they told him he mustn't swallow the mustard pot and sugar tongs.|| (18) I am going to do a big 2^{e}, Cataract for next year's Academy, and a big something else for the International, if this war don't spoil all.||

[1] "More Nonsense, Pictures, Rhymes, Botany, etc.," Published 1872.

PINE-WOODS OF RAVENNA.
(From an oil painting.)
(By kind permission of Mrs. Roundell.)

(19, 20) The Piedmontese are really charming people, so simple and kindly. Only I wish they weren't all counts. Who ever heard before of an omnibus stuffed quite full of counts, (8) and 2 Marquises?|| (21) I went to Turin on the 17th but can't remember why I put that down, as there was nothing to say about it.|| (22) All my old Stratford Place things are now on their way out by sea.|| (23) There are two sorts here, fireflies which are delightful and splendid—common flies, which are brutal and oath-producing.|| (24) So the agreeable Clara Jekyll has become Lady Henley.[1] I met him once at Strawberry Hill. She has written me a very nice letter.

(25) If you see Cornwall Simeon, remember me to him. (26) Do you know Charles Roundell,[2] Sir R. Palmer's cousin? Secretary to Lord Spencer? he is a great friend of mine, and has four of my pictures. (27) I must tell you that I have been at one time, extremely ill this summer. It is as well that you should know that I am told that I have the same complaint of heart as my father died of quite suddenly. I have had advice about it, and they say I may live *any* time if I don't run suddenly, or go quickly upstairs: but that if I do I am pretty sure to drop morto. I ran up a little rocky bit near the Tenda, and thought I shouldn't run any more, and the palpitations were so bad that I had to tell Giorgio all about it, as I did not think I should have lived that day through. . . . 28. My Sister Ellen at 71 is

[1] Married Lord Henley as his second wife, June 30, 1870, a daughter of J. H. S. Jekyll, Esq.

[2] Charles Roundell, M.A., D.L., M.P. for Grantham and the Skipton Division of Yorkshire.

vastly well. The New Zealander at 77 quite robust, and *talks* of coming over for a trip to see me—*viâ* Panama! 29. My friend Congreve,[1] formerly a master at Rugby, and for years past settled at San Remo, is in great affliction, as Mrs. C. is dying. His non return to San Remo is a most serious thing for me—but I can't think of my own bother, as his is so much greater. He takes pupils, and has four villas there, which I wish to goodness were let to friends of mine for £200, £120, £120 and £72, all furnished. 30. Are you and Milady going back to Ireland—and not to Chewton at all after Parliament ceases to sit? Give my kindest regards to her. I wish you would both have the rheumatism for a month, and come to the Corniche. Mind if ever you do, you go to *Bogge's Hotel de Londres*—close to *MY PROPERTY*. 31. Behold, to my utter surprise, a letter *has* come from Lord Derby!—nothing more friendly and kindly could have been written, and with a commission for £100 to paint a Corfû for him! I am extremely pleased for many reasons. So I begin my San Remo life with the same Knowsley patronage I began life with at eighteen years of age. I had some strong and particular reasons for making the request I did, and to no one else could I have made it, or would I have made it.‖ 32. You will be glad to hear that Bush's accounts of the Corsica have come in, and that, though there are still over 300 copies on sale, I have now no more money to

[1] Afterwards English Consul at San Remo. Father of the writer of the Preface to this book, and brother of Richard Congreve, the comtist, who resigned his fellowship at Wadham College, Oxford, on account of his opinions.

pay, but on the contrary £130 to *receive*: this is not however *profit*, because my payments of the woodcuts were not made by Bush, but by myself. All truly religious and right-minded people should buy the Corsica for 30s. for wedding and Christmas gifts.|| 33. I wonder if after the Parliamentary business is over, and newspapers slack, if the *Times* and the *Daily News* and *Saturday Reiew* could yet put an article on my Corsica in their kollems.|| 34. If you see Lord E—— B—— who has never paid his subscription, tell him he is a brute. If I had chosen, I could have written far otherwise than I did about the Duffer.[1]|| 35. Holman Hunt writes from Jerusalem: he is getting more and more religious: you and I should say—superstitious: but don't repeat this.

There, that's enough and more than enough. If you can't read this, nor Milady either, cut it across diagonally and read it zigzag by the light of 482 lucifer matches.

Vot a letter!

Fortescue to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY,
BATH.
Oct. 19. 1870.

Here goes for a letter too long delayed. The last time I saw your writing or heard of you was three weeks ago, when we went to London for a Cabinet, and H. Grenfell showed me a letter of yours, inquiring after poor Northbrook. I have not heard

[1] "The Duffer" was the nickname by which the 3rd Marquis of Ailesbury's son was generally known. He died before his father, and his son succeeded as 4th Marquis.

of him lately, but he wrote me soon after the catastrophe [1] that he was almost heartbroken. What an awful affair it was, making itself felt by all, even in the midst of war, at a time when we have supped so full of horrors.

I can tell you nothing of the prospects of peace. Public opinion and feeling has turned very much against the Germans, on account of their demand of territory. You may see a striking letter on the subject from Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice in yesterday's *Pall Mall.* As far as "tu quoque" and "serve you right" argument goes, France has nothing to say for herself, but the transfer of human beings from one owner to another is not to be settled by such arguments. The Duke of Cambridge visited the Empress the other day—and found her looking sixty, very low and subdued. The Republicans seem to have little hold on France—so I suppose the Orleans family will have a turn. Their position is very painful and perplexing, eager as they are to take part in the perils and sufferings of their country, but restrained by the wishes of the existing Government, and the fear of causing divisions.[2]

An anecdote of Dizzy. H.G. met him at dinner the other day.—He was oracular and sententious about the war, after the manner of Lothair,[3] (who was there also)—he said—the war was caused by the French possessing two new machines—the chassepôt

[1] Lord Northbrook's second son Arthur was in the Navy, and was lost at sea on board H.M.S. *Captain*, 1870.

[2] The Duc de Chatres did fight under an assumed name, Captain Robert, and was, I believe, decorated.

[3] The Marquis of Bute.

and the mitrailleuse, in which they trusted, but they couldn't find a man.

The domestic event is the betrothal of the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne—popular, I think, with the country, but not with the Upper Ten Thousand.

As to our history—we have been here since the middle of September, we stay until the 1st—(we hope)—go then to London for a few Cabinets, and then to the Phaynix for the winter, not a delightful prospect, particularly to my Lady.

Things look well in Ireland, so far, and we may hope for a quiet winter, unlike the last. I am full of Irish education—but am not sure yet whether room will be found for it next Session. It is a most difficult subject, beset with theories and follies and bigotries. . . .

Fortescue to Lear.

C. S. Lodge.
Dec. 30. 1870.

. . . Be it known to you—though not yet known to the world in general—that I am almost certain to bid farewell to this house and this office for ever, as Mr. Gladstone has offered me the Presidentship of the Board of Trade, and I have accepted it, if it be convenient to the Government. I have had great difficulty in making up my mind about this, and I leave the Irish Government with very mixed feelings, one of which is regret. However it is promotion, though not what I wished for. I have done a great deal of work here—my best advisers advise me to take it. I leave this place at a time of great success,

—and in short, I hope I have done right. But all changes depress me. My successor here is not yet settled. These changes will be badly received by the Press. Stansfeld is their candidate for the Board of Trade, and expects it himself. The Government is decidedly less strong than it was a year ago. And what darkness and difficulties surround the future! This country is wonderfully improved. But the Priests call upon the Government to restore the Pope!

Lear to Lady Waldegrave

San Remo. Italia.
January the twenty tooth.
1871.

Says the imm,—"If thou tarry till thou'rt better, thou wilt never come at all"—and if I wait till I can find a good time for leisure and sperrits and intellect, I shall never send any letter to you. I *did* begin one, before I wrote last to C.S.P.F., but it was so stupid, and so bewildered by reason of its being by continued interruptiums up-be-cut, that I tore it to pieces. And now I commence another sheet—perhaps to be still more objectionable:—but anyhow I'll go at it Slap-Dash and finish it, as Billy would finish a bone by scrunching it altogether from beginning to end. I wonder if Billy drags a hearth broom about as he used to do. . . .

The Villa Lord Russell had here last year is let to some Dutch people. (At once you perceive that the arrangement of this epistle will be wholly unconnected and inconsequential) I wish the Earl and Lady R. had returned here, tho' not to that

side of San Remo. Lord Russell was right, and borne out by all facts connected with this place, in writing as he did to the *Times* (or some paper) about the people here. A better disposed and nicer lot of people than the San Remesi have I not seen. . . . We have few great folks here this year. The Archbishop[1] soon went away—worried off by the ladies of his family. And Ld. Shaftesbury who came a week ago goes on also to Mentone. So that there is only one footman to be seen, and he belongs to "Puxley." Does C. know Puxley, I wonder? He is man of Cork, and apparently very rich: but never before I saw him did I know what a real bitter Orange-Lowchurch-Irish-Tory was. At first when he outragiously abused those I like, I got angry, but now I shout with laughter—he is so grisly a fool. One of the nice people here is Ughtred Shuttleworth,[2] Sir J. Kay's son, and M.P. for Hastings, on our side. I am sorry he is going: albeit he takes three drawings from me to England. One is for F. W. Gibbs[3] as a present to H.R.H. P[rincess] Louise on her marriage,—the other two for A. M. Drummond. These £12 drawings are helps I am grateful for. So I was for kind Chichester's letter and offer of help: but please tell him that I am still hoping to skriggle on without borrowing for the present: for Sir F. Goldsmid[4]

[1] Archbishop Tait of Canterbury.

[2] Ughtred Kay Shuttleworth, M.P. for Hastings 1869–1880; Under Secretary for India 1886; Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster 1886; 1st Baron Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe (1902).

[3] Fredrick W. Gibbs, Q.C., C.B., tutor to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales 1852–1858.

[4] Sir Francis Goldsmid, Bart. The first Jew called to the

(thanks to H. G. Bruce for *that* friend) has just bought one of my Corsican forests for £100, and F. Lushington has given me a commission for two £25 pictures. So I may tide over, if all goes well. . . .

A few days ago a friend here told me that his mother was obliged by *her* mother, to destroy a large box of letters written to her brother or husband, one ffarington I think,—all those letters were from Horace Walpole. Did you ever hear that? My friend is one Mr. Clay-Keeton of Rainhill, and his grandmother was a ffarington. Apropos of letters, C.F. has, I daresay, heard me tell how I have ever regretted that in a conscientious fit I destroyed some eight and ten years of journals, written while at Knowsley. Virtue is its own reward: for now, looking over my sisters[1] letters, I find I copied out all those journals daily and sent them to her,—which she, dying, left to me! My descriptions of persons at Knowsley choke me with laughing. Lord Wilton[2] for one, and indeed half the great people of England who in so many years came there. Apropos of years—a lady here tells me that a new Army chaplain at Bombay, who put Hs wrongly, began a sermon thus—"Here's a go!"—(meaning to say "Years ago"): whereat the audience burst into a laugh, and the service was chopped up instantaneous. . . .

English Bar, and the first Jewish Q.C. and Bencher. President of the Senate of University College, London.

[1] His eldest sister Ann, to whom he wrote constantly till her death.

[2] Lord Wilton, the second Earl, second son of the first Marquess of Westminster.

I will describe my house and garden at some other thyme. At present I am putting up fences all round—planting beans—making blinds and cutting carpets,—and now I must buy some cypresses. You see, all these things come at once. and resemble the house that Jack built: If I don't make a large cistern I can't get water: if I get no water I can't have beans and potatoes: if I don't make a fence the beans will be trodden down: and all must be done before the hot weather comes on. . . .

As for C. I should gladly know how he likes the new B[oard] of T[rade] place and its labour. He is so conscientious that he will needs master his new work, but I, who am ignorant of these things, do not know if it will be greater or less labour than the Irish Secretaryship. In some sense, I am glad both for him and you, that the change has been made: and I truly hope it will answer in all ways, to both of you and to the Public. . . .

I vow I have eaten up the whole bone! and the letter—such as it is—is done.

April 24. 1871.

Which shall I write to? Both at once? Very well, then here goes. My dear {Lady Walde grave C. S. P. 4oscue.} I have just got your letters, left in my new post box in my new front door, over the old plate that used to be in 15 Stratford Place. . . . I took the letter out into "*my garden*" and read it under one of my own olive trees, (*vide* illustration No. 1). . . . Yes—I did see—C. asks—that brutal manifesto about the

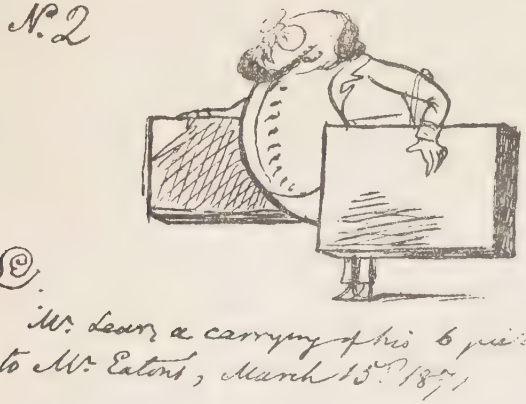
D d'A[umale].[1] Poor people, they must be suffering keenly through all these horrors. But, alas,—where are they to end? And what a state of rottenness does the past year show to have been the condition of France!! I declare at times, I almost fear it can never be one nation again, but will go on and dwindle away as Poland did.

I wonder if you will ever come abroad, and some-

times wish the Government might change, that you might have a holiday. I am quite unlikely to come to England: who can tell when I shall do so if ever? All January, February, and up to March 25, I passed in lodgings, going however daily to my villa and getting it ready by degrees. Three days short of a year from the time I purchased the ground, (March 28, 1870), I moved in my last bit of furniture, and, thanks

[1] Preventing him from serving in the Franco-Prussian War. He was, however, elected to the Assembly.

to the excellent arrangement and care of my good old servant Giorgio, I have since then been living as comfortably as if I had been here 20 years. Only I never before had such a painting room—32 feet by 20—with a light I can work by at all hours, and a clear view south over the sea. Below it is a room of the same size, which I now use as a gallery, and am "at home" in once a week—Wednesday: though as Enoch Arden said in the troppicle Zone "Still no sail, no sail," and only one £12 drawing has been



bought, (that one bye the bye by a great friend of the D. Urquharts[1]—Monteith of Carstairs). (He brought me a letter from E. Lushington.) One picture £30 has also been bought, but £42 is my extent of income for the year. I am now hard at work on Lord Derby's Corfû. But I have sent five small oil finished paintings, 30 pounders, to Foord and Dickinson[2] for the chance of their being exhibited, of which as yet I know nothing. To prove to you both that

[1] David Urquhart had married Fortescue's sister.
[2] In Wardour Street.

I am not yet become a vegetable, I may add that I sent three drawings, (Lord Shaftesbury took them,) to try to get into the Old Watercolour Society, but they elected six new members, me not. It was all but a despair of getting things to England, but a Mr. Eaton most kindly took my pictures, *vide* illustration No. 2.

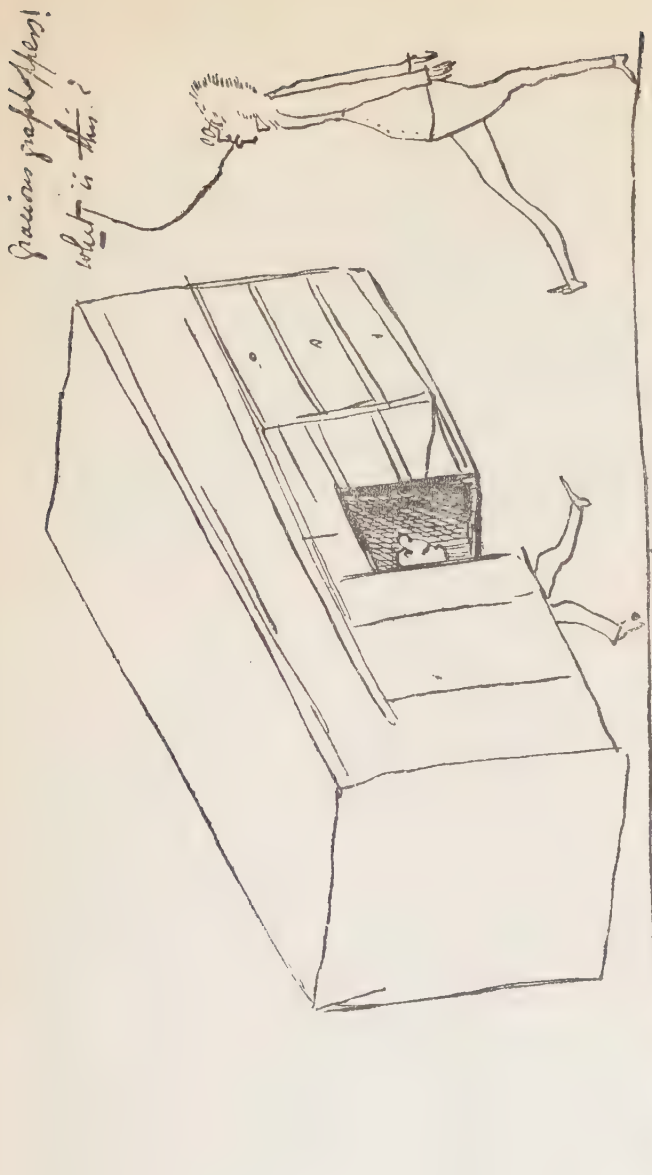
Add to these undertakings, I am actually going in for carrying out my twenty years old plan of the Landscape illustrations of A. Tennyson, in number 112![1] of course only by degrees. "Moonlight on still waters between walls" etc, is already far advanced. Tomohrit, Athos, also begun. (C.S.P.F. has one of the designs—"Morn broadens.") What delights me here is the utter *quiet:* twittery birds alone break the silence, as I now sit, in my library, writing at C's "Fortescue"[2] or writing-table. . . .

Giorgio goes to town half a mile off, twice or three times a week, and besides his other work takes to gardening of his own account. He finds he can manage all the indoor work, but I have a gardener as well, for 10/- a week for the rougher labour, drawing water, boot cleaning etc., and digging. I should have told you I am also preparing a book on the whole of the Riviera coast, so that you see I am not idle. My neighbour, below my villa, is Lady K. Shuttleworth[3]: above, Walter Congreve, of

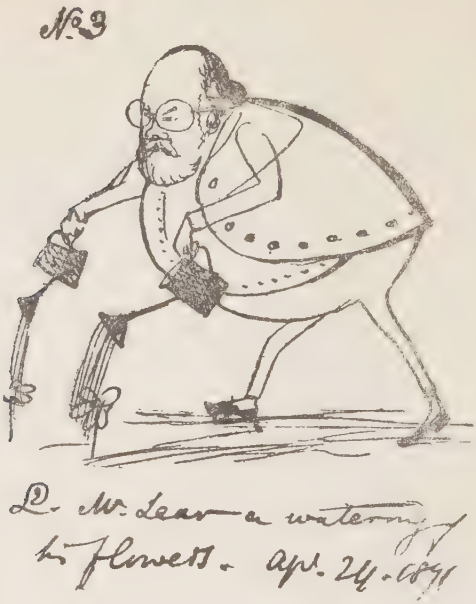
[1] The contemplated list of 200 is reproduced at the end of the book (p. 368).

[2] Original drawing to Fortescue on receiving his gift of a writing-table when in Stratford Place several years before.

[3] Janet, only child and heiress of the late Robert Shuttleworth of Gawthorpe Hall, by Janet his wife, eldest daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart. Died September, 1872.



whom and of whose two boys I see a great deal. And yesterday his brother Richard, and a sister arrived. R. Congreve was, with Arthur Clough, Arnold's favourite pupil. He is a man of great ability, *but* a Comtist and I fancy an out and out republican, tho' I am not sure of this. Letters are my principal delight, for tho' I like flowers and a garden, I don't like working in it.



Lear to Fortescue.

Villa Emily. San Remo.
13 *Sept.* 1871.

I'm pretty well again just now—but very much aged of late: internal accident tells as I grow older. Moreover I got unwell at Botzen—Bellzebubbotzen-

VILLA EMILY.

THE GARDEN OF VILLA TENNYSON.

hofe, as I called it on account of its horrid row of bells and bustle,—and have only been restored to comparatively decent comfort since I came back here to my native 'ome and hair. The spring here was absolutely lovely, and my new house and garden very nice and amusing. But as my good old man Giorgio had to go home for August, and as I didn't care to educate another servant for six weeks . . . I set off to Genoa . . . and thence went straight to the Italian capital. . . . I stayed at Frascati, with Duke and Duchess Sermoneta, and afterwards with Prince and Princess Teano (she is Ld. Derby's cousin Ada Wilbraham, and about the handsomest woman I have seen for a long time), and saw no end of various people both in Rome and in a tour I made by Bologna and Padua all through the Belluno province.

Two things are difficult to realise:—the immense progress Italy has made—the Emilian and Naples provinces are actually metamorphosed—and secondly, the intense and ever increasing hatred of the people to the priest class. *Even I* have more than once tried to moderate the horror expressed by Italians. "Surely," I said to some parties,—"you might make exceptions; you should at least allow that numbers of priests are individually excellent men." "True"—said the most cautious and least violent of the persons in company—"true: but will you point out one of these men, even the most guiltless and good, who must not, if his bishop orders him so to do, preach war and bloodshed and hatred to his flock?" I could say nothing—knowing, as well I do, how earnestly the P[apal] P[arty] hope for F[rance's] intervention. Anything to save their caste and power. The whole

people too, barring the women, seem to have become aware of the absurdity of their priests' pretensions. Why have any more Papal benedictions? is commonly said, since everyone of those blessed by the Pope,—Maximilian, Nap. 3, Isabella, Francis,[1] &c. &c. have come to grief? I could tell you scores of anecdotes of the gulfs of hatred between the classes—a feeling however that happily is only shown by the less educated—and, to the honour of Italians be it said—very rarely allowed to take the form of open injury or even insult. . . .

O you —— Landscape painter, I hear you say—swallow your d——d inkstand, but don't go on writing politics. So I go on to say I went all about for six weeks, and then came back here, where at this moment I am in a very unsettled condition, as the oyster said when they poured melted butter all over his back. For I am expecting F. Lushington (Thames Police Court) here to make a little tour: and before that happens, I go over to Cannes—where Bellenden Kerr is dying—to see poor Mrs. K. And Giorgio being away, I am only working in my willer, but eating and sleeping in a Notel. I stayed a few days too at San Romolo—above here—where my friend Congreve has built a cottage. Congreve is a vast blessing to me: he is a pupil of Arnold's, and brother of the (Orthodox) Vicar of Tooting, and to the (Unorthodox) Apostle of Posi-

[1] Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, the younger brother of Francis Joseph I. accepted the crown of Mexico in 1863, and was betrayed and shot there in May, 1867.

Isabella II., ex-Queen of Spain, married her cousin Francisco de Assisi, and was expelled to France in 1868.

Francis, husband of Isabella.

tivism, Dr. R. C.[1] He himself was Under Master of Rugby under Tait, and at one time gazetted as second master at Marlborough School,—but his wife's health failed, then his own, and then the eldest of his three sons; so he had to give up English life, and, coming here, first the son and then the wife died—leaving him with two little boys. Then he re-married in two years, and now, only last October, the second wife has died. . . . With all that memory of suffering to bear up against, and much ill health besides—he is one of the most hardworking men for others I have met with, and whenever he dies it will be a dreary day for San Remo. You may suppose the comfort it is to me to have my next neighbour a scholar and such a man to boot as Walter Congreve. . . .

Meanwhile, if you come here directly, I can give you 3 figs, and 2 bunches of grapes: but if later, I can only offer you 4 small potatoes, some olives, 5 tomatoes, and a lot of castor oil berries. These, if mashed up with some crickets who have spontaneously come to life in my cellar, may make a novel, if not nice or nutritious Jam or Jelley. Talking of bosh, I have done another whole book of it: it is to be called "MORE NONSENSE" and Bush brings it out at Xmas: it *will have a portrait of me outside.* I should have liked to dedicate it to you, but I thought it was not dignified enough for a Cabinet M. so shall wait till my Riviera book comes out for that. Besides all this, (for that Riviera book also progresses) and besider and besider still, I go on at intervals with

[1] See p. 124.

my Tennyson Illustration Landscapes—112 in number. (Don't laugh!) not that I'm such a fool as to suppose that I can ever live to finish them, (seven more years at farthest I think will conclude this child), but I believe it wiser to create and go on with new objects of interest as the course of nature washes and sweeps the old ones away.

Your Irish island seems in a pleasing state. Humph. . . . How is Mrs. Hy. Bruce? *He* don't seem popular anyhow[1]—tho' I don't say that he is by that proved to be incapable. I may add, however, that a man who don't know you, wrote to me "the only one of all the Ministers who has not got into some mess or other, and who does what he has to do quietly and well, is C. Fortescue." I could wish, however, that what you have to do were more to your taste; perhaps its not being so may do you good, my dear,—as was said to the little boy who would'nt take physic quietly. . . . Give my kind remembrances to My Lady. Mind, if ever you, either or both, come by here, (whenever this Ministry tumbles) and don't let me know, I will never speak to you again as sure as beetles is beetles.

P.S. I've a Noffer to go with a Neldest son to the East for six months—tin cart blanche. Offer declined.

P.P.S. I've made a lot of new riddles of late and am very proud of them.

When may the Lanes and Roads have shed tears of sympathy? When the Street'*swept.*

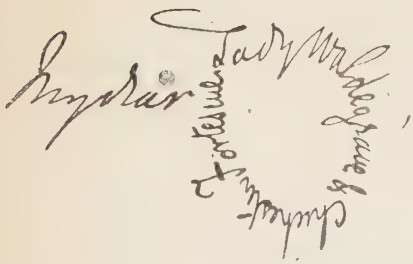
[1] Henry Bruce was at this time Home Secretary, he was created Lord Aberdare in 1873.

What letter confounds Comets and Cookery?

G—for it turns *A*stronomy into *G*astronomy.

Why are beginners on a Pianoforte like parasites on the backs of deceased fishes?

Because they are always running up and down their d——d miserable scales.



Xmas Day. 1871.

As your last letter to me was a joint composition, I shall write a few lines to both of you at once, just to wish you both a happy Xmas and New Year and many such. . . .

I'm sorry to hear Lady Strachey is so unwell: I often think how nicely her little boy[1] would repeat a poem I have lately made on the Yonghy Bonghy Bò. . . .

I wonder if you have both been edified by my "More Nonsense," which I find is enthusiastically received by the world in general. I was only away from San Remo a little while in October, going as far as Genoa with Frankling Lushington of Thames P[olice] Court,—who came to stay with me a bit. . . .

My garden is a great delight, and looking beautiful. Mice are plentiful and so are green caterpillars; I think of experimenting on both these as objects of culinary attraction.

[1] Henry Strachey the youngest son, an artist and the writer of the "Appreciation" of Mr. Lear in the first volume.

Whether I shall come to England next year or knot is as yet idden in the mists of the fewcher. My elth is tolerable, but I am 60 next May, and feel growing old. Going up and downstairs worries me, and I think of marrying some domestic henbird and then of building a nest in one of my own olive trees, where I should only descend at remote intervals during the rest of my life. This is an orfle letter for stupidity, but there is no help for it.

To Fortescue.

Dec. 31*st.* 1871. 8. p.m.

I have a long and very nice letter from you today—dated Xmas Day, on which day you will, I hope, before now have discovered that I was also writing to you—a simultaneous—sympathetic coincidence highly respectable. . . . The party[1] you give me

[1] The usual Christmas family party.

a list of is altogether hearty and Christmaslike, and that is better than if it were brilliant and less the genial qualities. I suppose there is not one woman in many thousand who amid all the fuss and bustle of rank and the world's going on, keeps so exactly the same as to kindheartedness as does Lady Waldegrave. Numbers who have grown into richer and higher positions than fall to the lot of their early belongings would gladly have them in the house or to do homage in *public:* but that tinsel is seen through very quickly: whereas it is as quickly discovered that My Lady hasn't any tinsel at all. . . .

As for your Ireland, I don't know what to say: you *ain't* a comfortable people, no, you *ain't*. . . . I am very glad you all like the "More Nonsense." I have written a ballad lately on the "Yonghy Bonghy Bò" which (and its music) make a furore here.[1] I shall ask Bush if single ballads can be

[1] Regarding this accomplishment of Lear's of singing, two little anecdotes from other letters may not be inappropriate here—

"Miladi . . . once rose suddenly as I had been singing 'Tears etc': and said as she left the room—'You are the only person whose singing could make me cry whether I would or not.'"

"Poking up old memories, I come across one very characteristic of Milady's clever kindness: when I gave up singing, on account of my throat etc: she came once into the drawing-room at Strawberry Hill just as a lot of people were bothering and bullying me to sing, and I wouldn't, and was losing my temper. When Lady W. heard what was the matter, she said—in her decided way: 'It is a public calamity; but for all that you shall never be asked to sing again in my house, for I know you would if you could.'"

brought out, or two or three at a time. . . . It is queer (and you would say so if you saw me) that I am the man as is making some three or four thousand people laugh in England all at one time, —to say the least, for I hear 2,000 of the new Nonsense are sold.

To Fortescue.

28. *Feby.* 1872.

Yes you have had, have, and are having, and are still to have a *beeeeeeeestly* winter, and are much to be pitted. We aint ad none at all : and I've never had a fire till the evening in my sitting-room—no,—not once. Can't you rush out at Easter, and stay for three or four days? You could come in three and go back in three. I could put you up beautifully and feed you decently, but I couldn't the Lady, having but one spair bedroom, and no feemel servants. I have got several large drawing boards, which you could use as Boards of Trade, and if you are making Bills, you might put a lot in your trunk and finish them here quite quietly. There ain't a creature here you would know I think—Lord and Lady Derby are at Nice, and may come here bye and bye,—unless colonially you know Lady Grey who is Sir G. N[ew] Zealand Grey's [1] wife or widow. Didn't she marry someone else and keep her own name? I can't help fancying I have heard of her, tho' like Belshazzar's dream, don't know what about.

A sister of Mrs. Henry Grenfell is here [2]—and one

[1] Sir George Grey, K.C.B., Governor of New Zealand for the second time in 1861–1867, was Premier of New Zealand from 1867 to 1874. He had unbounded influence with the Maoris.

[2] See p. 97.

or two nice people besides, but we are all humdrum middle class coves and covesses, and no swells.

I have very kind letters from Northbrook, who is glad to have his children there: I am doing two pictures of the Pirrybids for him. Patronage ain't abundiant at San Remo, but I have a maggrifficent gallery, with ninety-nine water color drawings, not to speak of five larger oils, of the series illustrative of A. Tennyson's pomes :—

1. The crag that fronts the evening, all along the shadowed shore.
2. Moonlight on still waters, between walls etc.
3. Tomohrit.
4. The vast Acroceraunian walls.
5. Creamy lines of curvy spray,

none of these however are finished, though visible to the naked eye: nor do I intend to part with any of them.

(In one is a big beech tree, at which all intelligent huming beans say—"Beech!"—when they see it. For all that one forlorn ijiot said—"Is that a *Palm*-tree Sir?"—"No," replied I quietly,—"it is a Peruvian Brocoli,")

I live very quietly, and fancy my eye getting better now and then, but ain't sure. Sometimes I go to Church and sit under Mr. Fenton and hear all about the big fish as swallowed Jonah. A small walk daily —but this ain't a place for walks. If you come I'll show you the Infant school, and the Municipality, and a Lemon valley, and an oil press, and a Railway station, and a Sanctuary and several poodles—not to speak of my cat who has no end of a tail, because it has been cut off.

My old servant Giorgio is much the regular old clock he has been for seventeen years : and is pleased by letters from two of his sons once a fortnight. My other domestics are a bandylegged gardener and Foss the Cat.[1] Ask my lady to lock up the Board of

Trade for ten days—and run hither. Only let me know if you are coming and the day.

My dear old kind Dr. Lushington is gone, and half one's old friends. I must say that life becomes werry werry pongdomphious.

Goodbye O my board of trade!!

O Samuel!!! O Parkinson!!!!

Goodbye.

Fortescue to Lear.

DUDBROOK,
May 17. 1872.

I have been a brute in not writing to you before ; indeed I believe Official and Parliamentary life is a brutalizing process,—all the more so because your last letter (I am afraid to search my boxes to see its date) gave a poor account of your health. My lady

[1] The celebrated Foss who came into Lear's life about this time. His name was the middle syllable of a Greek word, and each kitten of this family represented the remaining ones, the combined family fulfilling the entire word.

and I have talked about you many a time, and wondered whether we should see you appear above our horizon this summer. . . .

The most interesting event that has happened of late among our common friends was the departure of Northbrook for India.[1] The dinner given to him was a very brilliant one. On the day he started I breakfasted with him at 45, St. James' Place with H. Grenfell and two other old Christ Church friends.[2] There is a deep melancholy in him—but a strong sense of duty and a sincere feeling for his friends. . . .

We have been entertaining the King of the Belgians in London.

Lear to Fortescue.

26 May. 1872.

Your letter was very welcome: I wonder how you ever find time for writing. I agree with you that Parliamentary and official life is more or less hardening, but you will bear a good lot of brutalizing before you become wholly unbearable.

Now, concerning my coming to England: at present I am on the point of believing that I shall leave here about the 15th or 20th of June, and arrive in London before the end of it. . . .

But in coming to England, I quite renounce all going into the country. I will never again commence the ineffable worry of distant hurried journeys to country houses, at a serious expense, and to almost no purpose as to seeing the friends whom nominally I go to see. The conditions and positions of life of most

[1] As Viceroy. [2] Robert Drummond one of them.

of those I knew in earlier years are so altered, that although they, (happily,) the friends themselves, are quite unaltered—no personal communication can now be had with them worth such sacrifices as must be made to obtain it. Nor must I overlook the fact that my invitations are all but innumerable, and although A. B. and C. may say justly, we are surely more entitled to your time than D. E. and F.—yet D. E. and F. are just as desirous of visits, and so are all the alphabet.

I have determined therefore that what I see of friends in this (most probably my last visit to England,) must be in *London*. How long I shall remain there I cannot as yet conjecture: all will depend on my decision as to India, for, as you do not mention it you perhaps have not heard that Northbrook with the utmost kindness wrote to me, offering to take me out with him, give me a year's sightseeing, and send me back free of expense.

This offer has greatly unsettled me, (combined with another cause which occurred simultaneously,) and although I was obliged at once to decline moving so suddenly, yet I have by no means decided on giving up the plan, all the more that N. renewed his offer and gives me an indefinite time for it to be accepted in. He came as you know, to Cannes, to see Mr. T. Baring,[1] and thither I went to meet him. We came over on the last day of his stay, to Nice and thence walked to Mentone where, poor dear fellow, he looked at every spot he had lived in with Lady N., and with

[1] His uncle, who later left him half a million of money, 4, Hamilton Place, and its splendid treasures of pictures, furniture, and china.

his boy Arthur. Next day he embarked. The qualities with which you credit him are assuredly his characteristics: I have known no kinder or better man. Meanwhile Frank and Miss Baring,[1] his two children, go out to him in November, and both write, hoping that I shall go too. But with all my attachment to the whole lot, there is something antagonistic to my nature to travelling as part of a suite; and indeed, though I am not in the strongest sense of the word Bohemian, I have just so much of that nature as it is perhaps impossible the artistic and poetic beast can be born without. Always accustomed from a boy to go my own ways uncontrolled, I cannot help fearing that I should run rusty and sulky by reason of retinues and routines. This impression it is which keeps me turning over and over in what I please to call my mind what I had best do. Sometimes I think I will cut away to Bombay, with my old servant, and writing thence to Northbrook, do parts of India as I can, and ask him to let me take out some money in drawings. On the other hand, I hate the thought of being ungracious or wanting in friendliness. The Himalayas, Darjeeling, Delhi, Ceylon, etc, etc, are what I have always wished to see: but, all' opposto, here I have a new house, and to flee away from it as soon as it is well finished seems a kind of giddiness which it rather humiliates me to think of practising.

As for my health, though I was sixty on the 12th. inst., I am considerably better than I was a year back: and by carefully avoiding lifting weights or running uphill, I may possibly bungle through eight or ten more years yet,—though I doubt. . . .

[1] The present Earl of Northbrook and Lady Emma Crichton.

Anyhow it is clear to me, and I daresay to you also, that *totally unbroken* application to poetical-topographical painting and drawing is my universal panacea for the ills of life. You can however imagine that I live very comfortably in my villa, when I tell you that Lady Charles and Miss Percy—Mr. Baring and Count Streletsky,[1] among others have lunched and dined with me: yet perhaps you are saying this proves nothing as they might have had a beastly lot of food and have been sick directly afterwards. . . .

I wish you could have come out, though I couldn't have put up Milady too. Might you not work in the sale of olives as a matter fitting to the Board of Trade, and insist on a personal inspection of the trees of San Remo? But in truth I do not much suppose that we shall ever talk as of old, until we come to sit as cherubs on rails—if any rails there be,—in Paradise.

[1] He was a well-known Pole in English Society in Lear's time —he had travelled much, and the joke was to mention any out-of-the-way place, and to hear him say "I was there."

CHAPTER IV

November, 1872, to September, 1873.

SAN REMO (*continued*)

AT the end of October Lear set out on the journey to India, but abandoned it halfway and returned to San Remo, writing on the 24th November:—

I got as far as Suez, but the landscape painter does not purSuez eastern journey farther. . . . Neither you nor Lady Waldegrave will have any Indy-Ink or Indy-rubber brought by me from Indy as I promised, and a fit of Indy-gestion is all that remains to me of that Oriental bubble at present;—even that too I believe is less caused by my Indy-proclivities than by my having foolishly eaten a piece of apple pudding yesterday evening.

I found much greater difficulty in getting on than I had expected; at that season, every hole and corner of the outward steamers is crammed, and although they frequently have a few berths as far as Malta or even Brindisi, yet late comers to these places have

prior rights, so that after waiting a week you find that at Suez the list is filled up.

I could not stand waiting longer, so I took my place in a French boat, but that at the last moment I missed by a singular chance of ill-luck, whereon I allowed all this (together with a small reminder that I had suffered by the blow on my head in the autumn and which pained me whenever I went into the sunshine,—my right eye too is slightly injured), to act as the last feather in a scale already pretty equally balanced, and sacrificing the ticket to Ceylon, I returned to Alexandria and Brindisi and San Remo—leaving the long Indian voyage unattempted after all, and probably now never to be made.

Of course it is a bore to have given so much trouble to friends in writing letters, and to have lost so much time and money, not to speak of nearly £1000 of commissions, but as Lady Young used to observe, "crying over spilt milk is nonsense," and with the few years of life now before me, I avoid lamenting as far as I can do so.

To Lady Waldegrave.

July 6. 1873.

Horace Walpole is dead. He died at the end of April. By which I mean, that after reading his nine volumes of letter journals all the winter, I came to an end at last, and very sorry I was. There is nothing like a Diary of letters for showing the real nature of the writer, and assuredly I had a very erroneous idea of H. W's before I read those books. I am now reading T. Moore's diaries, with the utmost amuse-

ment, and am thanking Lord Russell [1] every day as is. T. Moore was a more loveable character than H. W.: but he wor not so wise, he worn't. Lord Lansdowne [2] must have been an A No. 1 man: I cannot but wonder when I think of the only two hours I ever saw much of him—when Lady Davy [3] brought him up three pair of stairs to 27 Duke Street, Piccadilly, (over Fortnum and Mason's,) to look over my Calabrian drawings ! ! ! Lady D. was about the queerest person I have known—altogether, I think.

I should tell you that after I read Horace W's letters, I had intended to write to you, but could not, for I fell ill, and *was very ill indeed* all the end of April. Eight or nine days in bed, and with a long and slow recovery. (This happened just after I wrote last to C.S.P.F.—whizz—on April 23rd.) I did not expect for two or three days that ever I should have got about again—nor, as I have always hated condolences, have I told much about the cause of my illness—sufficient as it is that I have, I am thankful to say, become far better in health than I have been for a year past. One thing however is certain: a sedentary life, after moving about as I have done since I was twenty-four years old, will infallibly finish me off *suddingly*. And although I may be finished

[1] Moore's "Memoirs," edited by Lord John Russell (8 vols. 1852–1856).

[2] Lord Lansdowne, the 3rd Marquis, succeeded Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Grenville administration, and twice declined the Premiership. He formed a great library, and a valuable collection of pictures and statuary, and died 1863.

[3] Lady Davy, *née* Jane Kerr, died 1855, wife of Sir Humphry Davy.

off equally suddingly if I move about, yet I incline to think a thorough change will affect me for better rather than for wusse. *Whereby I shall go either to Sardinia, or India, or Jumsibojigglequack this next winter as ever is.*

Dear me! How I pity you all when I read of your *beastly* climate month after month! If you could only see the glorious blue and gold days one has here—day after day! also the phiggs as is ripe! also the perpetual quiet—(though that you would not like) and alas! that is going to cease too here—for Willers and all kinds of horrors are growing fast. If I can't get an unspoilable bit of land, I must add to this, and make some alterations, to prevent total destruction.

I remain here till the end of Orgst at *least.* What's the odds so long as one's happy?

My love to the Board of Trade.

Fortescue to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY,
BATH. *Sept.* 3. 1873.

. . . Lady Waldegrave is not sure whether she regrets that "Horace Walpole is dead," as otherwise she would not be the possessor of Strawberry Hill. . . .

No doubt you have followed our political and official changes.[1] They have left me untouched.

[1] Disagreements between the ministers were rife when the House was prorogued; and several changes were made. Mr. Lowe was transferred from the Treasury to the Home Office. Mr. Gladstone thus becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer and Premier. Mr. Bright re-entered the Cabinet as Chancellor of

Gladstone offered me the Ld. Lieutenancy of Essex, but that is a different matter. Bruce's career is curious. After being nearly five years Home Secretary, and violently (sometimes cruelly) abused, he now finds himself in one of the most dignified positions a subject can fill. He writes to me thus: "After duly weighing the pros and cons, I must admit that the changes in my fortunes are welcome." . . .

How worthily Northbrook is filling his great place.[1] I hear the best accounts of him.

Lear to Fortescue.

VILLA EMILY. SANREMO.
12 *Septbr.* 1873.

On returning home last night from a vexatious journey to Genoa and back, I found your nice letter of the 3d; a letter of yours, (though as I have often said I never expect you to write,) is always a Nepok in my life: albeit I have of late seen loads of your handwriting, having had to overhaul and mostly destroy three large chestfuls or chestsfull of Letters. —A dreary task, yet one that has its good as well as its gloomy side. At the end of my task, I came to two positive conclusions:—1st. Owing to the number and variety of my correspondents, that every created human being capable of writing ever since the inven-

the Duchy of Lancaster, and Mr. Bruce received a Peerage and as Lord Aberdare became President of the Council.

[1] Lord Northbrook, Governor-General of India 1872–1876, through his indefatigable industry and prudence, commanded general confidence at this critical time, when India was threatened by famine.

tion of letters must have written to me, with a few exceptions perhaps, such as the prophet Ezekiel, Mary Queen of Scots, and the Venerable Bede. 2ndly. That either all my friends must be fools or mad; or, on the contrary, if they are not so, there must be more good qualities about this child than he ever gives or has given himself credit for possessing—else so vast and long continued a mass of kindness in all sorts of shapes could never have happened to him. Seriously it is one of the greatest puzzles to me, who am sure I am one of the most selfish and cantankerous brutes ever born, that heaps and heaps of letters—and these letters only the visible signs of endless acts of kindness, from such varieties of persons could have ever been written to me! Out of all I kept some specimens of each writer more or less interesting—four hundred and forty-four individuals in all, and out of these I name forty at a venture, as those who have done me most good. But such are the queer conditions of life, that I hardly ever see, or expect to see, most of all these, if any: whereon I pass to another Toppick.

Baring	Howard
Beadon	Hunt, Hy.
Bell	Hunt, W. H.
Bethell	James
Bruce	Knight
Church	Lushington
Clive	Morier
Coombe	Nevill
Clowes	Penrhyn
Cross	Percy
Derby	Reid
Drummond	Robinson
Edwards	Scrivens
Empson	Simeon
Evans	Stanley
Fortescue	Tennyson
Fowler	Waldegrave
Farquhar	Wentworth

I cannot help thinking that my life, letters and diaries would be as in-

Francillon	Widdrington	teresting . . . as many
Goldsmid	Williams	that are now published :
Hankey	Wyatt	and I half think I will
Hornby		leave all those papers to
		you, with a short record

of the principal data of my ridiculous life, which however has been a hardworking one, and also one that has given much of various sorts of stuff to others, though the liver has often had a sad time of it. . . .

About your political changes. I own to being disappointed in a sense that you are still where you are—but, *per contra*, that proves that you do what you do thoroughly well which nobody seems to allow that most others of the ministry do. I had settled that K.[imberley][1] was to go as L[or]d L[ieutenan]t of Ireland, and you to the Colonies. As for the L[or]d L[ieutenanc]y of Essex, I don't greatly care for it, and it seems to me only a compliment from G[ladstone]. You ain't by nature connected with Essex, as most Lds. Lt. are with their counties ; so it seems to me boshy, but perhaps I am mistaken.[2]

H[enr]y Bruce's career is as you say, very singular : I am glad of his new position,[3] liking him as I do ; and also from feeling that he has often been brutally censured and attacked when doing his best—for I have always thought the Home Sec[retar]y by far the most worrying and difficult place to fill. . . .

[1] Earl of Kimberley, Irish Viceroy 1864–1866, Lord Privy Seal 1868–1870, Colonial Secretary 1870–1874 and 1880–1882, Lord President of the Council 1892–1894, and then Foreign Secretary.

[2] Lady Waldegrave owned the Navestock Estate in Essex, consequently Fortescue was made Lord Lieutenant by the Liberal Leader.

[3] See p. 155.

I had made a will, leaving this villa and land to my grandniece Emily Gillies[1] : but I am going to make a new will, though keeping in substance to what I had before arranged. And this for two reasons ; 1st. the New Zealand lot are becoming—or rather have become—wealthy and full of fat like Jeshurun : and would never come to this part of Europe. 2ndly. I have worked so hard of late and have such a mass of finished work that after my death it would certainly fetch above £1500—*i.e.* the value of the house and land when I came here. I had previously arranged for the house and all my sketches too to be sold, but now I hope to keep all my sketches to divide amongst old friends—(you one,) 2ndly, to raise tin enough for my grandniece (as above stated,) and other legacies; and 3rdly to be able to leave the house to one of my godchildren. . . .

Of the Tennyson illustrations, there are five, all so nearly finished as to want little in addition.

1. The crag that fronts the evening, all along the shadowed shore.
2. To watch the crisping ripples on the beach, with tender curving lines of creamy spray.
3. Mount Tomohr. (See to E. L. on his travels in Greece).[2] This is a large picture and would fetch £500 at least I think.
4. The vast Acroceraunian walls—same poem.
5. Moonlight on still waters between walls of gleaming granite in a shadowy pass.

And then there are also a large "Athos" and "my tall dark pines" begun. . . .

[1] Grand-daughter of Sarah, and married to Mr. Gillies.

[2] Tennyson's Sonnet to Lear (see vol. i.).

This place has changed wonderfully since I came: the two properties next me more particularly. The Shuttleworths below me is all let to Germans for six years, a Hotel and Pension: and the ground is all bescattered with horrid Germen, Gerwomen, and Gerchildren. Then, above me, the poor Congreve villa is still more changed, and I seldom now see him whom I had found so delightful a companion. Nor do I see much more of his two nice boys, as they are brought up to manage all the country life affairs of the property—looking after the wine—horses—etc. etc. . . .

As for the Sanremesi, they are laudable and admirable in this respect only—that they let you alone, unless they can make anything out of you: and as they can't of me, they accordingly *do* leave me alone, and I therefore admire them. The place is divided into two parties—stationary—and progressive: the last lay themselves out to sell land, houses, milk, wood—che so io—everything to the "Forestieri" and all are courteous and civil, but there is not the faintest sign or shadow of anybody's caring one farthing for us in reality. Nor am I speaking as an Englishman: for I have heard Italian officers, who had been quartered in all parts of Italy, and who themselves were from all parts, agreeing perfectly as to the character of the *whole* of the Riviera Genoese. "They open their hands to get money, but *never* to spend it." "Two words are not in their Dictionary—Generosità, and Ospitalità." Any of these officers speak with completely different tone of all other parts of Italy (as provinces etc) and this difference is also proved by my own writings of Calabria and the Abruzzi; and it is notorious here, that though

there are very many rich persons—all live in the strictest and niggardliest way, and regard what we all (and what most Italians do also,) consider as common courtesies—refreshments—dinners—or what not—with contempt and disgust. "Nella Riviera, Economia vuol dire Avarizia."[1] I have often heard it said. You may thus judge that I get very little out of San Remo by way of society. . . .

Do you believe in the Claimant?[2] I do. And the indecent bullying of the lawyers makes one loathe the race. Why am I to believe that A. B. and C. swear truth, and that D. E. and F. are perjured? If you ask me what year I was in Ireland with you—1857 or 1858—I cannot tell: nor whether I went to Inverary in 1841 or 1846: nor to Sicily the first time in 1840 or 1841. And how are old people to be expected to recollect infinite dates? The remarks of the Bench are to me a positive disgrace, all showing a foregone conclusion. (Bye the bye, I can't remember if it were you, or Northbrook who wrote to me, "there is certainly a great likeness to A. Seymour about the Claimant.") I fear a great many not only believe, but *know* that he is the real Sir R[oger] who swear the contrary: and one of the points to be remarked is that if he only is judged to be a perjurer—such a *mauvais sujet*, albeit a R[oman] C[atholic] would reflect little discredit on Holy R[oman] Church. But if the con-

[1] On the Riviera Economy means Avarice.

[2] The Tichborne trial, Thomas Castro, *alias* Arthur Orton of Wapping, claiming to be an elder brother of Sir Alfred Joseph Tichborne (d. 1866). His case having collapsed in 1872, he was committed for perjury and sentenced to fourteen years' hard labour, 1874. He confessed the imposture in 1895.

trary, some of the first R. C. families lose caste, and the wound to the Holy Mother would be orrid, and worth swearing black is white to avoid ; since absolutions are attainable if you sin for the sake of "religion." . . .

Now do you call this a long letter? or don't you? I shall stick double postage on it, and fill up the rest with some parodies I have been obliged to make, whereby to recall the Tennyson lines of my illustrations : beginning with these mysterious and beautiful verses,

1. Like the Wag who jumps at evening
   All along the sanded floor.

2. To watch the tipsy cripples on the beach,
   With topsy turvy signs of screamy play.

3. *Tom-Moory* Pathos ;—all things bare,—
   With such a turkey ! such a hen !
   And scrambling forms of distant men,
   O !—ain't you glad you were not there !

4. Delirious Bulldogs ;—echoing, calls
   My daughter,—green as summer grass :—
   The long supine Plebeian ass,
   The nasty crockery boring falls ;—

5. Spoonmeat at Bill Porter's in the Hall,
   With green pomegranates, and no end of Bass.

I hear you say—"you dreadful old ass !" but then my dear child, if your friend is the Author of the book of Nonsense, what can you expect? On the other side I send a ridiculous effusion, which in some quarters delighteth—on the *Ahkond of Swat ;*—of whom one has read in the papers, and some one wrote

to me to ask, "who or what is he"—to which I sent this reply. . . .

THE AHKOND OF SWAT

1. Why, or when, or which, or what
Or who, or where, is the Ahkond of Swat,—óh *WHÂT*
Is the Ahkond of Swat ?

---

2. Is he tall or short, or dark or fair ?
Does he sit on a throne, or a sofa, or chair,—or *SQUAT ?*
The Ahkond of Swat !

---

3. Is he wise or foolish, young or old ?
Does he drink his soup or his coffee cold—or *HOT ?*
The Ahkond of Swat !

---

4. Does he sing or whistle, jabber or talk,
And when riding abroad does he gallop or walk,—or *TROT ?*
The Ahkond of Swat !

---

5. Does he wear a Turban, a Fez, or a Hat,
Does he sleep on a Mattrass, a bed, or a mat,—or a *COT ?*
The Ahkond of Swat !

---

6. When he writes a copy in roundhand size
Does he cross his T's and finish his I's— with a *DOT ?*
The Ahkond of Swat !

---

7. Can he write a letter concisely clear,
Without splutter or speck or smudge or spear,—or *BLOT ?*
The Ahkond of Swat !

---

8. Do his people like him extremely well,
Or do they whenever they can, rebel,—or *PLOT ?*
At the Ahkond of Swat !

9. If he catches them then, both old and young,
Does he have them chopped in bits, or hung,—or *SHOT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

10. Do his people prig in the lanes and park,
Or even at times when days are dark—*GAROTTE?*
O Ahkond of Swat!

---

11. Does he study the wants of his own dominion
Or doesn't he care for public opinion—a *FOT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

12. At night, if he suddenly screams and wakes,
Do they bring him only a few small cakes,—or a *LOT?*
For the Ahkond of Swat!

---

13. Does he live upon Turnips, tea, or tripe? [a *SPOT?*
Does he like his shawls to be marked with a stripe, or
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

14. To amuse his mind, do his people shew him
Jugglers, or anyone's last new poem—or *WHAT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

15. Does he like to lie on his back in a boat,
Like the Lady who lived in that Isle remote,—*SHALOTT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

16. Is he quiet, or always making a fuss?
Is his steward a Swiss, or French, or a Russ,—or a *SCOT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

17. Does he like to sit by the calm blue wave?
Or sleep and snore in a dark green cave,—or a *GROT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

18. Does he drink small beer from a silver jug?
Or a bowl or a glass or a cup or a mug,—or a *POT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

19. Does he beat his wife with a gold-topped pipe,
When she lets the gooseberries grow too ripe,—or *ROT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

20. Does he wear a white tie when he dines with friends
And tie it neat in a bow with ends,—or a *KNOT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

21. Does he like new cream? Does he hate veal pies?
When he looks at the sun does he wink his eyes?—or *NOT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

22. Does he teach his subjects to toast and bake?—
Does he sail about in an Inland Lake, in a *YACHT?*
The Ahkond of Swat!

---

23. Does nobody know, or will no one declare
Who or which or why or where,—or *WHAT*
Is the Ahkond of Swat?

The effective way to read the Ahkond of Swat is to go quickly through the two verse lines, and then make a loud and positive long stretch on the monosyllable—hot, trot, etc., etc.

CHAPTER V

October, 1873, to May, 1876.

INDIA, ENGLAND, AND SAN REMO.

TOWARDS the end of 1873 the long-projected visit to India was undertaken; a visit that lasted over a year and in the course of which Lear saw an immense variety of people and scene, and put in a vast amount of topographical work. He seems to have written very few letters, and some of these have been omitted as they are practically only a record of places visited and possess little interest.

Lear to Fortescue.

GRAND HOTEL DI GENOVA. GENOVA.
15. *October*, 1873.

I wrote you a long letter from San Remo on September 18, but at that time I do not think I had finally decided on India.

I consider that to go to India for eighteen months would be really my best course, as a change of scene

may do me good, and besides, living as I do from hand to mouth by my art, I dare not throw away the many commissions for paintings and drawings I already have for Indian subjects.

Whereon I sent Giorgio to his people, and shut and sealed and screwed up all the Villa Emily: and doddled about the Portofino coast some time. . . . And Giorgio comes back here on the 22d. And on the 24th I and he are off in the Rubattino & Co. Steamer the *India* for Bombay, where I trust to arrive on November 16 or 17, and then to go straight to the N[orthbrook]s at Agra. I have the kindest letters from them.

Lear to Lady Waldegrave.

Grand Hotel di Genova. Genova.
25. *October.* 1873.

I . . . write now to tell you of a sort of discovery I fancy I have made here, of some portraits which may be interesting to you. One is a really good portrait of George III when young, and another of his brother, I think the Duke of Cumberland, of whom Horace Walpole writes that he died at *Monaco*, near Nice. Now at that time the *Grimaldi* were reigning princes there, and these portraits came, *together* with some of the Grimaldi family, out of the house of a former British Consul, Sir Somebody Bagshawe.

The Landlord of this Hotel, Signor Luigi Bonera bought the two I first mentioned, and that of George III is a really good well-painted picture: the Cumberland Duke's not quite so well painted.

There are also others—one of George II, and one of George I, and of another Royalty, perhaps Prince Frederick or Duke of Gloucester[1] who married Lady Waldegrave. I thought I would tell you these fax, leastways as you might tell anybody else if so be you didn't care for them yourself. My

ship didn't go yesterday as it oughted—but goes tonight—straight to Naples—where I pick up old George the Suliot.

[1] Prince Frederick, or Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brothers of George III.; the latter married in 1766 Maria, Dowager Countess Waldegrave, daughter of the Hon. Sir Edward Walpole.

I am glad the Akond of Swat is liked. Goodbye. My love to everbody.

P.S. The two Guelph portraits here were bought for six pounds each by the landlord! I should think the whole lot wouldn't cost much.

To Fortescue.

DARJEELING BENGAL.
24th. Jan. 1874.

Writing long letters in India is simply an impossibility, if you are sight seeing, and moving about to places hundreds of miles off. So all I can do is to send scraps of intelligence to friends, and wait for days of more leisure. I had a rather uncomfortable and long voyage out to Bombay, getting there November 23rd, and by December 1st, joined the Viceregal party at Lucknow. It is needless to say I met with every possible kindness from all there. It was *horrid* cold, and I have never dared count my toes since, being sure I left some behind. Then I saw all Cawnpore, and Benares—(which delighted me), and then I went to Dinapore—to try to get sketches for Chichester's painting and drawing. But Johnny Hamilton,[1] I cannot help

[1] Nephew of Carlingford—son of his eldest sister Mrs. Hamilton—went through the Mutiny, and died October 19, 1858.

thinking, must have died at *Bankipore*, as *Dinapore* is simply a Military station. Howbeit I got drawings of the country quite characteristic of either place, and as I had a godson's brother established there I was well off comparatively—my own old servant Giorgio being always invaluable as a constant help in all sorts of ways.

Then I passed three weeks at Calcutta at Government House, but, as you and C. may imagine, the life was by no means to my taste, seeing I can't bear lights nor late hours, nor sublimities. Of course Lord N. and E. Baring and all the rest were a pleasure—but I was not sorry to come away, and never wish to see Calcutta again. Besides this I was greatly saddened by the news of my dear and oldest friend's death, W. Nevill, and also of the last illness of my dear sister Sarah in New Zealand[1]: (when my nephew wrote she was still living but fast sinking—aet. 81.) Add to these matters a bad accident from a sketching stool breaking down under me—and you will say I had not cause to be too lively. I came up here—(a nodious and tedious journey of 7 days)—on the 16th? and have been fortunate in getting outlines of the immense Himalayan Mountains, Kinchinjunga, which I am to paint for the Viceroy—(it was his late uncle's commission, but he takes it up), and for Aberdare, and 2 more.

[1] Sarah Street, whose many descendants in the name of Gillies now live at Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand, including Sophie Street of the first volume, who recovered and became quite as wonderful a woman as her mother-in-law, and a far sweeter one. She is still the life and soul of the place, and beloved by young and old (see p. 154, vol. i.).

The foregrounds of ferns are truly bunderful—only there are no apes and no parrots and no nothing alive, which vexes me. I am able to walk well, but cannot ride, and am still obliged to be helped off the ground by old George. What I should have done here without the good Suliot I can't imagine. I am now going to make for Allahabad, by the 5th February, and then to see Agra and Delhi etc., before it gets 'ot; but whether I go up to Simla, or down to Bombay straight, or by Rajpoontana, I cannot as yet decide. Have you Dr. Hooker's book on this part of India, "Himalayan journals"? He describes the scenery admirably.

I hope you are well, and wish both you and C.S.P.F. a happy New Year. My love to him.

Please write some day, and reply to me *always*,

care of Captain E. Baring, R.A.
Government House,
Calcutta.

as he always knows where to find me.

SIMLA. 24. *April.* 1874.

1.

O! Chichester, my Carlingford!
O! Parkinson, my Sam!
O! SPQ, my Fortescue!
How awful glad I am!

2.

For now you'll do no more hard work
Because by sudden pleasing-jerk
You're all at once a peer,—
Whereby I cry, God bless the Queen!
As was, and is, and still has been,
Yours ever, Edward Lear.

India, England, and San Remo

My dear "Carlingford," [1]—Your letter came last night up from Calcutta, and greatly pleased me; for I had been worrying about you since those Louthsome brutes turned you out. I quite think you have done the right thing in not trying another constituency: Oxford, however flattering, would have entailed no end of work, and you are not of iron, (as I really think Northbrook is, and had need be.)

I am sorry I can't write much now, but I *had* an envellope already written for you, and hope to fill it up later. I am going now into the "town" to order coolies for a tour to-morrow to *Narkunda*, where are the great Deodaras, four days from here, trusting to be back here on the 4th. of May, and to start for Bombay and Poonah on the 6th. I hope I may live through the blazing hot journey and get to Bombay before the 12th, when my sixty-tooth year ends, and I shall be "going on 63." Since I wrote from Darjeeling to My Lady, I have been all up the Ganges to Allahabad, then to Agra, Gwalior, Bhurtpoor, Muttra, Brindabund, and Delhi, where I stayed ten days a making Delhineations of the Dehlicate architecture as is all impressed on my mind as inDehlibly as the Dehliterious quality of the water of that city. Then I went up to Saharanpore and Mussoorie, and Dēhra, and Roorkee, and the great Ganges Canal to Hurdwūr, where there is a Nindoo festival on the first week in April, whereat on jubilee years three millions of pilgrims are found. (There are but 200,000 this year—quite enough.) All these devout and dirty

[1] Chichester Fortescue, who had been President of the Board of Trade from 1870, was created 1st Baron Carlingford in 1874. He had lost his seat for co. Louth in the '74 election.

people carry out their theory of attendance on Public Wash-up on a great scale,—by flumping simultaneous into the Holy Gunga at sunrise on April 11—squash. Next I came up here, where N[orthbrook] has most kindly lent me a house and servants all for myself and old George. I hate being such a swell, but what is one among so many? whereas you and Hy. Bruce and N. are all piers of the Rem, and I am still a dirty Lampskipper. . . . My kindest remembrances (and congratulations) to My-lady.

Poona,

June 12th, 1874.

My dear Fortescue,—At present I have come (very unwillingly,) to an anchor for a period unknown —because all the world says it is impossible to travel in the "Rains."

Yesterday I got some tin cases made, and soldered up no less than 560 drawings, large and small besides 9 small sketchbooks and 4 of journals. . . .

My impression of all I have seen N. and E. of the Ganges and Jumna is that the most delectable portion of the Landscape is that combining old Indian Temples and rivers. Nevertheless my 500 drawings in Bengal, N. W. Provinces, and Punjaub, form a vastly interesting mass of work and express Indian Landscape in those parts of the huge Empire—I think—as widely and fairly as a 6 months tour could well be expected to compass. . . .

I am going about my work with a method, and anyhow you and Milady will allow I am a very energetic and frisky old cove—(I was 62 last May 12,) for my age. . . .

In travelling in India, you have three modes open to you—Dawk Bungalows—Hotels—and Private Hospitality. The first is what I by far prefer. . . . The second mode of travel, Hotel halts is in 19 cases out of 20 odious and irritating, indeed I can only name 3 or 4 good Hotels as yet visited, out of dozens. . . . Thirdly you may have letters to people at stations, and if so, you will in almost all cases be received with the greatest kindness. Yet you cannot be master of your time in a private house as you are in a D. Bungalow. You certainly *may* say to the Lady of the house, "Maam, I want tea at 5—a cold luncheon and wine to take out with me, and dinner precisely at 7, after which I shall go to bed and shan't speak to you." But such a proceeding is repugnant to my way of thinking—and the result of my experience is that you *can't* do as you like in other people's dwellings. . . . .

Travelling in India is, as I dare say you know, very expensive—mainly on account of the immense distances you have to get over, and the necessity of moving with no end of luggage. But Northbrook with his usual kindness supplies me with tin, advancing what I want on acct. of his own and the late Mr. T. Baring's commissions. Otherwise I must have asked you and others to keep me afloat—but there is no occasion for this at all. . . .

All the Bombay world rushes here at this season, when Bombay itself becomes mouldy and wet, and Mahabuleshwar and Matherān are uninhabitable. (Matherān by the bye, has most probably been the original Eden—I don't mean the first Lord Auckland,—but Paradise—at least the scriptural scanti-

ness of the apparel worn by the natives seems to point to Adam and Eve as its originators.)

It might be well that you should make some public suggestion that so economical and picturesque an apparel may be brought into general use in England. To assist you in so praiseworthy a departure from modern habits, I add 2 portraits, to which you can refer *ad lib.* . . .

But to return to Poonah and platitudes and plateau. The Governor Sir P. Wodehouse, is a very amiable and kind gentleman, (he recollected having met me at Lady Wilmot Horton's 500 years ago), but I see the Bombay papers continually talk of his being recalled on account of the Bombay Riots—paragraphs which may have weight where it is not so well known as in the Presidency, that the Editors of Bombay papers are mostly Parsees. It may however very well be that Sir P. W. has not the tact and strong will of our friend N. whose statesmanlike qualities seem acknowledged as much by those who differ from him in opinion as by his friends. He writes to me from Calcutta that he is quite well and so does Evelyn Baring.

While I write Lee Warner the Governor's Secretary has come, and I am to go out to breakfast at Sir Philip's to-morrow. His staff seems a nice lot—Col. Deane (Mil. Sec.) who married a Miss Boscawen sister of Mrs. Lewis Bagot ; Captain Fawkes—grandnephew of my oldest friend Mrs. Wentworth and grandson of Turner Walter Fawkes of Farnley—with

one Captn. Jervoise, whose father I knew ages ago. Lady Howard de Walden cum a son and daughter were staying with them when I was at Mahabuleshwar.

Lear returned home rather suddenly, without his old servant George, who had had to go to Corfû in consequence of his wife's death. He (Lear) found his villa in the utmost confusion, for during the winter burglars had taken advantage of his absence to ransack the place. He writes in great depression on the 28th of March, 1875.

Villa Emily. San Remo.

Yes, I did return from India some two months sooner than I had intended. George had got quite strong again, but I hurt myself in getting into a boat in Travancore, and lumbago followed the sprain so disagreeably and persistently, that I could not stoop or bear any sudden movement,—whereby I had to pass Mangalore, Carwar, and Goa without landing and had even to give up Elephanta, and come straight off from Bombay on January 12, arriving,—a wonderfully fine passage,—at Brindisi on the 27th! It is very provoking not to have seen twenty-five or twenty-six things I particularly desired to visit, yet even had I been well I could not have done all those before April, and so if they are to be done at all with a view to a perfect collection of Indian scenery, I should have to go out again, say at the end of 1876, but of that matter there is plenty of time to think. . . .

I did *not* enjoy Ceylon: the climate is damp which I *hate*: it is always more or less wet, and though the vegetation is lovely, yet it is not more so than that of Malabar, where the general scenery is finer. Ceylon makes people who arrive there from England, scream; but then I didn't come from England, and so was not astonished at all, nor did I find any interest in the place as compared with India. Governor Gregory [1] was very kind, but owing to George's dreadful illness [2] I had to be mostly—at times wholly—attending on that poor fellow. One of the persons I liked most was Birch,[3] formerly your private secretary: it was pleasant to hear how he spoke of you. . . .

After Poonah, the memories of which are among the most beautiful and interesting I have, I went to Hyderabad in the Deccan, taken by my old friend, H.E.P. Le Mesurier,—one of the same party in the Indus (1854) with Johnny Hamilton,[4]—and oddly enough I came with him as far as Brindisi, nay Bologna—on my return to Europe in January last. Hyderabad and the Nizam were of great interest, and the scenery singularly novel. Next I went to Bellary

[1] Rt. Hon. Sir William Henry Gregory, K.C.M.G., Governor of Ceylon from 1872 to 1877. He had been M.P. for Dublin City from 1842 to 1846, and for co. Galway from 1857 to 1872.

[2] Dysentery.

[3] Sir Arthur Birch, C.M.G. 1876, K.C.M.G. 1886, Private Secretary to Colonial Under Secretary (Fortescue) 1859–1864, Lieut.-Governor of Penang 1871–1872, Lieut.-Governor of Ceylon 1876–1878, etc.

[4] John Hamilton, a nephew of Lord Carlingford, son of his eldest sister; he was in the thick of the Indian Mutiny, and died on October 19, 1858.

TRICHINOPOLY.
(From a water-colour.)
(By kind permission of the Earl of Northbrook.)

intending to see Anagoonda, the grandest of all Hindoo ruins, but the rains prevented me, whereon I went to Bangalore, meaning to visit Mysore thence, Coorg, and the Malabar coast.

Perpetual rain however stopped that plan, and I harked back to Madras, where I saw the delightful Mahabalipuran temples, and later those of Conjeveram. And returning a second time to Bangalore, I was again forced to a change of tour by the same cause, —and thus I came down again and saw Trichinopoly and Tanjore, and I may truly say that whoever visits India without seeing these wonderful places, cannot judge of the country from some very important standpoints, since nothing in Northern India at all resembles the Southern buildings—Madura, Rameshwar, Tirupetty and one more great temple, were alas! left unvisited, and go to form a miserable heap of repentance along with Anagoonda, Beejapore, Naguit, Ellora, Aboo etc, etc. (Have you ever read "Tara," a novel by Meadows Taylor? That delightful book gives a perfect idea of Deccan and Mahratta people and places.) On going a third time to Bangalore, broken bridges, Tanx, and banx, obliged me to give up my Mysore aspirations altogether, and as it has turned out—finally: and I went up, after coming down to the plains, to Coonoor and Ostaramund in the Neilgherries. The scenery of them 'ere 'ills is very grand, *i.e.* on the *edges*: but the centre is like a bad sham Cumberland, and I loathed the fogs and cold. My next step was to the Malabar coast, which greatly delighted me, as till I saw that part of the world I had no clear idea of tropical vegetation. It *was* hot though! But I got some capital remem-

brances of the grand river scenery. Then by sea I went along the Coast to Colombo, and to Galle to see Lord N[orthbrook]'s two children; and to Ratnapoora, where a son of my dear old friend W. Nevill is the magistrate; but after that, and while at Kandy, poor George's dysentery made everything else a blank, and when he grew better, an event little to be expected at one time, I got him away on December 12, the very day—but happily unknown to him, when his poor wife died at Corfû. As soon as George got quite well again, I set out for Travancore and Madura, intending to work my way up by degrees to Anagoonda and Beijapore; but as I wrote before, I sprained my back, and had to return to Bombay on January 3rd. 1875, and so much for my Indian history.

. . . . . .

"Shadows of three dead men"[1]—(I have had the lines a very long time but was requested not to communicate them, tho' it seems they are known now)—refer to 1st. A. Hallam, 2nd. Harry Lushington (my friend Franklin L[ushington]'s brother,) and John Simeon.

[1] . . . Have you seen or heard of Tennyson's lines on poor dear John Simeon, "In the garden at Swainston," in one of the little volumes of his new edition?

"Shadows of three dead men
Walked in the walks with me,
Shadows of three dead men,
And thou wast one of the three . . .
. . . . . .
Three dead men have I loved,
And thou wast one of the three."

One of the three must be Arthur Hallam, but who was the third?

(Lord Carlingford to Lear. *November* 16, 1894).

How do you like being a Peer? Do you wear a crownet on your 'ed? . . .

Did you ever hear of a Colonel Pattle, I fancy Lady Somer's brother or cousin. Indian life is full of stories of his exaggerations, and they call him Joot Singh—the King of Liars. Someone at a dinner was saying that on coming from America the ship's company saw a man on a hencoop, floating; and putting off a boat offered to take the individual in. "No," said he, "I am simply crossing the Atlantic by way of experiment, and all I would ask is a box of lucifer matches, mine having got wet." Everyone yelled at this American's story, and said what a fib! But Colonel Pattle waxing angry—said: "It is no fib—but truth: I was the man on the hencoop." . . . And . . . when someone said Pease couldn't be grown at such a part of India—"On the contrary—I grew Pease of such size and robustness that a whole herd of the Government elephants which were lost for three weeks—were found concealed in my Peas!" . . .

P.S. There is so much vegetable luxuriance in Ceylon, that even the marrow in peoples' bones is Vegetable marrow. My!

You cannot do better than have a drawing of Kinchinjunga, but as only 6 of my 36 subjects are as yet chosen, or at most 7—you shall choose from the bill of fare—and as I shall bring over nearly all in a very unfinished state you can select which you like best, and I will finish it for you.

1. Marble rocks. Nerbudda Jubbulpore.
2. Ditto. Different view. Finished.
3. Benares. Lord Aberdare.

4. Benares. Bernard Husey-Hunt, Esq.
5. Benares. Finished.
6. Village scenery, Calcutta.
7. Kinchinjunga. Bernard Husey-Hunt, Esq.
8. Kinchinjunga.
9. Kinchinjunga. Lord Carllingford.
10. Descent from Darjeelingplains.
11. Taj. Agra.
12. Fort. Agra.
13. Gwalior.
14. Brindaband.
15. Togluckabad—Delhi.
16. Bamboos and Himalaya.
17. Hurdwar (—perhaps for Colonel Greathed, R.E.)
18. Himalaya—Simla.
19. Himalaya, Simla, from Sir C. Napier's house. Lady Aberdare.
20. Himalaya — near Narkunda.
21. Matheran. (cum scantily cloathed women.)
22. Wai.
23. Poonah.
24. Hyderabad (Deccan).
25. Mahabalipur Temple.
26. Trichinopoly.
27. Elephants.
28. Tanjore Pagoda.
29. View near Conoor—Nilgherries.
30. Road scene, Malabar.
31. Sunset, Malabar coast.

Perhaps you will like No. 21. I made my first essay at showing those scantily clothed females to three ladies with fear and trembling. All three looked in demure silence till one said, "What very odd costume!" —Then the second exclaimed, "Rather, no costume, I think!" and the third added, "Ah! I always heard the naked people with brown skins were not at all indelicate!" So I have now no farther dread of the subject.

MARBLE ROCKS, NERBUDDA.

(From a water colour.)

(By kind permission of the Earl of Northbrook.)

32. River scene, Ceylon.
33. River scene—Ceylon.
34. Kandy. S. W. Clowes, Esq., M.P.
35. The Temple of the Tooth, Kandy. S. W. Clowes, Esq., M.P.
36. Road Scene near Galle, Ceylon.
(This last is upright and would not pair.)

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

30*th May*, 1875.

This is a nextra gnoat—along of a nun4seen stircumsance.

Your affectionate

There is a Capting Ruxton here, with his wife as is conphined with a babby, and they have taken a willow

for 2 months. Now if so be as Captain Ruxton was your cousin or your uncle or your grandfather or grandchild, I should be sorry not to do anything that might be done for him for your saik.

But if he ain't your beloved relation or friend, then don't tell me to call on him, for he lives two miles good away, and thyme is short.

On the other , if you write and wish me to call on him, I will do so drekkly.

I hope to be in London about the 15th Joon,—but don't know where yet.

The Ruxton's name is something (John?) *Fitzherbert* Ruxton.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

24th May, 1875.

I shall answer your letter at once, which it is a particularly kind one: the only ozbervation I shall permit myself about its appearance, is that your Lordship's writing gets more of the curly-burly roly-poly nature than is consistent with elegant and legible grammatography. "I continue to receive"—as Royal speeches say—fresh instances of bother and vexation; the two particularly uppermost now are the death of my dear little Goddaughter Lushington, and the increasing illness of that nearly-angel woman Emily Tennyson. I suppose it was to be expected that life would be more and more disagreeable towards its close, but that don't make the fact any nicer. . . .

I forgot you were a Ld. Lieutenant of Essex: does not that involve some particular dress? I declare I

don't know a bit what a Ld. Lieutenant does or is—a sort of prefêt perhaps. Can you put down the Athanasian Creed in Essex? . . . If this reaches you before your Literary Fund dinner, tell everybody to go and buy a copy of the Book of Nonsense and one of "Corsica," or you will refuse to preside over them any more. . . .

I have heard of that Vernon fibber; Lady Hatherton told me he declared he had seen two cherubim on Mt. Ararat, and that he fired at them: one flew away with a buzzing sound and an inestimable perfume,—the other was wounded in the wing. The sportsman took him home and kept him alive for six weeks on milk and eggs,—but just as he was getting strong, a cat ate him up.

About my dear Viceroy:—do you think his mistake—if he made one—was in allowing the trial,—or in the deposition?[1] I see that Grant Duff (as well as Fitzstephen) believe that Northbrook was right. After all a 5 years vice-royalty of India can rarely if ever be got over without some error. (I hear that the Bombay press is bought out and out by the beastly Guicwar). No doubt N. has been greatly bothered and bullied by all this fuss—but for my own part I cannot see what he could have done, three such men as Crouch, Meade and Melville having concurred in believing Mulharkao guilty,—and even two of the three natives holding him

[1] A Royal Commission was appointed in 1875 of three English and three native officials to inquire into the Baroda affair. The Gaikwar Mulharkao was suspected of attempting to poison the British Resident, Col. Phayre. Lord Northbrook issued a Proclamation, under orders from the Home Government, deposing Mulharkao, and the wording of this Proclamation was much criticised.

more or less so. It seems to me that the V[iceroy] was in the position of one having a casting vote, and he could only use it as he did. . . .

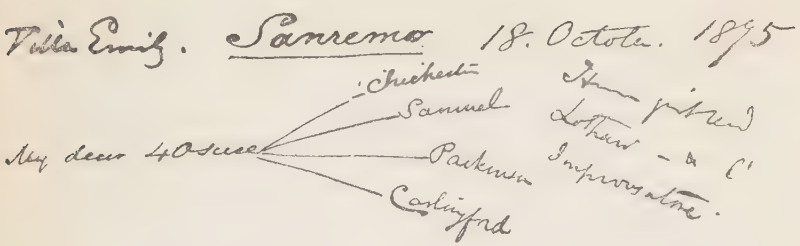
I am reading a book on India by one Mrs. Colin Mackenzie—a werry religious female. Whenever any of her Mussulman or Hindoo friends die,—be they never so good,—she "shudders" to think of them "opening their eyes in the eternal pangs and tortures of hell fire."

26th Sept. 1875.
VICKERIDGE.
RIVERHEAD.
7 OAX.

This is only a wurbl message as it is to say goodbye to you and my lady, which I wish you both a appy

Xmas. I have been very unwell lately—the damp having brought on Assma odiously. However, I

have got pretty nearly clean off, and am staying with the F. Lushington's on my way to "Φῶξτον."[1] If the sea is very rough I mean to hire a prudent and pussillanimous porpoise, and cross on his bak. I suppose I shall get to San Remo early in October, old George having already arrived there to clean up and beautify the willer.



"Now the Lord lighten me—I am a great fool"—but I must go my own way or none. Yours of the 28th has come to me—sent down by Frank Lushington with a bundle of other letters, which I wishes as you were here to thank you for it, being as letters is 'grateful and comforting,' *vide* "Epps' Cocoa." You always do a pleasant thing whenever you can, but it isn't so easy to be ordinarily friendly when lines diverge as ours do, so the more your merit. As for Sevenoaks, though I was truly serene and happy with my dear Lushington's family and the children (for though my dear little goddaughter is dead, there are still three living) yet the "turf" and the "fresh air" (through open windows) brought on asthma hideously, and I found myself a bore—spite of all their kindness—because I had to beg for shut windows, or else I coughed like unto a coughy mill. Whereby and so

[1] The transliteration of Folkestone.

and therefore I gradually felt—this of 1875 will be (if not my last) nearly my last visit to the land of my posteriors.

O yes,—old Giorgio was not only here when I arrived (Sat. 3rd)—but nothing would prevent him going to San Remo to get me dinner,—and since then all things go on as before the fathers fell asleep,—clockwork being nothing beside the ancient Suliot's quiet service. I do not know if I told you that this good old servant has lost his wife, and the last of his four brothers, and his valuable mother,—all since Christmas last; and his three children, having no one to take care of them, were in a fix. So I gave him leave to bring his second boy here as a help, on the "do as you would be done by" principle: he is to have no wages, but only food. I thought this much due to my poor faithful Giorgio, but I do not pledge myself to any continuance of this plan. . . .

(John A. Symonds[1] and you should get on well together.)

(Do you remember how we used to *do* the Gospels and Epistles in Greek in the parlour at Red House,—till at a given hour, dear old Mrs. Ruxton used to call for "God save the Queen," and we all absquatulated? Only the two calves, I believe, never went to bed at any particular hour.)

"O earth! O (what?) O time!"—certainly life *is* life?

an odd jumble. (Possibly one of the oddest of small matters is that E. Trelawny,[2] (who with Byron burnt

[1] See p. 89.

[2] Edward John Trelawny belonged to a famous Cornish family, and led a life of adventure. In 1821 he met Shelley at

MRS. RUXTON IN HER PONY-CART AT RED HOUSE, ARDEE.

Shelley's remains) is still alive and well. I just missed him fifteen days ago at Digby Wyatt's.)

You will be very sorry to hear what I am going to say—or rather, read what I am going to write,—viz, that the Rev. Fenton, our chaplain, (as good a man and as complete an ass as any parson can be, and that is saying much) preached today about Daniel, (I rejoice I wasn't there), and has given out that he will preach three sermons severally on Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Could I have warned you in time, doubtless you and my lady would have come to this spirichial feest. Alas! alas! going to church is my *bête noir*. I don't want to antagonise, or bore, or fuss—but why am I expected to sit and listen to a fool for three-quarters of an hour? Perhaps it is better that I should altogether stay away, since one day, if I am so overconstrained to folly, I may get up and snort and dance and fling my hat at the abomination of sermonpreaching where sermons are simply rot.

There will be no one here this winter I care for—*nobody*. *En revanche*, I go into HARD WORK—Louisa Lady A[shburton's] [1] and Lord Aberdare's two paintings of Kunchinjunga, one 9 ft. by 4—the latter 6 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in,—both immortal subjects. If Henry Bruce's picture comes to be at all what I shall try for, nobody will ever eat anything at his table—along of contemplating it; and if L. Lady A's picture thrives equally, then I foresee no English child will ever be henceforth christened otherwise than "Kunchinjunga."

Pisa and was there at his death. He went with Byron to Greece, and finally settled in England. He wrote "Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron" (1858), and died in 1881.

[1] See note, p. 88.

What Northbrook's picture will be, goodness only knows,—but I am continually at work on it. My dear N.—how I wish he were back in Hants—, and yet not so, for he is so high and good in all he does in India, that sometimes I half hope he may stay on.

I wonder how much you know of India: and, if you had time, please try to read some of Col. Meadows Taylor's semi-historic novels,—all of them remarkable, not only for great knowledge of India and Indians (that was to be expected from his position and experience as well as from his marriage etc:) but for beautiful and good feeling and clever handling throughout—though of course the books are not equal. (1) "Tara," 1657, (2) "Ralph Darnell," 1759, (3) "Tippoo Sultaun 1787" and (4) "Leeta," 1857, are all well worth perusal—not to speak of "Confessions of a Thug." But after all, I can now well understand how very little an Englishman can enter into Indian (picturesque) subjects, and I wondered at Grant Duff[1] doing so till I heard that the "History of the Mahrattas" was written by his father.

O my child! here is a gnat! which, the window being open, is but gnatural. So I shuts up both vinder and letter, and goodbye.

P.S A chapter—the last of its sort—of my life, is nearly closed; *i.e.* the letters of my sister Ellinor.[2] She is now nearly blind, and can never write again.

[1] Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant Duff, son of James Cunninghame Grant Duff, and grandson of Sir Whitelaw Ainslie. Under Secretary of State for India 1868–1874. Governor of Madras 1881–1886, when he was made a G.C.S.I.

[2] See p. 47.

EDWARD LEAR AS A YOUNG MAN AND HIS YOUNGEST SISTER.
(From silhouettes, by kind permission of Mrs. Allen.)

Not that her letters were ever intellectually like those of my dear New Zealand sister Sarah, nor those of my own eldest sister Ann—but they were the last: and so the only one remaining of all my thirteen sisters gradually sinks to darkness, as I may do probably six or eight years hence.

No creature here is likely to interest me this year. At 63—(and speaking as a man who never cared for mere acquaintances), one hardly picks up friends. Last year the G. Howards[1] were here,—he is very artistically studious,—yet not exhibiting anything like genius or promising any. Amiable and good, but it seems to me an unwise affectation for people in that position to wish to be "artists"; whereas, if all goes straight, this youth must needs be Earl of Carlisle. Earls in England have occupations cut out for them quite distinct from those of laborious professions, in the ranks of which (however they and their admirers may think otherwise) they are only considered as of "Brevet rank" by the real article. (*Vide* "Unbublished ozbervations on Caste.")

I have been reading "Lothair"[2] lately: how skilful and quaint a book! and full of charming description. Also, "Il Improvisatore,"[3]—did you ever read it? Hans Andersen lived for a time in

[1] George J. Howard, son of the 4th son of the 6th Earl of Carlisle (the Hon. Chas. Wentworth Howard, M.P.). Lear was right, George Howard eventually succeeded his uncle in 1889 as 9th Earl of Carlisle. His wife the Hon. Rosalind Frances Stanley, youngest daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley.

[2] "Lothair," by Benjamin Disraeli, had been published in 1870.

[3] By Hans Andersen, translated by William Howitt.

that corner house you lived in when you came to see me in the ear 2187432 $X - \frac{B}{X} - \frac{Z}{\ }$ Q.E. unbeknown.

O my! ain't I sleepy!

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

5*th December*, 1875.

. . . Your remarks, as well as those of other persons in your position, about D'Israeli's Suez Canalism,[1] are to me very illustrative of the immense contrast between high-class government politicians in our country and those in France and elsewhere. No one can differ more in general party views than such as you and D'I.—yet on a subject of common patriotism you think precisely alike. . . .

Yes, youth does seem a fable, but so will middle-age bye and bye to you, as it does now to me already. I have sad fits of depression often nowadays, as every few months bring tidings of illness and death. I do not know what your views of future states or material-annihilation may be — but probably similar to mine—hating dogma about what we really *know* nothing about,—yet willing to hope dimly. Perhaps, however, you may be like a lady whom I know, who, on the deaths of her husband, parents, 5 children etc: rather rejoices than not. "It would be so very painful for them to have survived me! and besides only think what an *immense* party of beloved ones I shall be *sure* to

[1] In 1875 the British Government purchased 176,602 Canal shares from the Khedive of Egypt to the value of £4,076,622. England thus became half-owner of the Canal.

meet all at once when I myself depart!" . . . "Friend after friend departs"—there is something very touching and human in much of T. Moore's poetry, though it be not of the highest order. Talking of poets,—Lionel Tennyson, A's 2nd son, and godson of F. Lushington, is to marry the daughter of Locker.[1] (Bye the bye, I am a godfather again, to F. Lushington's newly-born boy.) Lady Charlotte Locker was Lady Augusta Stanley's sister. On New Year's day, Arthur P. Stanley[2] wrote to me, and did not seem more than usually anxious about Lady A. But yesterday Mrs. George Howard . . . passed through here, and she told me of a letter she had just had, informing her that Lady A[ugusta] had had a fresh seizure on the 2nd, and is dying. I am very grieved for poor Arthur.

You will of course have known about Northbrook's return. Something which Evelyn Baring[3] told me a good while ago about his health has caused this not to be a surprise to me. Yet there may be other reasons behind, but "I forbear" like Herodotus "to mention" one I have heard, because I don't believe it.[4] What a horrid con-

[1] The present Mrs. Birrell.

[2] Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, better known as Dean Stanley, a close personal friend of Lear's frequently mentioned in his letters, was the second son of the Bishop of Norwich. He was appointed Chaplain to the Prince Consort in 1854, and became Dean of Westminster in 1863. He was a champion of Colenso. He married Lady Augusta Bruce of the Elgin family in 1863; she died in 1876.

[3] The present Earl of Cromer. He was Lord Northbrook's Private Secretary in India 1872–1876.

[4] Important difficulties had arisen between the India Office and the Viceroy. Lord Northbrook resigned on January 4th.

tinuance of glitter and shindy is that progress of the P[rince] of W[ales.] How glad I am not to be in India. N's return, however, lessens the probability of my second visit. I think now I have looked over all and not overlooked any of the points of your letter, which was a delightfully long and genial one. So the rest I shall fill up with egotism and maggotism. . . .

The weather has been simply Paradise from 3rd October to January 5th,—but now it is changed, coldy and wet. Yet I have no fires by day yet, and write this by an open window, Foss the cat on the ledge. Oranges and flowers in the garden magnificent. Society slender. . . . In fact Sanremo is fast becoming less and less of an English colony since the French War which sent all the Germen and Gerwomen here. (Positively, there are now eighty in one hotel!) And it is a painful fact that many English ladies flee such hotels,—the Germans, say they, spit at dinner-time and smoke all night. So the nationalities aloof-stand. Meanwhile, the Germans are sent here simply to die. Twenty three have died since November 1st, and all sent back to Germany, which I know so accurately about because W. Congreve our Vice-Consul has to superintend and numerate these necropolitan derangements. W. Congreve and his sons, my next neighbours, are a blessing,—but as I said, of society generally there is little. Remember, if ever you should make a rush here, I can put you up beautiful and feed you spontaneous-analogous.

The subject of disagreement had been the Tariff Act. Some remarkable despatches were sent by Lord Salisbury to Lord Northbrook.

P.S. I am reading Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." My library is a wunner! Your Fortescue [1] is considered the loveliest piece of furniture in these latitudes—for which accept

my gratitudes —and may you meet
with beattitudes —whereon I'll
write no more platitudes —but will go to lumpshon
with a cleary conscience.

N.B. Aberdare's commission was for £200, but I am doing an exceptionally big picture for that sum, out of remembrance of past days.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

DUDBROOK,
BRENTWOOD.
April 27. 1876.

. . . Someone told me that you were to have a visit from Northbrook on his way home. He ought to be a happy man,—coming home at his age, with health uninjured and a high position,—after filling his great post so well. Four such years must be a wonderful passage in a man's life. . . .

This Government has damaged its reputation not a little during the last few months and weeks, but as long as they hold together, there is no prospect of a change. The Empress business [2] has been a wonderful piece of folly, where there was nothing to be done but to let well alone. I suppose you still perform the first duty of an Englishman and read your *Times* regularly. You will see an interesting character of

[1] See p. 134.

[2] At Disraeli's instigation the new title of Empress of India was conferred on the Queen in 1876.

poor Lord Lyttelton [1] by Gladstone. I knew him very little, but should have said that he was a healthy-minded man. However he had evidently fallen into religious self-tortures. He said not long ago to Houghton, talking of a future state. "I would gladly compound for annihilation."

Write soon and tell us how you are—mentally, physically, ocularly, jocularly, digestively, artistically, pecuniarily, prospectively, retrospectively, positively, comparatively, superlatively,—and as many more lies as occur to you.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA EMILY. SANREMO.
7th May 1876.

I was very glad to get your Dudbrookious letter, (date 27th April)—which I did on the 30th. I had been talking of you with our mewtshool friend Henry Bruce only a week before. He, Lord Aberdare, with three of his nice children spent three days here nearly, and I saw them constantly up till Monday, May 1st, when after breakfasting with me, he went on with his party to Genoa. The visit was only begloomed by the miserable Lyttelton news. I think you know I have staid at Hagley, and last year I saw them all often close by me at Portland Place: anyhow you know that I have known poor Lady L[yttelton] since she was eight years old, when with the G. Clives her parents in Rome during 1846–7. So as you are aware of my nature you may suppose this tragedy

[1] 4th Lord Lyttelton, a member of the Privy Council, K.C.M.G., and a learned Greek scholar. At the time of his death Lord Lyttelton was suffering from melancholia.

grieved me much. . . . Aberdare was in wonderful health and spirits, and to my great pleasure, delighted with, even in its incomplete state, his picture of Kinchinjunga. I could have wished him to have a second picture I am painting of the great plains of Bengal, also six feet long : but he goes in for one only, and the pair will be divided. If you know anyone as wants a remarkable work of art for £500, please name it to the fortunate individdle. I don't know that anything has given me so much pleasure for a long time past, as the Aberdarion visit : he has always been a thoroughly kind and steady friend to me, as have you SPQRC, and Northbrook, of whom anon. Louisa, Lady Ashburton is to have the largest of my three pictures, ten feet long, and I had hoped she might have come here : but I think it probable, as she was not in good health, that the Lyttelton tragedy has sent her straight home,—Lady L. having been (and she married Lord A's own nephew) her intimate friend for years. The next swell I am expecting is T.G. Baring Lord Northbrook, he has written twice to tell me to write whether I am here, and I expect him to land at Brindisi on the 12th or 14th and then he comes on here. On the 14th F. Lushington, my most partickler friend comes to stay (I hope) a good ten or fourteen days, so there is a plethora of friendship all in a lump. I wish for all that, you were coming too, but I fear milady will never cross the Channel again, as she hates the sea so : and without her, you are not likely to come. . . . But I strenuously resist all "acquaintance," my idea of happiness in life, such as we can get, growing more distinct as I grow older, (and I am 64 on the 12th)

and more remote from noise and fuss. At the very door of St. Peter of the Keys, I shall stipulate that I will only go into Heaven on condition that I am never in a room with more than ten people.

Yes, John Symonds is very pleasant, but I wish he were stronger: he over works himself. When next you meet him, he will amuse you by telling you of an interview between him and Dr. Congreve, Comtist, etc. The Doctor is very queer on some points, and lectured J.A.S on writing so much. He is indeed furiously excitable on many points, and believes one should write on high {moral / social} subjects, or not at all. . . . His two sisters have been staying here two or three months, with my next door neighbour Walter Congreve, and I regret to say they go to-morrow. Two more delightfully pleasant, well-informed, and accomplished ladies I have never met. . . .

Concerning the present Government, it seems to me that the "Empress business" is far worse than folly [1]: and I sometimes think that the Right Hon. Gentleman and Novelist—Charlatan at the head of H M's Government is about the worst R. Republican going. Anyhow, numbers of Republicans bless him for this last effort. But please tell me, (what I cannot understand was not put forth in your House by our side,) if as Lord Cairns and the D[uke] of Richmond said, all this fuss about the title is only a party

[1] The proclamation of the Queen's new title of Empress of India, made on May 1st, had caused dissatisfaction, as it did not convey the promised statement that the title of Empress should be localised in India alone.

movement,—why did Messrs. Henley and Newdigate vote against it, or refrain from voting for it? Surely they are Conservatives if any are alive. . . .

If you are in Bush's shop, ask him to show you a poem about "Lady Jingly Jones," it comes out in a new edition of "Nonsense Songs and Stories" later. . . .

Space left for something that has gone out of my head and which I can't recall. Oh! now I recollect. Don't be so long before you write again. It is five months since I wrote to you.

Yes, Lady Derby,[1] is gone. I shall never imitate her more. In later days than those you speak of, I came to know she had very many better qualities than appeared outside, and was very wrongly judged by various folk in Knowsley days. Had her son been Minister now I believe this Title mess would not have happened. My old Corfû friend Sir James Reid—Co-Chief Justice with F. Lushington in Corfû—has also died suddenly, to my sorrow, lately: he was sixty-nine.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY,
BATH.
August 26. 1876.

. . . The transformation of Dizzy into Earl of Beaconsfield is an amusing event. What a career

[1] Lady Derby, wife of the 14th Earl, daughter of the first Lord Skelmersdale.

Vivian Grey has had! He told My Lady one Sunday at Strawberry that the strain of the House of Commons was too much for him, and that he hated it as much as he once enjoyed it. But I hear he was very low when it came to the point. His loss in the Commons must weaken his party—but there are no signs of political change yet.

"The Bulgarian atrocities"[1] are sickening—but there is no use in speculating about those countries.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

DUDBROOK.
Dec. 22. 1876

. . . I caught sight one day at Bush's of a pile of smart red and green books, and behold it was a new Nonsense Book. I carried off a copy at once, and much enjoyed it, and many copies have found their way here since—for the Xmas tree etc: I was glad to meet again in full dress my old friend the Akond of Swat, whom I had learnt to know in the undress of MS. I was amused at the sort of controversy that sprang up in the press as to whether children of all ages did or ought to enjoy the Lyrics,—the result of which was decidedly favourable.

[1] Mr. Baring, Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, who was sent to Bulgaria to investigate the seriousness of the massacres, placed the number of victims at not less than twelve thousand.

CHAPTER VI

March, 1877, to October, 1878.

SAN REMO AND ENGLAND.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

HOTEL DE LONDRES,
SANREMO.
15 *March* 1877.

I AM in such great sorrow and distress that I am obliged to turn to real friends in the hope of their sending me ever so little a line by post, so that I may feel myself less alone than I am. . . .

My dear good servant and friend George Kokali, who during nearly twenty-two years has attended me and served me and nursed me in illness with a faithfulness which better masters than I have had few chances of obtaining,—has been growing weaker and weaker for months past. Ever since his dreadful dysentery in Ceylon he has been weaker, but the deaths of his wife, mother and brothers all at once on his return seemed to paralyze and change him, and although his second son has come to him here for a year and a half—yet he has gradually failed, and two weeks ago he told me that he could work no more, but would like to go to Corfû to see his

other two children. I had no doubt as to my duty. We are not here to receive good service for years, and then, on its ceasing, to turn round, and say we are quits and can do no more for those who have never given us anything but faithful help. So at once I set off with him to Corfû, my task greatly lightened by Vice-Consul Congreve's son Hubert who went with me.

The journey from Ancona to Brindisi was terrible —one long snowstorm, such as has never been known so far south. At Brindisi, two feet of snow! and no ship could leave the harbour. I was therefore compelled, after bringing poor George to within twelve hours of his home, to leave him there, and I came back through Naples and Rome, reaching Sanremo on the 13th.

Naturally, servants can't be got on a sudden, and still more naturally I am the last man to take to educating new servants at æt. 65. So for the present darkness I have taken a room at the Londres close by, and come over to work here. Lord Aberdare has kindly advanced £100 on his picture, so I am in the money sense afloat. And a cousin of Lady Clermont, Lord Clancarty, has lately bought two drawings, whereby tin is not wanted, though poor George's advanced wages—(for how can I allow him to be without money in Corfû?) and all this journey are a pull on the foolish purse.

Meanwhile I have telegraphed, but can get no answer, and I do not know if George has crossed, or is lying ill at Brindisi. I shall probably, if he gets worse, go again south to Corfû; for to do all one can for whoever has done much for us is a consolation.

MOUNT SORACTE, CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

"Or the maid-mother by a crucifix."—("The Palace of Art.")

(*From "Poems by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, illustrated by Edward Lear," by kind permission of Lord Tennyson.*)

I must stop. Only adding that Earl Grey's speech in the Lords [1] has given me the utmost pleasure just now. Will nobody "move" for papers concerning Russian "atrocities" in Poland and elsewhere?

A friend writes, staying in a house when the late Premier was a guest—"Gladstone in most respects is a pleasant old gentleman enough: but on the subject of Turkey he flares up to a white heat, and one's impression is, *either* that he is more or less insane or about to be so,—or that he does all this screaming as a bidding for power." I prefer the former view,—honest but enthusiastic semi-madness!!

P.S. On leaving George at Brindisi, he said these words—ever ringing in my ears. "My Master, so good to me and mine for so many years, I must tell you this—I shall never, never see you more. I know that Death is near—and ever nearer."

HOTEL DE LONDRES. SANREMO.
18. *March* 1877.

Though I wrote to you so lately as the 15th—(I addressed the letter to Strawberry Hill,) I must send a few lines to say that last night I got your sad letter written on the same day;—strange—yet some comfort—that both of us were employed at the same time in communication of sympathy.

[1] Lord Grey admitted that the Turkish Government was bad, but he contended a change of Government would not improve it. He was in favour of the principle of non-intervention, and consequently opposed the institution of the proposed International Commission, or the giving of local autonomy to the revolted provinces.

The sudden death of Ward Braham,[1] (which I had not seen any notice of,) must indeed be of great affliction to you and My Lady. I am extremely sorry for you both, but most so for her, for Ward Braham's wonderful spirits and merriment cannot be replaced: yet the memory of her continual kindness to him must I hope soothe and comfort her not a little in her distress. It was most sad that you were neither of you with him at the last, and it seems an additional sorrow that by care the calamity might have been avoided altogether. But, as you say—there is no help for it but to learn submission, and go on hoping that some other day may bring together again those who are scattered now. But it will be long before Lady Waldegrave's kind heart will cease to feel keenly the wound this loss has made; her knowledge of your complete sympathy with her grief and your ability to console her, being the best safeguards for her return to calm.

But what a world it is! Yet—being what it is—I begin to see more and more clearly that to kick and repine is only to add to one's misery. The prompt and earnest recognition of all this "forza maggiore" being right and for our good in the end, must surely be our wisest move.

Cannes has been cold—*al solito*. Here, on my return, I find my garden one blaze of flowers, and the worst winter being a sharpish wind now and then, which howbeit, never prevents any but very

[1] Lady Waldegrave's youngest and favourite brother. He died in a few days from congestion of the lungs. He was improving but had a relapse.

far gone invalids from going out. . . . You will be glad to know that yesterday brought me letters from Giorgio's Sons: G. and Lambi got to Corfù on the 6th and for the present poor G. is not worse.

14 *April* 1877

I am still living on from day to day—partly at the West End Hotel (it is the house Lady Kay Shuttleworth built, and looks into my garden,) where I breakfast, dine and sleep,—partly at my own Villa, which I go up to and open every morning and where I lunch on cold meat (with my cat), and work pretty hard all day—except on Weddlesdays, when I have people to see my Vorx of hart—and when happily some drawings are now and then sold. Lord Windsor bought two last Wednesday, but the season is now pretty well at an end—though on that day 42 people came to my rooms. I am at work on 12 drawings for Northbrook and 3 for Canon Duckworth, and I hope to finish all these in 10 days' time: I wish you could see them. After that I finish one of Lord N.'s 2 large oil pictures and Lord Aberdare's: and then Louisa Lady Ashburton's big Kinchinjunga views, putting the last finishing to a "Mount Tomohrit" and a "Crag that fronts the evening" which she has likewise bought. My coming, or not coming to England will depend on when I complete these works. If I come, it will probably be in July, to stay with F. Lushington, and not take a lodging. I try to look forward to hard work as the only mode of living in comfort, and a vast semi-composition of Enoch Arden—together with an equally large Himalayan subject,

are the dreams of the future—not altogether dreams though—since the designs are already made.

8 Duchess St.
Portland Place.
28 *May*. 1877.

I am here: but the upset of my Sanremo house—the deaths of my brother,[1] and of Digby Wyatt, and a heap of other bothers have made me "far from a pleasant" companion.

At present I am (and shall be for ten days) arranging a gallery here, for drawings, and for Lady Ashburton's and Lord Northbrook's works which I want to exhibit for the better chance of getting some new commissions. Tickets shall be sent as soon as ready.

My brain is in so bewildered a condition from the contrast of this infernal place with the quiet of my dear Sanremo that I have nearly lost all ideas about my own identity, and if anybody should ask me suddenly if I am Lady Jane Grey, the Apostle Paul, Julius Cæsar or Theodore Hook, I should say yes to every question. . . .

Since I began this I have seen the death of David Urquhart[2] in the paper—had I known of it before I should have written less nonsense.

8 Duchess St.
Portland Place
Weddlesday Borning.
25 *July*, 1877.

Many thanx to My Lady and you for remember-

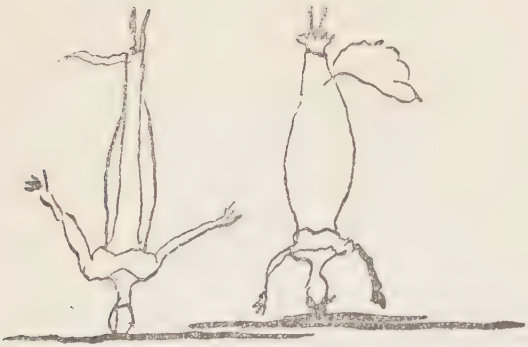
[1] One of the two in America.

[2] Married to Fortescue's youngest sister (see p. 138, vol i.).

ing of this child. But on Saturday and Sunday I am booked (an old engagement and of my own fixing,) to James Hornby[1] of Eton. So I propoge coming to you on *Bunday* the 30th and also staying *Toosdy* night if that is agreeable. . . .

I wish My Lady could have seen these two large pictures, of which my friend and admirer Sir Spencer Robinson[2] says "there are no such pictures in England." (!)

Both "Northbrook" and "Aberdare" are greatly



pleased with their paintings, but several bad accidents have happened by people injuring their brains from standing on their heads in an extasy of delight, before these works of art.

What however is pleasant is this—that at no previous period of female English costume could ladies

[1] Rev. James John Hornby, D.D., D.C.L., third son of Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby, K.C.B.; Head Master of Eton from 1868–1884; Provost of Eton since 1884; died in 1891.

[2] Admiral Sir Robert Spencer Robinson, K.C.B., Controller of the Navy, married Clementina, daughter of Admiral Sir John Louis, 2nd Bart. He was the son of John Friend Robinson, prebendary of Kildare.

have so given way to their impulses of admiration without affronting the decencies and delicacies—whereas now they can postulate theirselves upside down with impunity, and no fear of petticoatical derangement.

Earl Somers[1] was here yesterday very unwell, it seemed to me. Also Marchioness Tavistock[2] which was lovely to behold.

Then follows the last letter I can find ever written by Lear to Lady Waldegrave:—

31. *July*, 1877.

I shall trouble you with this gnoat because the chances are that I shall not see you again before I go out of England, . . . I have to remain with my

nose at the Grindstone to finish one of the two large Northbrook pictures, so as to take it down to Stratton with as little delay as possible.

[1] The third and last Earl, husband of the beautiful Virginia Pattle, daughter of James Pattle, H.E.I.C.S.

[2] Lady Adeline Somers-Cocks, daughter of the 3rd Earl Somers, married the Marquis of Tavistock in 1876, afterwards the 10th Duke of Bedford.

After witch, and another visit to my sister, I shall go south like the swollers.

So I wish you goodbye, with many good wishes for a pleasant Autumn, and many thanks for much kindness. Both you and Chichester have always been very kind to me.

But, unless you both come to Italy, I fear it will be a long time before I see you again, if at all.

To Lord Carlingford.

8, Duchess Street,
Portland Place.
16. *August*, 1877.

I send this, just to ask you if you are likely to be in town again—and if so—about when, so that I may perhaps have a chance of seeing you before I go.

I staid five days at Stratton,[1] with great satisfaction to myself, if not to others. Only the Arthur Ellis's were there, besides casual neighbourisms etc., and quiet perpetual prevailed, greatly to my pleasure. Northbrook has now made his house wonderfully beautiful by his excellent arrangement of his Uncle's pictures, and the last addition was a large Indian landscape by Lear, four more of whose pusillanimous pigchurs adawn other pawtions of the house. I was extremely pleased at Lord N[orthbrook] being so gratified with the "Plains of Bengal," for I had taken a great deal of pains with the painting, and small blame to me, seeing how kind he has always been. I could not have supposed that any man could be

[1] Stratton, near Micheldever, in Hants, Lord Northbrook's country seat.

so completely the same as N[orthbrook] is after such a varied life as he has led. And this holds good also regarding Lady Emma,[1] who is exactly the same sweet dispositioned, simple unaffected lively girl now that she was when she was eight years old, only that she now has the judgment and tact of a woman of forty at the same time with her old childish simplicity—not to speak of her additionally playing well on the Organ, driving famously, and being the blessing of all the village of Stratton as to care of its inhabitants. I was frightfully sorry to come away, and have been in doubt since whether it isn't better (as Mrs. Leake used to say,) to make life generally odious and dreary, thereby preventing regrets at leaving it.

The Northbrookians came up with me yesterday, and are gone to Lord Hardinge's, and afterwards (Saturday) to Tapley Court.

As for me I am become like a sparry in the pilderpips and a pemmican on the Housetops, for only Lady Robinson and the Alfred Seymours are left in town.

8 Duchess St. Portland Place.
22 August 1877.

Many thanks for the 11lb cheque just received, leastways last night, when I came back from Admiral W. Hornby's, where we had endless talk of old Knowsley days that are no more—not to speak of salmon grouse and champagne. . . .

I lunched with Lady Grey yesterday, she is eighty-eight, but scarcely altered except in being lame, . . .

I was disgusted at having to dun you, but there

[1] Lady Emma Baring, Lord Northbrook's only daughter.

were eight others similarly to be extracted from, and the nine altogether left me in dismal tinlessnesses. . . .

P.S. Of Carlingford all nature knows—
He paid his debts—he blew his nose.

On the 13th of September, just after his return to San Remo, Lear set off again to Corfû to see his old servant George Kokali.

Villa Emily. Sanremo.
7. *October*, 1877.

While at Corfû, I fell in with an old (Maltese) servant of James Edwards (Colonel Bevan Edwards R.E.) who had travelled with his master, me, and George, in 1857. And when I came back here, finding myself disappointed about getting a servant of Mr. George Howard's, I telegraphed for this same Filippo Bohaja, who not being in service now, but willing to come to an old friend of his former master, came here on September 30th : and by October 4th, I, (who have been living at an Hotel since George left me in last February) have once more got into my own deserted villa, where, though things are not as they were in poor George's time, I am thankful to say I am very tolerably comfortable. For Filippo is a very decent and active man and a good cook ; the worst is however that he is not likely to remain, all Maltese being given to homesickness!

Villa Emily. San Remo.
28 *October*, 1878.

Thank you for your congratulations about George's return. It is really almost unreal, his recovery, the

continued recurrence of Dysentry and Liver illness having kept him for fourteen months mostly in bed, and often apparently about to die. But some new system of medicine (*Iron* I think?) was applied, and he rallied; and his doctor wrote to me that a sea voyage and completely new air *might* possibly restore him. So in June, I sent for him to come by sea to Genoa: and he got there, a mere skeleton and unable to walk. But I thought I would run the risk, and took him straight up to Monte Generoso, where he grew better in a fabulous way, and in six weeks was able to sleep, eat, and walk as he had not done for three years. Before we left in September, he walked about Como, carrying my folios etc, as he used to do twenty-four years ago. And now he is here and just the same orderly good active man as ever; and everyone says he looks ten years younger, as he really seems to be. I sent him back to Corfû lately to fetch his second son, who is with me now as under servant; for should any relapse of his father's health occur, it seemed better to me and to Lushington (in whose service three of George's brothers were formerly), that I should be able, as I grow older, to fall back on a service and servant I could really trust. So you see we are just now as before the fathers fell asleep, George, Lambi, myself, and the excellent Foss now eight years old.

"Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder," so I can't well desire that you should come here, for I am sure Milady never will, and you wouldn't be happy without her; so I must go on for the few remaining years of life, writing, and not speaking to you,

inasmuch as I do not at all think I shall come to England again. Some people are older at sixty-seven than others and I am one of those, though I am very thankful to say I am generally in good health; and the interest I have in my very beautiful terrace garden is always a delight. I have also now a large Library, and can lend a hundred or more volumes to invalids during the season. My hair likewise is falling off, and I rejoice to think that the misery of hair cutting will soon cease. Moreover I have lovely broad beans in April and May, and the Lushingtons come and stay with me, so that altogether I should be rather surprised if I am happier in Paradise than I am now. . . .

Last winter was a bad one for my Water Colour Gallery, only one £7 drawing having been sold, and had it not been for Jones Lloyd and poor Richard Bright who bought some small oil paintings I should have come to grief. (Bye the bye, the Gent who bought the Seven Pound drawing was an "Analytical Chemist" whatever that may be: and there is a Lady here who deranges epitaphs as famously as Mrs. Malaprop. "I hear," quoth she "that the person who has taken the villa next door is an epileptical chemist"—"Good heavens!" said her husband, "what stuff you talk!"—"Well" said Mrs.——"you needn't be so sharp if one makes a mistake—of course you know I meant an Elliptical Chemist!")[1] . . .

[1] Lear was fond of quoting this lady. In another letter he says: "Mrs. Malaprop here is reported to have said lately—'Disintegration cannot be called a virtue, yet it is useful sometimes when sheer supposition would be useless.'" For "disintegration" read "dissimulation"—"for supposition"—"opposition."

Monte Generoso is quite the best place of the sort I have known, the walks delightful and the views wonderful.

You could see the flies walking up the Cathedral of Milan any afternoon. The thunder storms were a bore though. A queer little boy three or four years old at the Hotel had never heard thunder, and asked what that big drum was, "The noise is made by God Almighty"—said his mother. "My!" said the child —"I didn't know he played on the Drum! What a big one it must be to be heard all the way down here! . . ."

Did you see that Lady Lisgar[1] is married again? They put her first marriage at 1855 but it was 1835, and she must be at least sixty-three. Mrs. Culley Hanbury and Hon. Mrs. Freemantle came yesterday —they were Culley Eardleys in old days. (When they were children, I called at Sir C. E. with Lady Davy, and the three little Eardleys came in and said "Papa is coming directly; we have been in his study and have blessed privileges." What are those?" said Lady D[avy.] "Blessed Privileges" said the two girls again. "But *what?*—can *you* tell me, little man" (to the brother) "Yes" quoth he, "they are the tops of Papa's three eggs, and we three eat one apiece in his study.")

A huge Hotel is to be built just below my garden: if it is on the left side it will shut out all my sea view; a calamity as afflicts me.

[1] Adelaide Annabella (Baroness Lisgar), daughter of the Marchioness of Headfort by her first husband. After Lord Lisgar's death she married Sir Francis Fortescue Turville, K.C.M.G.

(The Ahkond of Swat would have left me all his pppropppprty, but he thought I was dead: so didn't. The mistake arose from someone officiously pointing out to him that King Lear died seven centuries ago, and that the poem referred to one of the Ahkond's predecessors.)

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

DUDBROOK.
BRENTWOOD.
Jan. 10. 1879.

. . . Here is a story better to tell than to write. Two Yankee ladies overheard at the Paris Exhibition, looking at two rather nude statues—one inscribed Io—the other Psyche. Says one to the other—"I can't bear No. 10 and they're both very indecent, but *Pish* is pretty—I like *Pish*."

CHAPTER VII

July, 1879, to July, 1882.

SAN REMO AND SWITZERLAND.

A SUCCESSION of troubles and misfortunes, treading closely on each other, made the next two years perhaps the darkest in the painter's life. So strongly is this reflected in the letters that we have thought it best to make the briefest summary of events and take up the thread of correspondence later on.

In the last chapter Lear refers to the building of a new hotel at the foot of his garden, which eventually blocked out his sea-view and spoilt the lighting of his studio. There is no doubt that he felt this very deeply and as a personal injury to himself, and the bitterness of spirit that it engendered affected his whole outlook on things. At length he came to the conclusion that the only remedy was to build another house,

and in the spring of 1880, his friends advancing the money, he bought a fresh piece of land at San Remo and started the building of the Villa Tennyson, in which he lived till his death. But it was never the same as the Villa Emily; he confessed that it was "too palatial-looking" to please him.

Constant and serious domestic worries added to his difficulties. He returned to San Remo in 1879 to find his servant Lambi Cocali, old George's second son, gone completely to the bad. There was nothing to be done but to pay his debts and to send him back to Corfû. However, within a year he had to be fetched back by George, and his eldest brother, who had fled from Corfû to avoid conscription, gradually drifted to San Remo to take up his position in the Lear household, where there was also a little brother Dimitri, about thirteen or fourteen years old. In the spring of 1881, Giuseppe the gardener, another trusted servant, died, and almost every month during this period was saddened by the loss of old friends innumerable.

But an infinitely greater loss had overtaken Lord Carlingford. . . .

On Saturday, July 5, 1879, London society

was horrified to hear of the death of one who was so widely known and so much beloved. Lady Waldegrave had entertained a large party at Strawberry Hill the previous week-end to meet H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden. The guests had noticed that their hostess was not quite herself, that her general spontaneous good spirits seemed forced and not as usual. After the departure of her guests during the early part of the following week, she had appeared tired and restless; but nothing in the shape of alarm of any kind was felt. But on the Thursday, in the small hours of the morning, Carlingford had awakened to find his wife in a terrible state of breathlessness and collapse beside him. The local practitioner was at once called in, and her London medical adviser telegraphed for. She became calmer, though still remaining very weak and prostrate. The London medical man advised her removal to town to be under his own special care. She drove up to 7, Carlton Gardens, with Carlingford, arriving there about six o'clock on the Friday evening. She was in such a weak state that she had to be carried from the carriage to the library, where a bed had been prepared for her to pass the night. Still the medical

man inferred there was no cause for alarm. When she was put to bed about nine o'clock at night, Carlingford was quite unaware of the great gravity of the situation. He remained with her, lying down on a sofa in the room. In the small hours of the morning she became very seriously worse, and at once Carlingford grew alarmed, and in his now terrible anxiety sent for Sir Andrew Clark. On his arrival he saw that the case was hopeless, finding she had very serious congestion of both lungs complicated by heart weakness. She rapidly grew worse, and sinking into a state of coma, died about nine o'clock on the Saturday morning.

Carlingford's despair was terrible, and added to his sorrow was stinging self-reproach that he had been blind to the advance of this fatal and sudden illness. If anything could have given him relief it was the universal appreciation of, and sorrow at the loss of the woman he loved so tenderly and devotedly.

Carlingford never really recovered from this blow, and indirectly it was the cause of the illness the results of a chill begun at San Remo, from the effects of which his nerves never thoroughly recovered.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

Gand Hotel Varese,
Varese
Milano.

9th July 1879.

I have just seen the London and Paris papers of Monday, and know—to my great sorrow—what has happened.

At present I only write to say that I am thinking of you and grieving for you.

God bless you.

Yours affectionately,
Edward Lear.

Monte Generoso,
Mendrisio,
Canton Ticino, Suisse.

July 20. 1879.

My dear Chichester Fortescue,—I have been waiting to write to you until some time should have passed, so that I could hear somewhat of you during the two weeks which have now gone by since the dreadful loss you have been called on to suffer. Northbrook most kindly wrote me a long letter on the 8th, Lord Somers and Alfred Seymour on the day after : and now Lady Clermont sends me a letter telling me of much I had only conjectured or wished, and besides these, I have had many extracts from various papers forwarded to me, and latterly I have read full accounts of the Funeral at Chewton. What gives me most pleasure is to know that you are likely

to remain at Chewton,[1] and that the Clermonts will be there also,—perhaps too Mrs. Urquhart.

My first feeling, after I had heard of your sorrow, was a difficulty in figuring to myself what you,—now so cut off from what has been your regular mode of life for sixteen years—would do : and I fancied that a complete change might be good for you,—travel etc. : but I have now come to think quite differently, and believe that, since you have succeeded to all Lady Waldegrave's estates,[2] you will be happier in following out the line of action you two have so long worked at in common, and in making all that was her interest your own, only with a single instead of double will ;—though who shall say this with certainty ? For that such a spirit and intellect as hers should cease to exist appears to me a most foolish notion (spite of Congrevism and M. Milnes) ; and if it exists still who dare say that it does not take as much or more part in what you think and do as when she was on earth and living ? So I have brought myself to feel that your increased responsibilities and interests will be your happiest onward lookout.

I do not suppose any human being who has suffered so great a loss as you have, can, notwithstanding its severity and extent, have had more to be thankful for in the shape of consolation as the immense amount of sympathy shewn you must have brought. For, as one paper well observed,—"no

[1] Chewton Priory, Lady Waldegrave's Somerset estate, and in the churchyard of the beautiful old church she lies buried with her brother Ward Braham, and since 1898 with Carlingford.

[2] For life.

person who has occupied so high a social position as Lady Waldegrave, ever had so many real friends and so few enemies,"—of which last indeed I cannot think she had any. Her universal kindness, and, as Northbrook writes, "her charity in the largest and most general sense of the word," are even more obvious now than her social and intellectual abilities, and it is quite certain that no one can in any degree fill her place.

To myself her loss is that of one of the most unvaryingly kind of friends, not only as helping me so much in my profession, but in many other ways, and for a long period of time;—see how many pictures and drawings she has had of me—and of her own choice —(for decision as to what she liked in art was not the least remarkable of her qualities)—and remember how constantly she welcomed me to her houses with unmixed friendliness, unaltered in the smallest degree by her enormous popularity! It is true that I may or should recollect that the fact of my being one of your friends might have had much to do with these matters, yet I am fully certain that this was not wholly so, and that I may think of her as a true friend to myself for my own sake.[1]

With the curious accuracy of memory I have always had, I can recall every minute particular of my stays at Nuneham, Strawberry, or Chewton, and it is only within the last ten days that I have begun actually to realise the details of days past as well as the present calamity. If I feel this, what and how much must you? —to whom life as suddenly as it were become a blank,

[1] Lady Waldegrave was devoted to Mr. Lear for his own sake, as well as Carlingford's.

and all life's double charm cut in twain? Let me, as well as all who love you and her memory, hope and believe that every month and year will brighten your path by little and little, and that you will come to feel that even in sorrow there are sources of joy.

I should like at some future time to know how much, if at all, you were prepared for this afflicting blow; for in one paper I read, "Lady Waldegrave had been for some time in ill health," but I do not gather thus much from other notices. I should also like to know how poor Charles Braham and Constance Braham are: likewise Lady Strachey. (I saw by one paper that two brothers I never heard of were at the Funeral, "Augustus Braham," and "Major Braham."[1] Possibly a mistake for Charles.)

I have come up here for a time with my old Suliot servant, who had a bad accident—a fall—lately; partly for his health which is mending in this wonderful air, and partly to relieve my own eyes by the greens and blues of distance over Lombard plains, instead of the frightful glare from the dreadful building across and before my unfortunate villa. . . . Sufficient unto the day is the weevil thereof,—and I am obliged always to put a curb on the descriptions of my miserable bothers, which after all I must learn to weigh against the many friends and blessings which, up to 67½æt, I have had and known. . . .

Up here we have had Lord and Lady Aberdeen, pleasant folk, and she singularly nice: but they went yesterday. More to my gain were Dean Church of

[1] Augustus Braham was Major Braham, an elder brother to Charles and Ward, her two youngest and favourite brothers.

St. Paul's,[1] (Charles M. C's[2] brother) with various Moberlys and Coleridges,—all a "superior" lot. And the Dean giving me two commissions for 30 guinea drawings of "Argos" and of this place, did not make his stay less agreeable. We have now only (of English) our San Remo Chaplain Fenton and his daughter: he a very good man—but narrow, and a contrast to Richard Church as to religious views. So the Aberdeen Haddo memories seem to have been, (for Lady A. gave me a memorandum of Lord H. the 5th Earl), *vide* the Haddo convictions that "a pursuit of art cannot be reconciled with the religion of Christ"!! —!

Now, my dear Chichester, goodbye—and God bless you. . . .

Yours affectionately,
EDWARD LEAR.

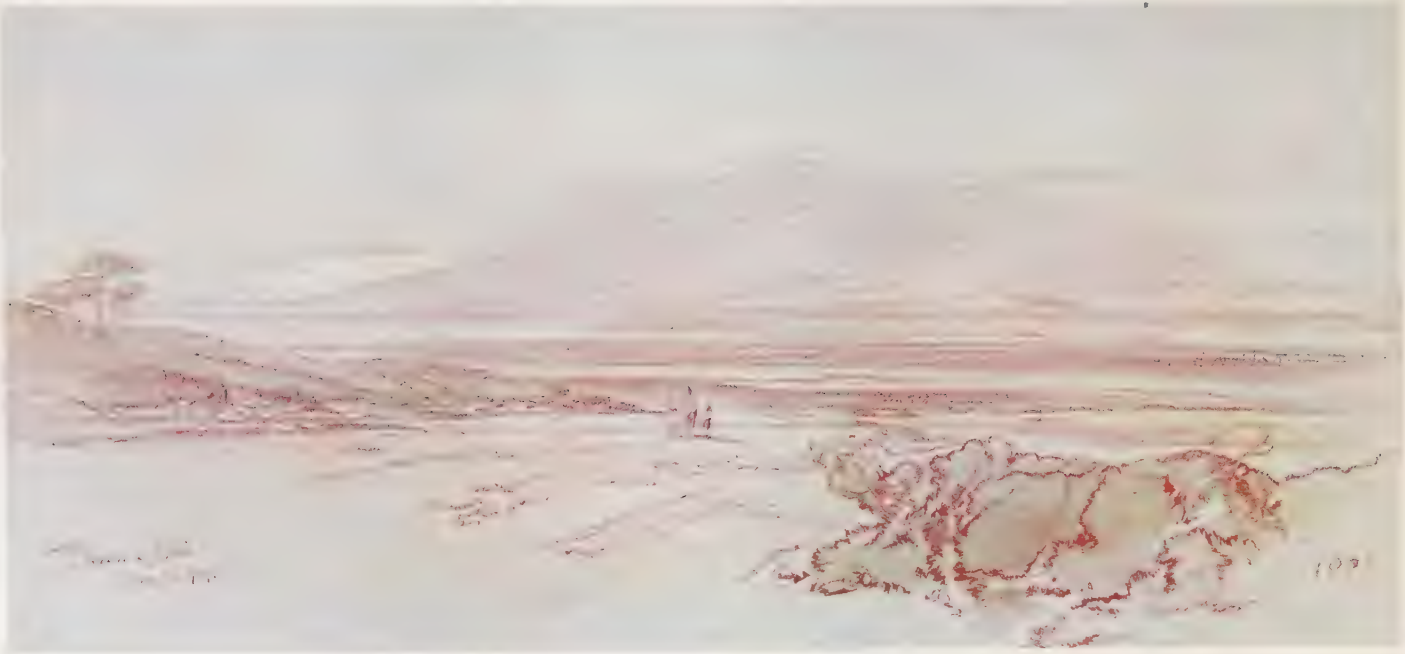
Lord Carlingford to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY,
BATH.
July 25. 1879.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND LEAR,—I am very glad to have your affectionate letters—and with your genuine practical considerate friendship you take great trouble to arrange for meeting me, so as to give me the consolation of your company. There is indeed no one I could better be with than yourself, but as I have tele-

[1] Richard William Church, Dean of St. Paul's from 1871, wrote several volumes of sermons and various Essays and Biographies.

[2] Charles M. Church, one of Lear's ten original friends, Principal of Wells Theological College, 1866–1880. Residentiary Canon since 1879. Author of several works connected with Wells. Has kindly lent two drawings for this book.



graphed, it is impossible. I must stay where I am—for how long I know not—for everything is dark to me. I have business that ought to be done; I am crushed to the earth, and have no energy to travel—and above all, I will not run away from my awful misery and suffering. I am quite alone, having sent Constance to Lady Strachey—and although this house with all its memories of love and life and happiness is dreadful, it is best for me now to bear my loss in this way. I see the Stracheys from time to time and Philpott.[1] Perhaps I may let my sister Harriet Urquhart come next month. This day three weeks ago she was alive, and I had no suspicion of danger until 10 at night, after I had brought her up to Carlton Gardens from Strawberry Hill by her doctor's orders—by 10 the next morning she was gone—she died in my arms without a sigh. I do not understand it yet—there was congestion of the lungs, but the heart failed. Since 1851 I have been absolutely devoted to her body and soul. Since 1863 we have been devoted to one another. I will write more another time.

Yours gratefully and affectionately,

CARLINGFORD.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY.
Aug. 21. 1879.

A line, my dear Lear, to thank you for your letter. Yes, I have done best in staying here, although I suffer terribly. I will not withdraw my

[1] The Vicar of Chewton Mendip Church. A remarkable and very able man. A nephew of Bishop Philpott of Worcester.

word "practical," my dear old friend, as applied to your friendship, which is ready to show itself in acts and in taking trouble. I knew of your very great misfortune at San Remo, but not the full extent of it—not how utterly the hotel had spoilt your house and garden. I hope you are better than when you wrote, and the eye mending. Don't go to New Zealand without full consideration. If I am alive in January and you are at San Remo, or to be got at elsewhere, perhaps I may see you. The Clermonts [1] came here yesterday—very kind and affectionate—but the contrasts are heartbreaking.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

Monte Generoso,
Mendrisio, Canton Ticino,
Suisse.
Sept. 9, 1879.

I have got several good drawings of various spots,—old George Cocali carrying a huge portfolio as in early days, and sitting quite still for 2 or 3 hours at a time with the aid of a cigar. (George is greatly interested by the "Life of Jesus Christ,"—as set forth in the very curious groupes at the 14 chapels:—but he is exercised fiercely about the possible baptism of the Madonna, and asks me if her son baptized her, or if John the Baptist did? or if it were necessary to baptize her at all?"—To which I answer gravely, "*Εἰς ταύτην τὴν κατάστασιν ἡ ἀμφιβολία εἶναι καλήτερα παρὰ τὴν βεβαιότητα,—διότι εἰς μέσα τῆς Εὐαγγελίας δὲν εὑρίσκεται τίποτε καθαρὸν.*" [2]

[1] See p. 93.

[2] "In this our mortal state doubt is better than certainty,—because in the Gospels one finds nothing which is perfectly clear."

Poor old George has got into wonderful health once mor ,—along of the Monte Generoso air and fo ',—but he is greatly aged and is no longer "con era"[1]—any more than his master. . . .

The festa of the Madonna at this place was also a wonder in its way some 3 *hundred thousand* people from all parts of North Italy came up the hill, and for all this vast crowd there was needed no soldier or police whatever!! I should be glad to know what "Protestant" collection of such numbers can say as much? . . .

I shall be very glad to know how you are one day. I suppose the constant failure of the unique quickness of intelligence which she had,—must be one of the greatest trials (as contrasts), you have to suffer. Apart from the affection of one, (so suddenly divided from his other half as it were,) thus cruelly ended in this world,—the terrible ceasing of your intellectual comfort and sympathy with her must indeed be hard to bear.

Of your coming south there will be time to write.

God bless you, my dear 4oscue.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY.
BATH.
Oct. 6. 1879.

. . . I expect my R. C. sister Harriet Urquhart[2] and her two girls today for a few days, before she returns to Montreux. She is an admirable character, with unbounded powers of venerance and devotion,

[1] As he was.

[2] See p. 204.

and no sense of probability or criticism. But "sacred be the flesh and blood, to which she links a truth divine."

That reminds me of In Memoriam. I always was fond of it—but during these dreadful three months it has been constantly in my hands. I have found it soothing and strengthening both by its varied experience and expression of sorrow and loss, and by the deep inward trust in God and a future life which is worked out. I am grateful to its author, and I wish you would take an opportunity of telling him so. But, my dear Lear, my loss is terrible to bear—what you say of what I must feel the want of is very true, but only a part of the truth. Her delightfulness as a companion was only exceeded by her wonderful touching unselfish love.

Lear to Carlingford.

19. *October* 1879.

The loneliness of this place now is frightful to me: there is no possibility of intellectual converse with Riviera people—who only think of money, money, money. I don't believe there are six of the town people who wouldn't believe me if I told them that Calcutta was inside Madras, and both of the cities in Bombay, with Australia, Japan and Jamaica all distinctly seen from the shore.

Lear to Carlingford.

21 *December* 1879.

My dear Fortescue,—I was very glad to get yours of the 15th, and to hear of your plans. I can well understand how leaving those homes—particularly Chewton—troubles you, but nevertheless I believe

CERIANA, ITALY.

(From a sepia drawing.)

(By kind permission of Hubert Congreve, Esq.)

the move to Cannes will be the very best thing for you under all circumstances. When you get there, write to me. I do not think I can come to meet you there, but I will come to Mentone (*Hotel du Parc*) and we would drive back here. . . .

However as you have more trouble than I, I will try to be a good boy and as cheerful as possible. We will go and see Ceriana—Taggia and what not.

In January Lord Carlingford left England for Cannes, for the marriage of the present editress, Lady Waldegrave's niece and adopted daughter, to Sir Edward Strachey's eldest son. He then passed on to a long-promised visit to Lear at San Remo, taking rooms at the Hotel Londres quite near to the Villa Emily. He saw much of Lear and took walks with him, and the two lonely men were mutually benefited by this sojourn together. But Carlingford found the horrible bugbear of the Hotel was really preying on his friend's mind, and welcomed the building of the new Villa Tennyson. He was called away from San Remo to Montreux by the sudden illness of his sister, Mrs. Urquhart.

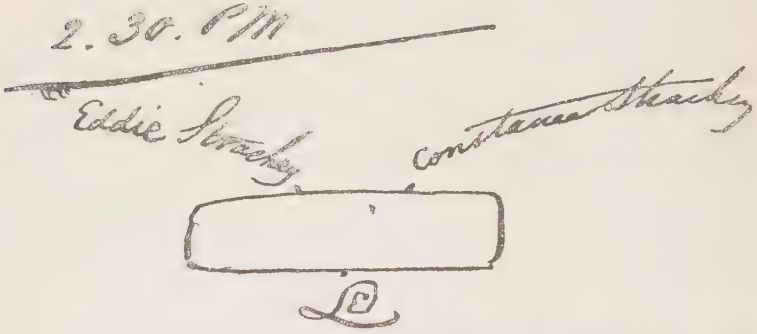
Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA EMILY. SAN REMO.

30th March, 1880.

Your letter from Veytaud, which came yesterday morning, was a relief, as I had fully expected from

the manner in which Mrs. Urquhart's doctor wrote to have worse instead of better news. I sent your letter to Constance. She and Eddie are coming to lunch with me today, which is very amiable of them. We are to have a Pilaff, a roast fowl and some squints with pears. I regret to state that they never got any marmalade, for the porter of the Londres to whom was committed the potly perquisite, declared that the pot fell down and was broken and the contents lost: a catastrophy which may or may not have occurred. I am also sorry to tell you that there is no longer any hope of my being able to forward to England that old gentlemen who watched over my pease and Beans,—for 2 nights ago the wind blew him down, and his head and one leg came off, so that he is not in a condition to travel. . . .



These young people have made themselves very agreeable, and George had made a good luncheon. Constance has read me part of your letter, which gives a better account of poor Mrs. Urquhart. . . .

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

April Phiffth 1880.

. . . I have been very glad to know that Mrs.

Urquhart has improved in health. . . . I am always so glad that Sanremo was such a suitable place for you, and I miss you "quite too awfully"—as Baring says is the proper term for anything superlative. . . . As for the pot of marmalade, Giorgio jumped to the same conclusion as yourself—viz.—that if the marmalade did not lie on the ground, the Porter did. . . .

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Hotel des Alpes,
Montreux,
April 19, 1880.

One line to tell you what will surprise you, though not more than it does *me*,—namely that I start for England today, and expect to be in London tomorrow evening. I had not reminded anyone in the political world of my existence and really expected and hoped to be let alone, but a letter came two days ago from Lord Granville hoping that I should return to public life, and virtually calling on me to do so; he also mentioned Hartington's wishes. This letter gave me four and twenty hours of the most painful perplexity and struggle of mind that I have ever gone through, but I ended by answering that if an office were offered to me in which I could be useful, I would not refuse to work, and having taken this step, I feel it would be foolish not to return to England at once. I *dread* the prospect of this plunge more than I can tell you, but I fear still more to refuse an opportunity of work which comes so utterly unsought,—I think I should not be satisfied with myself. But the sense of having to decide and undertake all this alone is very terrible to

me. Possibly nothing may be offered that I would take—we shall see. This for the present must not go beyond yourself. I look forward to seeing you in London.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

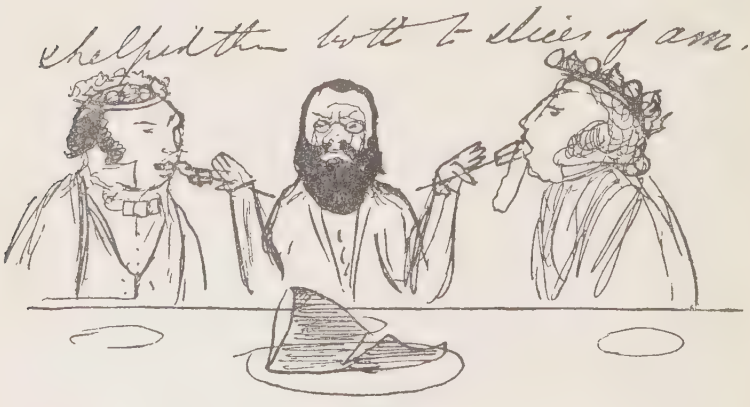
VILLA EMILY,
21st April 1880.

MY DEAR 40SCUE,—I had already written an envellope to Hotel des Alpes, and was sitting down to write to you, very uneasy at not hearing from you, and thinking Mrs. Urquhart might be worse, when your note of the 19th, came.

My delight is not to be expressed.—I am only too glad there is no chance of my seeing Lord Granville or Lord Hartington at present,—for though I know neither personally I should certainly embrace them both with effusion. . . .

I trust to be in London by the 27th. When you can write, send a line to

care of Franklin Lushington, Esq.,
33 Norfolk Square, W.



33. Norfolk Square W.
June 7th 1880.

Here's a shindy! Bush[1] is become a Bankrupp! and as F. Lushington ain't home I don't know what to do —a big paper is sent to me as a Creditor—shall I have to go to prison?

Yesterday at Lady Ashburton's[2] I saw my "Crag that fronts the even"—let into the wall in a vast black frame all the room being gilt leather! Never saw anything so fine of my own doing before—and walked ever afterwards with a nelevated and superb deportment and a sweet smile on everybody I met.

33. Norfolk Square W.
June 11th 1880.

Last Saturday and Sunday I was at Bimbledon if not Wimbledon; with Gussie Parker and her poor husband. She certainly is an admirable creature, and now I know all the circumstances of old Lord Westbury's marriage, and of her own, I admire her more than ever.[3]

A good many of my drawings and paintings are sold, but not enough to balance my dislike of London,—the expense of coming—framing etc., etc., and my horror of the dark and filthy climate.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Christmas Day,
1880.

I was glad to get your word of good wishes yesterday, which I return with all my heart. But anything approaching to joy or hope in this world at all events, is for me altogether impossible. . . .

[1] His publisher. [2] At Kent House, Knightsbridge.
[3] Lord Westbury died 1873.

I have been reading about you lately in an old diary of '57, when you stayed with me at Red House,[1] and painted there two Corfus and an Athos, and just afterwards I was with you more than once at Strawberry, and you sang one night in the gallery, lighted by a single candle, those to me now dreadful words "Oh that 'twere possible, After long grief and pain"—and you told me what a wonderfully delightful creature you thought *her*.

Lear to Carlingford.

VILLA EMILY. SANREMO.
23 Feby 1881.

George—for whom you kindly enquire, is, I am thankful to say, better in health than he has been for 3 or 4 years—but just now in sad distress as you will hear presently. Little Dimitri his boy is as good as he can be, but also very sad. . . .

But alas! for good Giuseppe, my gardener for 5 years,—after whom you also kindly enquire; he died yesterday and was buried to-day. The loss to us is not to be told, for not only was he thoroughly honest, active, and punctual, industrious and intelligent,—but he was also constantly cheerful and obliging, and poor little Dimitri's only companion. Old George, who is a man by no means given to complimentary phrases—says—"Se mai un'uomo era quasi quasi lo stesso come un angelo, era lui."[2] And he says often, "in all these

[1] Red House, Ardee, the residence of Mrs. Ruxton, Lord Carlingford's aunt, and left to him at her death (see remarkable account of her by Lear, vol. i., p. 53).

[2] "If ever a man was very nearly the same as an angel, it was he."

GIUSEPPE, THE BANDY-LEGGED GARDENER, IN 1881.

EDWARD LEAR IN 1881.

GIORGIO COCALI IN 1881.

five years Giuseppe has never once had to be blamed for anything either of omission or commission." All the town say he was the steadiest and best of all the youth, and even now it seems a dream that we can see him again no more here. For up till last Saturday evening he was at work as usual, although he had a cold,—brought on by his unhappily having kept working in the rain with bare feet. On Sunday this settled into Rheumatism, and on Monday Dr. Angelo told me he could hardly have a chance of life, as Tetanus was commencing. And early on Tuesday the poor good lad died.

This morning, after the funeral, I gave 100 francs to his mother to pay all expenses of burial and Doctors, and I try for some consolation in losing so good a servant, by thinking I have always treated him well. Indeed I know that he has been heard to say, "Mio padrone e un Signore che sarebbe un piacere di servire senza paga."[1] I am going to try another gardener—recommended by Pia Gullino, but we shall long miss merry little Giuseppe even if his successor be good. (he was only 21).

Villa Emily. San Remo.
4th March 1881.

Happily his place is already filled up and I hope satisfactorily,—by a friend of the lad who is gone, and who was with him at Pia Gullino's (the Florists) for 2 years. Pia Gullino recommends this Youth (Erasmo Parodi), as being full of good qualities, and old George says—having well observed

[1] "My master is a gentleman whom it would be a pleasure to work for without being paid for it."

him—"Sara buono, siccome ha una faccia sincera, e perche lavora sempre e parla poco."[1] I send you a Photograph of poor Giuseppe which I think you may care to see if not to keep.

Summer found the painter for the last time in England, amidst the bustle that he detested, paying his usual round of visits to the Northbrooks, Tennysons, Lushingtons, Husey Hunts, to Gussie Parker (Bethell) and her paralysed husband, and a host of others. London he found more hateful than ever, he was "horribly exasperated by the quantity of respirators or refrigerators or percolators or perambulators or whatever those vehicles are called that bump your legs with babies heads. There are also distressing Bycicles and altogether the noise and confusion so bewilder me that I have little knowledge of my personal identity." The bankruptcy of the publisher, in whose hands were the Corsica and Nonsense books, did not improve matters, and he returned to the Riviera in no cheerful frame of mind.

Of his new villa the faithful George writes "The new House he go on like one Tortoise."

[1] "He will be good, as he has an honest face, and because he always works and does not talk much."

San Remo and Switzerland

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

BOURNEMOUTH.
April 10. 81.

One line to tell you myself the event which you will have seen reported in the papers, that W.E.G. has offered me the Cabinet place vacated by the Duke of Argyll's resignation of the Privy Seal.

The sudden and unexpected coming of this invitation upset me more than I can tell you—and it is indeed a painful effort to force myself back into the world without my only, my perfect companion of the inmost heart, but employment is good for me, and I felt that I had no right to refuse. I have a most friendly welcome from Northbrook already. It is pleasant to think that we shall be colleagues. I saw the Governor of the Bank of England (you know who that is—H.G.)[1] yesterday—and never saw a man so delighted as he was at my return to office.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA EMILY. SANREMO.
12 *April.* 1881.

I am so immensely delighted this morning to see by the paper that you have become Privy Seal instead of the Duke of Argyll.[2] I had the envellope of this written to answer your last of March 21st., but

[1] Henry Riversdale Grenfell, elected Governor of the Bank of England in April, 1881. He had been M.P. for Stoke-upon-Trent. Carlingford's greatest friend, dating back long before his marriage.

[2] Lord Carlingford succeeded the Duke of Argyll as Lord Privy Seal in April, 1881.

now I am in such a runcible state of mind by this news, that I must postpone writing a regular reply for a bit.

Besides the pleasure I have in knowing you will be in constant *various* interesting employ, and in continual contact with old friends, I am so delighted that you have so much higher a post than the Agricultural "Imposition."

Though indeed I am very imperfectly acquainted with what you have to do as Lord Privy Seal. One thing is however certain, and reflects honour on my foolish self for congratulating you—since if you had been Board of Trade, I might have hoped to get that board some day for artistic uses when you had done with it, whereas the Privy Seal is I suppose all gold and hamythists and hemeralds.

My love to Northbrook and kiss the Duke of Argyll from me.

Villa Emily. San Remo.
14. *April* 1881.

I wrote with a ludicrous violence directly I heard of your acceptance of the Post the D[uke] of Argyll had vacated; and after two days I am still happy that you have done so, in so far as I feel sure that regular occupation and being again connected with so many of your oldest friends and of your own position, must needs do you good. I may also (although a dirty Landscape Painter,) add that it is not disagreeable to me as an Englishman that high places should be filled by persons who have what your dear Lady called a "statesmanlike mind" —than by such as my very constant and kind friend the Duke of Argyll, whose mind is distinctly not so.

One of my friends (who knows a good deal of events and men) writes: "I am sorry that Lord C[arlingford] is going to back Mr. G[ladstone] in measures which are so violent as even to have choked off the extreme MacAllumMore,"—but I cannot altogether agree with this, because in the position you now occupy, it seems to me that you may be a means of preventing the rapid descent of demagogues to depths we shall not easily rise from.

I ain't a going for to write a sermon on Politics: a man who is only an outsider cannot be competent to do so. Nevertheless one may have one's little thoughts on the doings of politicians, and, not to speak of observations which she who is gone once made to me—just after the passing of the Irish Land Bill, my opinion of Mr. G[ladstone] as the leader of a great country has long been made up in my foolish mind, from many sources, and all that has happened in the last two years fully bears out Her prognostications and confirms the correctness of Her estimation of character.

The Minister Lord Aberdeen once said:—"England, and perhaps other countries, will ever be governed by whoever can talk best and most." And my notion is that certain good men would not act with such a one, did they not conscientiously think that any Tory Government would be worse than any Liberal or Radical one could possibly be. But as I said before, landscape painters are not bound to be Politicians, although I could not wholly credit Sir G. Briggs and others who loudly proclaimed the impossibility (two years ago) of Mr. G[ladstone] wishing to take office again. And respecting the

Transvaal, I cannot help seeing that Col. Kruger [1] quotes Mr. G[ladstone] as distinctly evoking revolutionary feelings by his Mid-Lothian speeches :—nor can I help reading the speeches of a well-known and tried Liberal, Sir J. Lubbock, as to the character of the Boers. Neither is my forlorn head able to shunt itself off from the vast mass of testimony in favour of Candahar's being retained [2] :—and if I am told "Lord Lawrence thought otherwise," I cannot help reading that, (when Sir John L[awrence]) his opinion was completely set aside by Lord Canning on the occasion of his recommending our retreat from the Punjaub, advice which three such men as Chamberlain, Baird Smith, and Nicolson, stigmatized as playing into the hands of the mutineers by lowering our prestige.

I am glad you liked my sending you poor little Giuseppe's likeness. I have put up a little tablet at his grave, and am much in favour of all gregarious gardeners. Giuseppe's successor does very well, though he has not all Joseph's good qualities, what though he knows more names of flowers.

I have really begun 5 of the 300 Tennyson illustrations, but as yet with little success. . . . When the

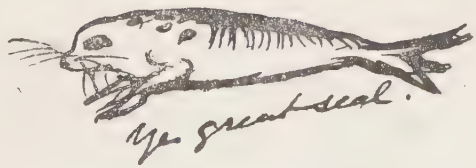
[1] The Boers of the Transvaal were in full revolt, and the annexation of the Transvaal was much condemned by the opponents of the Government. Sir J. Lubbock advocated it as a check to the tyranny of the Boers over the natives. Mr. Kruger at this time was Vice-President of the Boer leaders and Brandt President.

[2] The Indian policy of the Government attracted more interest in the House of Lords than elsewhere, Lord Lytton and Lord Cranbrook advocated the retention of Candahar, whereas Lord Northbrook opposed it.

300 drawings are done, I shall sell them for £18,000: with which I shall buy a chocolate coloured carriage speckled with gold, and driven by a coachman in green vestments and silver spectacles,—wherein, sitting on a lofty cushion composed of muffins and volumes of the Apocrypha, I shall disport myself all about the London parks, to the general satisfaction of all pious people, and the particular joy of Chichester, Lord Carlingford and his affectionate friend, Edward Lear.

The new Villa Tennyson is nearly done, and the old flower supporting arches are all removed hence and put up there. 8 men is a digging and a manuring all day—and costs 16s. a week. In the house here, abomination of desolation begins to show, for 56 immense cases already hold all books and drawings. . . .

NB. You need not kiss the Duke unless you wish.



Note. (Queen's message to Mr. Grey) This related to some comments of mine on Sir T. Martin's life of P[rince] Albert—which were shown to H. M. and which H. M. was pleased to say gratified her. By which knowledge this child was also, though very unexpectedly—gratified.

Villa Emily,
San Remo,
April 15*th*, 1881.

Carissimo Signore Phoca Privata,
(which properly translated is,
My dear Lord Privy Seal),

I send you two photographs which I think you will like to have. That of old Giorgio is certainly excellent, and they say mine is so also.

Villa Tennyson.
Sanremo.
Riviera de Genova.
Italia.
2. *June.* 1881.

In the intervals of business claimed by that Phoca, please write me *only one line*, by way of good omen, as I want you to be one of the first to send to me in my new house. I left Villa Emily two days ago, and am at the Hotel Royal for feeding and sleeping, but go to the V. T. to unpack all day. George, with pots and pans comes on Saturday. I am somewhat better in health but far from well.

If you happen to have a copy of the photograph of dear Lady Waldegrave—that with a white Parasol, I should very much like one.

P.S. I liked your speech in reply to Lord Carnarvon.[1] The stupid papers said—"this was the first time Lord Carlingford had spoken as Privy Seal"; as if you had been speaking constantly for two years.

[1] I can find no mention in the *Times* of this speech. Lord Carnarvon spoke on the Transvaal question on May 11th, but Lord Carlingford did not take part in the debate.

FRANCES, COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE.
(From her sitting-room window at Strawberry Hill.)

FRANCES, COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE.
(Taken at Strawberry Hill about 1871.)

You may suppose the Farquhars visit was a great pleasure to me.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Balmoral Castle.
June 7. 81.

. . . I write a line to send you at once my best and warmest wishes for the Villa Tennyson, and for your prosperity and happiness—at all events for your peace, within its walls. I did not expect to hear so soon of your migration having taken place. You must have an immense amount of trouble and labour and bother—which I wish you well through. At all events you have no longer that great white wall before your eyes—and you can look over the Mediterranean.

I am looking on a very different scene—Scotch hills sprinkled with snow. I arrived here on duty a week ago today, and the weather was beautiful for some days, but winter has returned. The Queen is most gracious, and everyone kind from H. M. downwards, but I shall be delighted to get away. I hope to be in London before the end of the week. Even taking this as a party in a country house, I am very unfit for it. I long for the end of the Session, when I can get away to the Priory. The Castle contains the Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, two nice little Princesses of Hesse (daughters of the Princess Alice), Miss Pitt, Miss Lambert, Lady Ely, Col. Byng, Sir H. Ponsonby etc :

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

Hotel Mendrisio,
Mendrisio. Canton Tessin
Suisse.
31 *July* 1881.

As I am going *to try* tomorrow to get up to Monte Generoso, and as I may tumble down halfway up and eggspire in spite of any help old George and his son may be able to give me,—I shall use up this sheet of paper, which has fallen out of my writing case, and which I knew I had begun to write on but had mislaid.

Mostly in these days I have been thinking about dear Arthur P. Stanley,[1] and I wish I could lay my hands on all his letters. In one of the latest he reminds me of how we went together to St. Kiven's cave in Ireland ann. 1834. And in another he says (after the death of Mary Stanley) "many friends send me condolences; but I ask myself,—should not a man to whom God has given such a Mother, such a Wife, and such a Sister as I have had,—rather look for congratulations?"

Altogether I have not known in my life of fifty odd years among various characters, any one so thoroughly a real Christian as Arthur was. While I write comes a letter from your Phoca predecessor Duke of Argyll, chiefly about a drawing of Damascus I had sent him. He writes "The dear Dean is an immense loss to me as to hundreds of others. We shall never again see anyone the least like him."

[1] See p. 191. Dean Stanley died on the 18th of July, 1881, and was buried beside his wife in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

The Duke says that Lady Frances Baillie [1] lies in great danger, and I do not write as yet to Catherine Vaughan or Eleanor Tennyson till I hear how things go.

The little bitter fools who point out that the "fuss" made about A. P. S. is explained by his being of a "high rank" family, and that his principal claim to notice was his having written many "interesting and pleasing books," are quite welcome to their comments. The Positivists hated him heartily,—as did such men as Bishop Lincoln, Denison and others,—all for similar reasons—viz, that he could view human nature through other than narrow spectacles. How for very shame Wordsworth—who opposed him always—could open his lips in praise of him I cannot understand: my own feeling is that the man who refused a Dissenting minister a tombstone marked "the Rev." was not fit to black the shoes of Dean Stanley. In many respects Arthur was *not* like a priest, for he was tolerant of all creeds and thoughts, which hardly any priests have ever been,—*vide* the Inquisition, Calvinism, &c. &c. &c. Catherine S.[2] was the least interesting of the Alderley Rectory circle, and now all are gone, she only excepted,—the B[isho]p and Mrs. S., Mary, Owen, Arthur, and Charley.

I have had a windfall just lately, the sale of an old picture by me at Christie's,—a Philæ. So I am sending £3 to poor little Underhill,[3] who is

[1] Lady Frances Anne Baillie, daughter of the 7th Earl of Elgin, and aunt of Eleanor Tennyson. She was a Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh.

[2] Wife of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Head Master of Harrow.

[3] His lithographer.

badly off and has been ill. (If you hear of anyone wanting a portrait copied, U. can do that well.)

Hotel Monte Generoso. Mendrisio.
Canton Tessin. Switzerland.
22nd August 1881.

I was vastly pleased to get your letter of the 17th yesterday, as I did not expect you to write, considering all the fuss you have to live in. That the Land Bill [1] has at length passed must be a great relief to you. Regarding your share in its becoming law, there seems no difference of opinion whatever. Even one of the bitterest enemies of Gladstone and his Government writes to me "Lord Carlingford throughout this affair has seemed to me as the most sensible, clearheaded, conciliating and statesmanlike exponent of a measure I dislike." I, an ass, have been much struck with the said qualities in your speeches,—though I do not understand the matter a bit.

You must be right in not going into Somersetshire for a few days only, since you are to go to Balmoral on the 4th. When there, if Miss Stopford is with the Q[ueen], you would find Sanremo a subject you could both know of. Miss S. passed a longish time there, and naturally all the donkies said she had come to look out for a house that H. M. could

[1] The Land Bill of 1870 had been a failure; in the new one the principle of "the three F's"—fair rents, free sale, and fixity of tenure—was conceded. The Bill was discussed for months. In the House of Lords the second reading was moved by Lord Carlingford in a very able speech; the debate having occupied the entire Session, the Bill was finally passed in August, 1881.

go to. But, as you are aware, Sanremo has no privacy whatever, and the Q[ueen] could not possibly be comfortable in a stay there as on L. Maggiore. . . . The Duke of Argyll is a kindhearted man, and no mistake. I hope his second marriage [1] will be a happy one. Of dear Arthur Stanley, I must add a word, spite of the Duchess's opinion. In the very last letter he wrote, I find these words relating to my Tennyson illustrations : "In old Oxford days, Mrs. Grote used to call me, 'the Poet of Ecclesiastical History,' she would have called you 'the Painter of Poetical Topography.'"

I know very well how sad you must continue to feel ; but work is the very best palliative or antidote you can have. Even with me there are constantly cropping up recollections of Milady's sayings, or of her various qualities. One of those was her very extraordinary intuitive perception of what was beautiful in Landscape. She always "spotted"—so to speak—the most interesting I had, and a few days back, as I was making a little drawing of "Tor di Schiavi," I remembered how she liked that picture. It used to be at Chewton.

Of Morier,[2] as he is now Minister in Spain, would you recommend me to make a rush there, and see Granada and Seville &c. &c. under his ambassadorial shadow?

I think of staying here till the second week in Sep-

[1] The Duke of Argyll's second wife was a daughter of the 1st Bishop of St. Albans and widow of Col. the Hon. Augustus Henry Archibald Anson, V.C.

[2] Robert Morier, an old friend of Lear's, had a long and useful diplomatic career ; from Madrid he went to St. Petersburg as ambassador in 1884 till his death in 1893.

tember. . . . As for old George, he is perfectly changed since he came up, and seems ten years younger at least. Speaking of age, I do not think you knew Edward Trelawny, who has just gone æt. 89,—the last of the trio of which Byron and Shelley were the other two. I used to see him pretty constantly formerly at dear Digby Wyatt's, and he always talked to me a good deal because I knew all his haunts of Greece. Also, speaking of age, the late Lord Derby gave me, when I went to Rome in 1837, an introduction to a Mr. Earle of Liverpool, then residing there. Mr. E. had one daughter who just then married a magnificent Scotch Colonel, much older than herself, —he being far over 50, she perhaps 30. Lady Georgina Grey [1] writes to me that this same Colonel (Caldwell) has just taken rooms "for the summer" at Aix les B[ains],—he being in very hearty good health (though blind), and in his 99th year! . . . Write whenever you can and whenever you can't.

P.S. The great drawback here is the noise of children. There are about a hundred people at meals, and the row of forty little ill-conducted beasts is simply frightful.

VILLA TENNYSON. SANREMO.
16th October 1881.

I see by my paper of today that "Lord Carlingford has gone to his residence at Teddington." Now, that means Strawberry: I have heard for some time past that you are going to sell it to Brassey, but as you never named this to me, I took no notice of the report, any more than I do of all others I hear,—such as, *e.g.*

[1] Lady Georgina Grey, sister of the 3rd Earl Grey.

one at a table d'hote (nearly a year ago!!), when I heard a man loudly affirm that you were to be married immediately to Lady S——[1]

I wish to inform you of two fax (or, if you prefer to spell that word, say facts). 1st, do you know there was an *Earl of Carlingford* living in Ireland not twenty years ago? Also that he had a daughter, "Lady Emily Swift" (whom my informant had frequently met). Both father and daughter are now dead, and only a few people ever called them by the above named titles,—as the Earldom was given by James the 2nd—about 1700 A.D.

The 2nd of the fax is this. An acquaintance of whom I saw a great deal in India, and who was very amiable to me there, came over from Nice to lunch with me last week. While he was looking at some drawings, his profile being towards me, I was struck "all of a heap" by the likeness of the eyes and upper part of the face to your Privy Phoca-ship. As I could not but observe that he remarked the manner in which I examined him, I thought it better to explain why I did so, as it might have been considered ill-bred. Whereon I said, "I was so struck by the likenes of the upper part of your face to that of a friend of mine, Lord Carlingford, that I could not help observing it markedly."

Whereon, said my friend,—"Well; I don't know that I ever heard the likeness noticed before, but our great grandmother was one and the same person; so a family resemblance is not at all impossible."

[1] There were many false rumours of the re-marriage of Carlingford, which, when he heard of them, greatly annoyed him.

This individual was Lord Ralph Kerr[1]; but it had never occurred to me that Antrim and Lothian Kerrs were the same lot. I wish his wife—granddaughter of a person who was very kind to me in former days—Sir Edmund (afterwards Lord Lyons) had been able to come here too.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY,
BATH.
Oct. 20. 1881.

. . . When I was on the point of being made a Peer, I had a letter from a Mr. Swift protesting against my taking the title of Carlingford. I wrote to Sir Bernard Burke, and he assured me that there was no one who had the faintest claim to it. Your discovery of a likeness between Lord Ralph Kerr and myself is curious. The Lady Lothian[2] in question (who was a Miss Fortescue) was a beauty, painted by Sir Joshua. My dear old Lady,[3] when a child, lived with her for a time.

[1] Lord Ralph Drury Kerr, heir-presumptive to the Marquisate of Lothian, married Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of the 14th Duke of Norfolk.

[2] Elizabeth, only daughter of Chichester Fortescue, Esq., of Dromiskin, co. Louth, by the Hon. Elizabeth Wellesley, eldest daughter of Richard, 1st Lord Mornington, and aunt of Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

[3] Anna Maria Fortescue, married W. P. Ruxton, Esq., of Red House, Ardee, co. Louth. Carlingford's old aunt was niece to Lady Lothian, being the younger daughter of her eldest brother, Thomas Fortescue, Esq., of Dromiskin.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA TENNYSON. SAN REMO.
23rd October, 1881.

You won't be pleased to know that I have been ill again, and that the frequent fits of faintness and increasing weakness have made their impression on me. This morning I felt so ill that I resolved to tell old George how probable it is that I may be called away quite suddenly,—both because I think those about one ought not to be left in the dark as to what goes on, and because I wanted him to know where my Will was to be found, and to tell him it is to be held fast by him until in the hands of one of my three Executors,—F. Lushington, Bernard Husey-Hunt, or Hubert Congreve. (Meanwhile the said Will can't be found anywhere, but I suppose will turn up some day.) Poor old George went to Sanremo at once, and got a tin mould in which he made a pudding of bread and custard no French chef could have surpassed,—"for," said he, "only tea, tea, tea is not proper." Whether from the pudding or what is unknown,—but just at present I am most certainly rather better. . . .

As for Strawberry Hill, that is only another instance of the folly of giving credence to reports. I, also, wish you could sell it, but I did not know you could do so. At Monte Generoso another absurd report was talked of, and as I was appealed to, I was obliged to reply,—though as to Strawberry Hill and Lady S. you may suppose I held my peace. Some people at table got to talking about A. Tennyson. "Mrs. T." said a man, "is the Gardener's Daughter of his poem." Someone demurred to this,

and a third called to me—as known to be acquainted with A—as to whether the fact was so or not. "Not at all," said I, "Mrs. Tennyson was a Miss Selwood, a niece of Sir John Franklin." "That may be," said the obstinate speaker, "for T. was married before the present Mrs. T's time, but the present Mrs. Tennyson—his second wife—*was* the gardener's daughter, as I am in a position to know." So I said no more; but, writing to Eleanor Tennyson, (who has written to me beautifully about her dear good Uncle Dean Stanley) she says how amused they all are with this bosh, which I had retailed to them.

Lord Airlie's[1] death was very sad: fancy my remembering Lady A. as a little girl, and giving her drawing lessons. I am grieved to hear about Lord Clermont and Irish bother. Without going into "poltiks," I suppose everyone will allow that the wickedness of Irish doings for more than a year past can hardly have been exceeded in any mediæval time or times. You may, or you may not agree with me, but as an outsider and by nature and habit a Liberal, I have a set feeling that gross and violent Radicals ought never to govern or help to govern any more than virulent Tories. It is true that an outsider cannot know the difficulties of a government—whom they should propitiate, include, or exclude; but that don't alter my opinion that those who strive to set class against class, and are as violent in their speech as they are crooked in their principles ought not—if it is

[1] The Earl of Airlie died suddenly on September 25th in Denver City, Colorado, where he was on a visit with his son. He was the 7th Earl, and had married a daughter of the 2nd Lord Stanley of Alderley.

possible to prevent their being so—to be trusted with power. . . .

It may well be, however, that you and a few more conscientiously, believe that the weight of your own characters outbalance the Demagogue authority. And, as I said before, none but those who are really behind the wheels and springs of governing power, can fully account for what takes

place. Puzzles is puzzles:—among others, the absurdity of the Opposition papers ridiculing the "Naval Promenade" as folly and vanity, whereas to me, the surrender of Dulcigno[1] appears the steady and well-conceived action of one of the most

[1] A naval demonstration had failed to procure the cession of Dulcigno early in 1880. It was finally surrendered to the Montenegrins at the end of November.

powerful ministers our country ever had, inasmuch as by the cession Russia was given a port on the Adriatic (or Mediterranean); for it is impossible to deny that Montenegro—the country of savage mutilators—is as much a part of Russia as Hesse-Darmstadt is of Germany. (If Sir G. and Lady B. heard this said, they would shout with laughter and ridicule, but if you left the room, they would go so Equally a puzzle it is that Lord Salisbury last week said "it did not matter to Europe one pin if Montenegro got a bit of land north or south"—whereas the position made all the difference possible.

Yrs. Affey.

Edw. Lear.

Saith the Poet of Nonsense
"Thoughts into my head do come
Thick as flies upon a plum."

31*st October*. 1881.

Ten days ago, if you had been here, you would —as I nearly did,—have half fallen off your chair for laughing,—for all at once good old George came in, and standing before me said: "Master, I come say something." I thought it some fresh bother about his sons, and I said—"Very well, George, say on."—"Master, *I think you take more wine than be is good to you!*" said G., in almost the same words used by another friend twenty four years ago. But I found that he had discovered that the shop Marsala I have been drinking to be

half spirits. Yet, as I had drunk it with Appollinaris, I did not find that out. He had suspected it by its smell, and putting a spoonful near the fire, it all flared up. So I merely take one glass at lunch in one of his wonderfully good puddings—bread or rice—(my whole luncheon); and at 6.30 I have a glass or two of red wine of the country. This diet has evidently agreed with me, and I have not only got generally better, but have slept well. Old George is astonishingly well, and delighted at getting poor Nicola into his place as underwaiter at a small new hotel—"du Midi." No father can ever have been more unselfish and affectionate than this good Albanian. . . .

I have put out all my sketches of Ravenna today, to work from on the four oil paintings I am hoping to finish. The two galleries—one exactly like that at Villa Emily, the other a room only for the A designs—are pretty well ready as to hooks and laths for hanging; but only twelve of the Tennyson designs are at all far advanced. . . . The big Athos I have been altering greatly, and nearly destroying in parts. Do you remember that large Ilex tree on the left? That is all painted out, because I found I had not studied Ilex enough for so important a sized effect; and instead Pinus Maritima, which I *have* studied, is to grow instead. . . .

I knew you would not blow me up about my political maunderings, because you are of the few who understand this queer child. My dear Northbrook don't, and once wrote to me about "the Turks, of whom you think so highly"—meaning the Turkish Empire. Now, no one has ever heard

me say a word in favour of the Turks as Government or Governors. I always "held them abominable." But there is a wide difference between that opinion, and the stirring up bad and narrow feeling by screaming that "all Turks are unmentionable and brutes," and that "Russians are tolerant and the forefront of civilization." On the contrary, the mass of the Turkish people—not their governors—is honest and noble: and the Russian is the beau ideal of intolerance and lying. The wicked cruelties of the Russians have ever been kept unremarked by those who have yelled at facts scores of times less shocking. It is vain to say that Bulgaria is not Russian, and perhaps the outspoken raptures of extreme Gladstonian principles express their conditions well,—as when our low church parson Fenton says "Mr. G. is the person appointed to spread the Gospel, and in no case can he promote that blessing more widely than by aiding the Russians to possess Constantinople. . . ."

I read that you had been speaking, and rejoiced; because (though I didn't read what you spoke) I feel sure that exertion is the best thing for you. The life of "endurance" may—or rather will, have its blessings, as probably *She* also may even now know. I must read Walpole again before long. When that ass, ever so long ago, said he "knew" you were going to marry Lady S. "almost directly," I felt inclined to throw a glass of water in his face, but providentially didn't.

8th. November. 1881.

I shall be very glad of Arnold's book.[1] I had thought one Levi (or latterly known by some other name) was the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph.* In any case I have been subscriber to that paper for some twenty years, and have always thought it among the best published. Indeed I once wrote to the Editor suggesting the publication in separate forms, of the leading articles on various toppix. But they paid no attention to this dirty Landscape painter.

12th. November, 1881.

I am so much obliged to you for the lovely book the "Light of Asia." I have not yet quite read it through, but two thirds have shown me that it is one of the most beautiful and noble poems of later English literature. Some of the descriptions are wonderful, but one must have been in Injy to fully appreciate many of them. To me, it appears to want a glossary; I and others may know what Devas and Rishtis and what not mean, but the many do not. If ever I meet with this Edwin Arnold I shall go down plump on my knees. As it is, I am about to turn Buddhist as fast as possible, if not sooner. With regard to the Author as the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* I now do not wonder at the greatly improved calibre of that paper, which I have taken in since 1855.[2] I have always however maintained—and latterly more than

[1] See next letter.

[2] Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., was on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* from 1861, and later Editor in Chief for some years.

ever—that the *D. T.* is worth all the other papers put together for interest and originality combined. As a ninstance, I take up the paper of two or three days ago, and send what I have cut out, *i.e.* the Leading Articles,—and a bit or two—haphazard, as a fair specimint of the ordinary paper. (It is horridly true that the pestilential postman, or the newsvendor in London, has given a brutal smell of paint to this particular copy, so I hope it won't make you ill.)

I have a delightfully long letter from dear good Baring today, from Balmoral. Distinctly there is no doubt Northbrook is an A. No. 1 man, and a friend of friends. I had written to him on the very day (the 8th) he had been writing to me, which is symphonious and symphographic.

Only think! Admiral and Lady Robinson[1] and Miss Louis, are all coming here (next week, I believe) for the whole winter. When they wrote to me of this (which I had no reason to expect) I stood on my head for four minutes successfully. I am better in health these four days past.

Yours affly,

Edward Buddh.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Chewton Priory.
Bath.
Dec. 21. 1881.

How are you? I must have a word with you at this Christmas time. I hope your bad weather has

[1] Lady Robinson's younger sister, both daughters of Admiral Sir John Louis, 2nd Bart., a distinguished seaman.

WATER-COLOUR OF "BECKY," ADMIRAL SIR SPENCER AND LADY ROBINSON'S PARROT.

not continued, and that you have not been without the soothing magic of the "soft Mediterranean shore." Sometimes in my desolate life I long to escape to those influences and still more to your companionship, but I have my work to do here and must endure. Besides I am always fancying, and fancying in vain, that something different from the life of the moment would be more endurable. . . .

I was glad to find that you enjoyed Edwin Arnold's Indian poem. I felt sure that you would. I have just found among my dear Lady's papers copies of his Oxford Prize Poem. How well I remember it! she heard him recite it in the Theatre, asked him to Nuneham, praised the young poet—and he dedicated his first volume of verse to her which *I* to please her, reviewed very favourably. Such is life and love.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA TENNYSON. SAN REMO.
12. *February*, 1882.

All at once I find a letter of your's not marked "answered," the date being November 7. 1881. But on looking at my Letter List I find I wrote on December 21 and 25, so that I must have omitted to write answered, if not to destroy your last letter. On the whole, as the morbid and mucilaginous monkey said when he climed up to the top of the Palm-tree and found no fruit there, one can't depend upon dates. . . .

30. *March*, 1882.

I had hoped you might be coming to Mentone, but I generally find that both Newspaper reports and private ditto are not worth much. Lord Spencer will remem-

ber me as a friend of Lady Sarah's old governess, dear good Miss Dennett. There have been already many absurd rumours about H.M. coming here, and the other day over a hundred owly fools came up and stood all about my gate for more than an hour! but on finding that no Queen came, went away gnashing their hair and tearing their teeth. I hope if H.M. does come, I shall be told of the future event before it comes to pass, as it would not be pretty to be caught in old slippers and shirt sleeves. I dislike contact with Royalty as you know; being a dirty landscape painter apt only to speak his thoughts and not to conceal them. The other day when someone said, "Why do you keep your garden locked?" says I—"to keep out beastly German bands, and odious wandering Germans in general."—Says my friend,—"if the Q. comes to your gallery, you had better not say that sort of thing." Says I—I won't if I can help it. . . .

There seems no chance of the Villa Emily's sale, . . . it is becoming a question whether I had not better sell it for £2000 rather than keep it. My former income of over £100 a year from £3500 in the 3 per Cents, is now gone, and the worry of getting money to pay weekly bills is not pleasant at 70 æt, when one had thought to be high and dry above all bothers of that kind. Nevertheless up to the present Admiral Robinson's, R. Watson's, Walter Bethell's, and Arthur James' small commissions keep me afloat, and it is quite possible that I may even yet tide over difficulties which at times seem "far from pleasant." Anyhow I have a vast deal to be thankful for, as the tadpole said when his tail fell off, but a pair of legs grew instead. . . .

I suppose that, connected as you are with Ireland,

and naturally cognizant with Irish politics, you have more on your hands and in your head than the Office of Privy Seal generally has to attend to. Nevertheless I have never had a clear idea of what the Privy Seal's work really is : and my last notion is that you have continually to superintend seal catching all round the Scotch and English coasts, in order to secure a Government monopoly of seal skin and seal calves. . . . Sometime back when I thought you were coming out, I wrote the enclosed for your bemusement.

Phoca "nonsense" from Lear to Carlingford.

"Una circostanza curiosa e degna di osservazione deve anchè esser notata, maggiormente perchè un simile fatto non si trova nelle fasti di qualunquesia altra Corte Reale.

Prima che gli invitati vanno alle loro camera,—dopo che sia partita dalla Galleria la Regina,—si vede entrare, seguitato da 10 domestici vestiti di lusso, il Presidente del R. Consilio,—non però come Presidente, ma come Guardiano del Grande Phoca,—posto della più alta importanza e significanza, e dato soltanto ai più fidati, literati, dotti, ed amabili Signori della Corte.

Al fianco del Signore Guardiano, e tenuto da lui per mezzo di una catena d'ora, il Phoca—che non ha piedi,—fa un progresso dappertutto la Galleria, e per cosi dire, è portato a fare la conoscenza di ogni invitati. Ii moto di questo enorme animale non si puo bene discrivere, siccomè la lingua Italiana manca parola per ben tradurre '*Wallop*' o '*Flump*,' verbi molti addatati al suo movimento, ma sconosciuti da noi altri in Italia. Molte Signore si spaventono assai la prima volta che vedono il Grande Phoca, ma gl'è

strettamente vietato di strillare, cioè 'scream.' Quando ha fatto il giro di tutta la Galleria, quest'-amabile bestia si ritira di nuova a *Wallop-flump*, insieme con il Lord Guardiano ;—e prima di sparire, quest'ultimo da al Phoca piu di 37 Libre di Maccaroni, 18 bottiglie di Ciampagna, 2 beefsteak, ed un ballo di Lana rossa, ossia scarlet worsted, tutti quale cose sono portate dai 10 Domestici in lusso vestiti." [1]

[1] "A curious circumstance and one worthy of note must also be recorded, because a similar fact is not found in the ceremonies of any other Royal Court whatsoever.

Before the guests go to their rooms,—after the Queen has left the Gallery,—the President of the Privy Council is seen entering, followed by 10 servants in livery, not however as President, but as Guardian of the Great Seal,—a post of the greatest importance and significance, and only given to the most trustworthy, learned, clever, and amiable gentlemen of the Court.

By the side of the Lord Guardian, and held by him by means of a chain, the Seal—which has no feet—makes its progress all through the Gallery, and is so to speak, taken to make the acquaintance of all the guests. One cannot well describe the motion of this enormous animal, as Italian is lacking in words that adequately translate 'Wallop' or 'Flump,' verbs that well suit its motion, but that are unknown to us Italians. Many ladies are a good deal frightened the first time that they see the Great Seal, but they are strictly forbidden to scream. When it has been all round the Gallery, this amiable beast withdraws again with a Wallop-flump, with the Lord Guardian ;—and before retiring, the latter gives the Seal more than 37 pounds of macaroni, 18 bottles of Champagne, 2 beefsteaks, and a ball of scarlet worsted,—all of which are brought by 10 servants in livery."

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

10*th. April.* 1882.

On Tuesday the 4th, Lord Spencer (having previously written a note telling me he was coming), came over from Mentone at 1 p.m. Old George got as good a lunch as bephitted the occasion, (a Nomlet and sardines, and cold Tongue,) and I think the President of the Council enjoyed it. He was, as always, very nice and cheery, and Spencery, and I was very glad to see him, all the more that he talked a good deal about you, who I am glad to know go out more nor you did.

Naturally, he was not likely to speak decidedly either one way or the other about H.M's coming here, but I could gather that she was not likely to do so, all the rather that I had heard that most probably she would not, from another quarter. To you, who know me pretty well, I can safely say that I am glad she did not, for all courtier necessities are odious to this child.

I suppose it was known who Lord Spencer was, for after his visit the most outrageously ridiculous reports

were spread about the Q's coming to see my Gallery. Among the most absurd was one that old George had been busy for two days and two nights making immense quantities of Maccarōōn cakes; for said the Sanremesi, "it is known that the Queen of England eats maccarōōn cakes continually, and also insists on her suite doing the same. And there is no one in all Sanremo who can make maccarōōn cakes except Signor Giorgio Cocali." I told George of this who laughed—a rare act on his part; and said: "to begin with, I don't even know what a maccarōōn cake is like and never saw one to my knowledge."

I shall be glad to hear you are back from Ireland, the which disastrous country pleaseth me not.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

May 2. 1882.

On the 15th comes, I trust, Franklin Lushington to stay ten days or so. After that clouds of uncertainty surround the future. I shall not have strength enough to reach Monte Generoso any more, though if I could do so, without doubt the air might do me good. Possibly I shall continue here and subside gracefully into the Sanremo Burrowing-ground or Cemetery. I have lately had another bad attack of illness, but have sprouted up again for the present, and work a good deal at times. . . .

It was odd enough to talk about Tullymore with Lord Roden, Newcastle and the Morne Mountains. For all that, I am glad that you are away from Ireland, a country which—in spite of all allowances made for the great sufferings it has endured for centuries from

England,—must ever compete even with Russia (Mr. Gladstone's land of religious toleration and social liberty) for filthy and barbarous brutality. I see that Lord Spencer is going back as Viceroy, but I do not think anything of these changes, believing as I do that nothing will satisfy the Irish but separation from England. . . .

Foss the cat, having taken to sit from 5 to 8 A.M. under the cage of George's blackbird, since that very charming animal took to singing, we had very great hope of our cat's æsthetic tendencies, and had expected eventually to hear poor dear Foss warble effusively. But alas! it has been discovered that there is a hole in the lower part of Merlo's cage, and Foss's attention relates to pieces of biscuit falling through.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA TENNYSON. SANREMO.
July 2, 1882.

Your letter of the 29th has just come, and thank you very much for it: it is just like you, writing directly.

I had to write to Lord N[orthbrook] as you saw on the beastly Hotel business, and I thought you would know of poor George from him, without my troubling you with a separate letter, knowing how much public worry you must have.

George's eldest son Nicola, æt. 28, has been a great comfort in this misery. I sent him off to Marseilles, with letters to the Greek Consul there on the 27th and his unfortunate father was at length found on the hill above Toulon, where he had been for three days

with next to no food, his shoes cut to pieces, his clothes in rags etc. On Friday the 30th Nicola brought the poor dear old fellow back here, but hardly conscious. Ameglio the Doctor being sent for, prescribed medicine and total quiet and if possible complete change. And to-day certainly my poor old servant is better, but in a most sad semisane state yet. He remembers nothing of what has passed in the last three weeks. I could not think of sending a man from whom I have had twenty-seven years of good service and help, either on to the world, nor into a madhouse, and so, as Ameglio says he will most probably recover, I am going to let Nicola take him up to Monte Generosi at once. They will go off at 4 A.M. to-morrow and sleep at Milan, and Nicola will not leave him till I can go up and take Dimitri.

But I hardly think poor George can again thoroughly recover: and should he ever drink again he is doubtless lost, for all his life.[1] All this fuss, you may suppose, costs money: but had I been obliged to send him under surveillance to Greece, that would have been far more expensive and far more miserable.

Intanto, naughty Lambi, who has been good enough since his first burst of sins, and who is out of place along of shut Hotels, is with me as Cook, and he cooks as well as his Father. Dimitri has come out most astonishingly in all this trouble: markets very well and rapidly, keeps the house in order, and is altogether good and obedient. So after all one has

[1] Owing to his troubles and ill-health he had for the first time in his life tried to drown them in drink with the foregoing result.

much to be thankful for, as the Centipede said when the rat bit off ninety-seven of his hundred legs. . . .

I have still more to be thankful for, my health being MUCH better. Thanks to Dr. Hill Hassall some of my ailments are gone. I drink Barolo—fully as much "as is good for me" by way of precaution.

With all this unexpected expense, I do not know what I should have done had not Lord and Lady Somers bought a lot of my work ; and as did later on, the ever irrepressibly kind Northbrook; so I have not the additional bother of worry about money at this moment. Lady Charles Percy's[1] death was a grief indeed to me. Miss Percy had been here only very lately and lunched with me, and took a little Venetian bottle from me to her mother, who wrote but a very short while back to thank me. She was the last of my old Roman friends—date 1836–7. . . .

P.S. I fancy my "Taormina Theatre" is visible now at 129 Wardour St, an' you had thyme 2 go and C it.

[1] Anne Caroline Greatheed, grand-daughter and heir of the late Bertie Bertie Greatheed, Esq., of Guyscliffe, co. Warwick, married Lord Charles Percy, 8th son of the 5th Duke of Northumberland, 1822. Lord Charles died in 1870, and Lady Charles in 1882, leaving an only daughter, Anne Barbara Isabel.

CHAPTER VIII

August, 1882, to August, 1883.

SWITZERLAND AND SAN REMO.

To Lord Carlingford.

HOTEL MONTE GENEROSO,
MENDRISIO.
CANTON TICINO. SUISSE.
31st August, 1882.

I OFTEN wish you could come here, if only for three or four days; the air is so invigorating, and the sunshine and beautiful landscape so delightful. But I know that can't be,—albeit I sometimes wish you were elsewhere than at Chewton, where there are so many memories to sadden you. The Mundellas [1] are all here, and now the Spencer Robinson's are gone, (they are gone to the Sir E. Strachey's on Como), I see more of them than anyone. Mary (Miss Mundella) is wonderfully nice: it is not often one can walk long walks with a person exceptionally lively and intelligent, yet never by any chance fatiguing. This place just now is not unlike the last Day, or universal

[1] Anthony John Mundella, P.C., F.R.S., was Liberal M.P. for Sheffield from 1868, Vice-President of the Council of the Committee on Education, 1880–1885, and President of the Board of Trade, 1886 and 1892–1894.

judgment,—such heaps of unexpected persons keep turning up. Fanny Kemble,—Mazini's widow and her second husband Professor Villari,[1]—(Mrs. M. was a Miss White—her father once M.P. for Brighton)—Charles Acland M.P.—all the Webbs of Newstead,—three nice Ladies Hamilton (Earl Haddington's daughters,)—Cross, widower of George Eliot or Mrs. Lewes,—Sir Somebody Baines,—Miss Courtenay etc : etc : etc : I constantly expect to see the Sultan, Mrs. Gladstone, Sir Joshua Reynolds and the twelve Apostles walk into the Hotel. . . .

I have left off wine totally, by Dr. Hassall's order, but *en revanche* I drink surprising quantities of beer, and shall bye and bye become like this. Nevertheless, as my health is so much improved I shall go on perseveringly beerdrinking. . . .

The villa is still unsold, though there is yet a shadow of a hope that it may be bought for £2500, and glad should I be if it were! Not that our dear good Northbrook wants his £2000, but that I hate the thought of having borrowed it, notwithstanding when I did so the property seemed safe to sell for six or eight thousand pounds. . . . You, of all persons in the world, ought not to wish to do anything more for me, since you have always shown yourself a most thoroughly kind friend, and, as well as Milady, have constantly assisted me. So even if I am in want of a penny bun to shirk starvation, you are by no means

[1] Professor Pasquale Villari, the celebrated Italian historian, married Linda, daughter of James White, and widow of Signor Vincenzo Mazini.

called on to give me one. But, . . . Rev. E. Carus Selwyn has just guv me a very pleasant commission for some small drawings, and has besides bought a small copy of my big Cedars of Lebanon, long ago left unfinished. Thus, I shall doubtless stave over the autumn and winter, spite of Giorgio's wants and my obstinate persistence in not consigning him to perdition. It will not be the first time in the life of this "dirty landscapepainter" if he has to begin life again in a pusillanimous pugnacity of pennilessness. As for the big Enoch Arden—I *have* good reasons for that apparent asininity; I *cannot* continually work on any small work—coloured or not, and I *cannot* sit idle. It is therefore absalomly necessary for me to have some subject of interest to grind upon, and that subject must be *large* to save sight, or I could not touch it. I do not suppose I shall ever live to finish Enoch Arden, nor perhaps to complete my hundred Tennyson subjects, nor to wind up Gwalior, Argos, and other commenced paintings. But a man can but "try," and the mere act of "trying" goes, I take it, a long way to stave off mental and fizzicle maladies. I am greatly surprised to hear that Strawberry Hill is still unsold. I have heard it so distinctly stated that it was disposed of, (for such and such sums,) various times over, that it is a good bit since I have thought of it as a vast American Hotel. I ought to have remembered the follies of other reports about you. (Bye the bye one paper had last week—"The President of the Council on leaving Osborne is going immediately to visit Lord Carlingford at Chewton.") . . .

Agusta Bethell's husband, Adamson Parker, died suddenly three weeks ago, and she is now a widow. I

wish I were not so "dam old," but I think 71–72 will be *forsè troppo avanzato.* Do you take a ninterest in the Salvation Army? I must say I do, it is such a queer phase of human folly. And the divisions of opinions of clergy about it are so instructive. . . .

Did I tell you that the Princess Royal (and Imperial)[1] came up here, and recognised me? She was altogether quite delightful—a real Duck of a Princess. I showed her, her Daughter and the Crown Prinz,[2] all the views here. . . .

My sight of one eye is gone, but t'other is as good as ever. . . .

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY,
BATH.
Sep. 29. 1882.

. . . I went up for a Cabinet on the day when the news of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir[3] arrived, and thought Northbrook looking fagged by his hard work, but the brilliant success in Egypt enabled him to get away to Scotland for a little. It is curious that you should know the route between Cairo and Ismailia so well. We had a thanksgiving prayer in church last Sunday, and Egypt sounded curiously Biblical—but such addresses to the Almighty are always highly unsatisfactory to my highly or deeply unorthodox

[1] H.I.M. the late Empress Frederick of Germany, at that time Crown Princess of Prussia.

[2] Friedrich Wilhelm, afterwards H.I.M. Frederick III., died 1888.

[3] On the 13th of September Sir Garnet Wolseley defeated Arabi on the very spot indicated by him before leaving England as the scene of the decisive struggle.

mind. It is strange to see my clever and excellent sister so devoted as she is to her new church, anxious to get her mass whenever she can, and so on. She is however quite free from bigotry or bitterness towards those who differ from her. Next week my other sister, Chi Hamilton's mother, will be here—and she is an out and out Irish Evangelical, with whom I probably differ as much as or more than I do with the other. Still the priestly system is of the two the greater hindrance to human progress. The world will have to get on sooner or later without the belief in any supernatural religion, but I do not see how humanity can dispense with religion of some kind. There is religion in your big Enoch Arden and your 150 Tennysonian subjects. . . .

I hate my nondescript position at the Council office . . . which is neither satisfactory to me nor good for the public service. I met the worthy C. Church in Wells the other day, and had a chat—partly about you.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA TENNYSON. SANREMO.
6. *October* 1882

I highly and completely agree with you about the thanksgivings to God for battles won: if Sir Garnet hadn't got Tel el Kebēēr, who would have been thankful? Just now I am particularly alive to "religious" reasoning, Alfred Seymour having sent me a little Book "Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism," by the D[uke] of Somerset, with the very sage and moderate conclusions of which I cannot but mainly agree. But I, with you, "do not see how

CASTELLA, EUBŒA.
(From a water colour.)
(By kind permission of Canon Church.)

humanity can dispense with religion of some kind,"—though for the present, it seems but too plain that no force or effort can greatly improve that which men follow now. As the Duke says—"truth is the daughter of *time*, not of *authority*, and we must wait a long while for a general wide intellectual faith to permeate all minds. Perhaps when you and I are cherubim and sit on a tree above the waters of Paradise, such a desideratum may happen. Meanwhile, I agree with you that my best religion for the present is my hundred and fifty Tennyson illustrations, of which I send you two autotype copies, but not good ones at all.[1] . . .

I wish you hadn't to go to Balmoral at this season; is it true, as said in many papers, that H.M. has taken a big villa at Antibes for the winter? If so, there may be a chance of seeing you here. . . .

I am glad you saw C.M. Church. You always seem to me to have had and to have a "nice derangement of epitaphs," as Mrs. Malaprop said. Proper and exact "epithets" always were impossible to me, as my thoughts are ever in advance of my words. I recall your saying of the Lord Sandwich's family that they were "smart people," and of old

[1] Of one see the reproduction, vol. i., p. 243, "Kasr Es Saàd," wrongly called "Gozo"; the other was of Etna, poor, and not good enough for reproduction here.

Lady S. "always civil," very simple terms but everybody don't apply them.

O please, don't forget to get a small book, published by *Blackwood*,

"TWIXT GREEK AND TURK"

By Valentine A. Chirol.

It is the best late account of Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, Epirus, etc:, written, and has greatly interested me.

Lord Carnarvon has just bought a large estate at Porto Fino, opposite Consul Yates Brown's Castle. I had thought Lord Carnarvon a poor man but find he has some 80,000 a year.

Why don't they make a new President of the Council now that Lord Spencer is so definitely fixed as V[iceroy] of Ireland? He is a fine man, all ways, and works well, even in the eyes of all Polly Titians. I've left off beer and taken to Barolo, and not much of that: dine at 1, and have "2 Biled Iggs" at 7 and a biskit. (A rural old Lady I once knew used to catechise her rustic maidservants on religious subjects. "What is Baptism?" "Washing day, ma'am, if it comes once a week."—"Good God! what an answer! Tell me—do you know what is the Holy Sacrament?" "O yes, Ma'am—very well. 2 Biled Iggs with vatercresses."—"Go! for heaven's sake!") Yet this is *quite true* and happened in Sussex. . . .

The "Salvation Army"—(talking of *Religion*) is one of the queerest flights of nonreason in our day. Bye the bye, does not Matthew Arnold's "lucidity" want—as a term—the very "lucidity" he requires? So far as I—æt. 70 and 6 months—can perceive,

"lucidity" is the common want of humanity; barring a very few exceptionals, all human beings seem to me awful idiots.

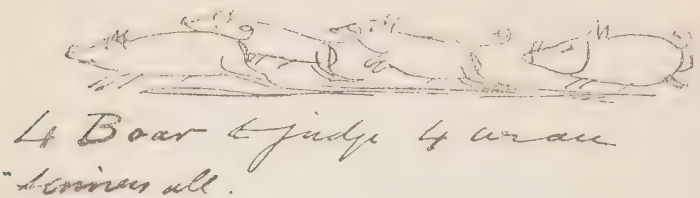
14 *October*, 1882. (8 *p.m.*)

Though I wrote as lately as the 6th, various causes stir—(or as we used to say in Lancashire—"incense" me) to write to you again. . . . Not but that I have written a long letter to Lushington this morning . . . also another to my aged sister Ellen, enclosing her a cheque for £5 for the benefit of my remaining brother Frederick who—æt. 78—has left his home at St. Louis to live with his daughter at Khansas, but having quarrelled with his son-in-law, has set out to *begin life* again in Texas!!—whereby I suppose tin must be even more necessary to them than to me. . . .

Did I ask you if you had ever read a little book "Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism" by the Duke of Somerset? Alfred Seymour sent it me lately, and it has in it much of interest, though—to me at least—nothing of novelty. The question of how to reconcile a *non*-supernatural religion with the wants of humanity is verily a difficulty not to be got over in our days. I am inclined now to be grateful for having no children, for if on the one hand I could not conscientiously teach them that the "Miracles" were true,—on the other I should shrink from uprooting roughly all their mother-given instructions about the Divinity of Christ. Why the character and teaching of Christ should not by degrees become as great a support to religious people as the doctrine or dogma of a supernatural birth it is provoking to be obliged to doubt: yet perhaps they could not be so

supporting as they are if stripped of their mystery. Che so io?[1] as the fly said—he was an Italian fly—when the Hippopotamus asked him what the moon was made of?

Having written a lot of nonsense I shall go to bed. Letter from Lady Strachey from Sestri (Ponente) on their way to Cannes. I could have told them the Hotel at Sestri would disgust them,—but as I knew they had *taken* rooms there, I forbore to interfere,



My!
Good night.
Yours paralytically,
Edward Lear.

9 P.M. I have the nicest letter from Sir John Lubbock—and must write to him—about *Flies*. I had written a long Nonsense letter about Flies to Sir John, but destroyed it, thinking him too busy for nonsense! But Mary Mundella said "No—he would be delighted!" So now at her request I am going to re-write the bosh![2]

Sunday 15 October. 7 a.m. I think I will add half a sheet of persecution to the aforewritten lot, for I have said very little about myself, and you will like to know something. I find written in my diary for some days past, "Be thankful for good sleep and

[1] What do I know?

[2] See Appendix C, p. 366.

better health," and it is a pleasant fact that I am certainly much better than I was a year ago, having only had one baddish fit of fainting and giddiness latterly, and feeling generally stronger. This however by no means shuts my eyes to the fact that I am one whole year nearer to the end—whatever and whenever that may be; and there were times some months ago when I believed it to be close at hand. I cannot say I find any terrors in the contemplation of death; I have lived to ascertain positively that much of the evil of my life has arisen from congenital circumstances over which I—as a child—could have had no control; a good deal too has been the result of various ins and outs of life vagaries, and what is called chance—which chance I don't believe in, for if I did I must give up all idea of a God at all. I know also that I owe an immensity to the assistance of friends,—and neither do I put that down to chance. So, on the whole, I am tolerably placid and Abercrombical, compared with what I used to be.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Balmoral Castle.
Oct. 26. 1882.

I have been here since last Friday. . . . The two ladies of the Household I found here are old friends of mine, and of my Lady's, Lady Churchill and Lady Ely. The Royalties were the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duchess of Connaught, waiting for her Duke to come back from the war, and the permanent Princess Beatrice. Today has arrived Colonel Ewart,[1] who

[1] Afterwards Major-Gen. Sir Henry Ewart, K.C.B., G.C.V.O. Served in the Egyptian Campaign; Groom-in-Waiting to H.M. Queen Victoria.

commanded the Household Cavalry in Egypt. Have you seen the Comet? A policeman here, who was requested by one of the gentlemen to call him at the right time, wrote to explain his not having done so—because he said, "masses of cumulus concealed the celestial visitor." There's "culture" for you. I saw it very finely one morning, without the cumulus.

Oct. 29.

I finish this at Hamilton Place.[1] I left Balmoral on Friday. On Thursday Col. Ewart arrived, who commanded the Life Guards in Egypt—a quiet cool soldierlike man. The Queen was very civil to him. After dinner she rose with a glass of wine in her hand and said "I drink to the health of my Household Cavalry, and welcome them home after their gallant services," which was very nicely done.

I suppose I shall have to stay here during a great part of November on account of Cabinets, but I return to the Priory for Christmas. You said in one of your letters that I was evidently more cheerful. I am so at times when in society, because I fall into sympathy for the moment with what Darwin calls the environment—and a capital letter of yours, which I was answering, had the same effect,—but I have no joys, no hopes, no real companionship. I hate the idea of making any new beginning in life; my only aim is to use whatever remnant of it may be left as

[1] During Lord Northbrook's residence at the Admiralty Carlingford lived in his house, 4, Hamilton Place. It was a mutual arrangement as friends, and Lord Northbrook's desire that Carlingford should at a nominal rent live there, was much appreciated by the latter.

well as I can. I daresay idiotic reports of matrimonial intentions of mine reach you. I was surprised to find that Alfred Seymour believed in them, or hoped he might congratulate me. I think he must have incipient softening of the brain! By the way, the other day the Queen saw a photograph of the memorial in Chewton Church,[1] which I had given to Lady Ely, and said she wished to have one and a copy of the inscription—about which she wrote and spoke to me in the most sympathetic way.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

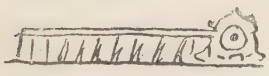
VILLA TENNYSON. SAN REMO.
9th. December, 1882.

There is a long letter from you unanswered, and I meant to have written long ago—date so far back as October 26th, from Balmoral. If my letters amuse you, I ought all the more to write, for you have always been one of my best friends. Whereon I will answer your last at once, as the affectionate Roman Goose said concerning her growing gosling daughter —opportet anser. Your account of H.M.'s toast about the soldiers was very nice. Anyhow nobody can say she is not active in doing all the duties of Royalty in these later days—and such duties cannot be pleasant in themselves—at least I should think them a bore. . . . This letter will all be in jumps like a fidgetty Kangaroo, because they are putting down my carpet, and every fresh hammering perturbs my weak mind. I had a long letter from Charles M.

[1] A tablet put up by Carlingford in Chewton Church to the memory of his wife. The inscription by him is a most touching and beautiful record of a great devotion.

Church the other day. His daughters are busted out beautiful; one has got a £35 Scholarship (at Cambridge, I think), the other is a Tutoress at some high school, whereon I, as her name is Ida, write—"O Tutress Ida, many scholared Ida!" C. Church says he thought you very much better and livelier when he last saw you. The Dean of Wells and Mrs. Plumtre will be here for the winter; they are at Bordighera now. He is a cultivated cove; she—a sister of F. Maurice. Hardly any but these have been to my studio, nor do I know any here hardly. . . .

The new church is beginning: the beastliest uglyism you ever beheld—like a caterpillar with a cyclops's



head. At present I go to no temple built with hands at all. I had hoped the Duke of Argyll would come, but he writes that the Duchess's health forbids. Also the Clowes have taken a villa at Hyères. The Tattons are at Mentone, and may come bye and bye—ditto Gussie Parker (Bethell)—ditto Mrs. C. Grey and Mrs. G. Clive. O yes, I saw the comet perpetual, and got tired of it. I wrote to Miss Campbell of Corsica that I saw her by its light quite plainly, and she had a blue and red box in her hand, but we could not determine if what was inside the box were jujube lozenges or dominoes. Hammer—jump. My garden is vastly beautiful, and if you would come there are lots of boughs you might sit on. The Eucalyptoi are thirty feet high. My dear Franklin Lushington came on the 8th November, and staid till the 24th—to my infinite pleasure. I miss him orfly. Poor old George, you will be glad to hear, is greatly better, indeed at present quite well. I have Nicola,

his eldest son, in my service,—an additional expense, but necessary if I did not resolve to cut all adrift, for I did not like to stay with poor George and the little Mitri only—for fear of any other outbreak. At present the whole Suliot family is at peace, for No. 2—Lambi —I have got placed with the good Watsons, and they find he suits them capitally. I have asked Harry Strachey to come here for a little time in January; it may do him some good to see lots of topography, —anyhow an example of energy and industry at æt. 71. . . .[1]

My own health, I thank God, is much better than it was a year ago. I am busy—"How doth the brittle bizzy bee,"—as Dr. Watts his name sings—on fifty large drawings of Corsica. . . .

The two deaths that I have been obliged to think of lately, besides my possible proximate own, are those of Lady S. de Redcliffe,[2] and Archb[isho]p Tait.[3] The latter was always most kind to me, and once said in a big party, when I had been singing "Home she brought her warrior" and people were crying—"Sir! You ought to have half the Laureateship!" That was in 1851, when he was Dean of Carlisle. But apart from personal motives, I look on

[1] This was the occasion which my artist brother-in-law mentions in his Appreciation in vol. i.

[2] Elizabeth Charlotte, Viscountess Stratford de Redcliffe, daughter of James Alexander, Esq., of Summerhill, Tunbridge Wells. She was the 2nd wife of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe.

[3] Archbishop Tait, made Primate by Mr. Disraeli in 1868, did much to extend and improve the organisation of the Church in the Colonies. The Lambeth Conference of 1878 met under his auspices. He died December 3, 1882.

Archb[isho]p Tait as the finest real Christian Ecclesiastic of our time. Lady S. you know I saw much of formerly. You would have choked to read the announcement of her death in a local Italian paper (I think of Genoa—) but anyhow written by someone who thinks he knows the ins and outs of English Literature. "E morte la celebre scrittrice Inglese, 'Era di Ratcliffe'—a sopra ottanti anni. Suo nome era 'Yong,' ma in riconoscenza di suoi talenti, la Regina Vittoria la fece Viscontessa Ratcliffe. Scrisse dei bellissime romanzi fin a poco tempo fà"!!!!! . . .[1]

Did you see the "Promise of May?" I can't say I admire the new Courts of Law; the building looks to me too scattered and in parts meschino.[2] Weather here, (hammer) cold, (jump)—not begun fires (hammer) yet—(jump)

Yours (hammer)
Affectionately (jump,)
Ed(jump)Ward (Hammer) Lear.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Chewton Priory,
Bath.
Dec. 21. 1884.

. . . Poor Lady Stratford de R[adcliffe]! The Italian newspaper is wonderful. I was dull enough not to see the meaning of "Era di Ratcliffe" until I happened to compare notes upon the story with

[1] "The celebrated English authoress, 'Era (Heir?) of Ratcliffe (Redcliffe),' is dead—at over eighty years of age. Her name was 'Yong' (Yonge), but in recognition of her talents Queen Victoria made her Viscountess Ratcliffe. She wrote the most beautiful novels until quite recently."

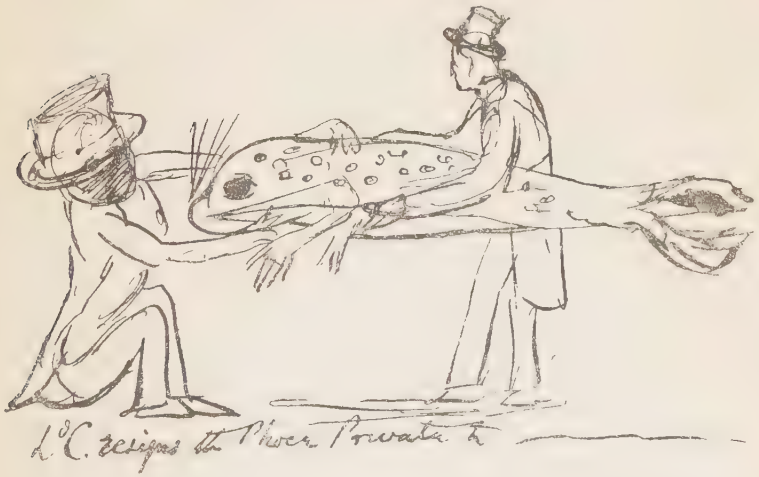
[2] Poor, shabby.

A. Seymour. The first time I ever met Lady S. was in the Uffizzi—and she and her daughter would not enter the Tribune, on account of the naked woman who they heard lived there—the Venus de Medicis!

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

23rd. December, 1882.

I write,—as well as I can,—on two accounts: first to wish you as happy a Christmas as you can have, and also for every good wish to you in the New Year at hand. Secondly, I write to thank you for a book which came yesterday, and which I have



already read half through, and I wrote above—"as well as I can," because it has made me laugh so I can hardly see my pen or paper. It is a most delightful book, and a pleasant contrast to what I was reading but have now shunted—Crabb Robinson's account of Kants, Wielands, and other German fools.

For it is they—metaphysicians—who are the fools,—the author of "Vice Versa" the wise man.[1] . . .

25 December, 1882.

Of all things, considering the terrible amount of suffering ordered for some inscrutable reason to be endured by us here,—of all things the most surprising to me is that anyone should seek to lessen or destroy such hopes as are also given as a balance to sorrow! We *know* nothing, but is that a reason we should not cling to a hope of reunion after death. If thirty years ago it could have been demonstrated to my poor sister the widow that life ceased with this world's life, would such certainty have made her more or less happy through all that time, during which in fact she has constantly looked forward to seeing her husband again after death? I maintain that those who diminish hope are the worst enemies of humanity—not its friends. . . .

This morning I am trying to be thankful that my system of "universal Suliot benefaction" looks promising. George, who keeps satisfactory, has four francs apiece for self and three sons, to have a roast lamb etc: for dinner: and all three sons have bought something as a small Xmas gift for their father, gloves, neckties, etc: and the aged Padrone adds a big pewter elephant with howdahs for tobacco and cigar paper. These objiks, all placed in a Nubian platter, are to be carried into the kitchen by myself and the three sons, and I am to drink their health in a thimblefull of wine. The two gardeners also I have given a dinner to, and frcs.

[1] Anstey's "Vice Versa."

100 to the Infants' School, so I feel better, as the Old Lady said after she had brought forth twins. . . .

I have already written that "Vice Versa" arrived safely: it delights me preposterously, and I fully believe it is all true. . . .

8 *April*, 1883.

I was very glad of your being made President of the Council, for holding the two—as it were two halves of office,—must have been unsatisfactory. At the same time, I never liked the title—"President of *the* Council," because it is vague, and should be (I think) of the *Royal* Council, or of the Council of Ministers, or what not. As it is, if you were old enough, it might mean you were President of the Council of Trent, or (as Mrs.— . . said:) of the Economical Council of Pio Nono. . . .

I suppose—by the papers—that Earl R.[1] is to have your Privata Phoca, and I should like to portray you carefully giving him up to your successor. . . .

Some time ago I find written in my diary—"to whom shall I leave all my thirty years (or 40) Diaries?" And I once thought it should be to you; but think they had better be burned. . . .

You can have no idea how much changed I am in the last twelve months. As J. Lacaita once said to me—"Why! you are become quite an elderly aged old man!" I don't know what additional epithets (or epitaphs) he would now use. . . .

[1] The Earl of Rosebery.

I hope Strawberry Hill will sell well.[1] If all the Fenians and the Dynamitists could be blown up with it, its loss would be a gain. I get sick of hearing that the 19th century is better than any other. . . .

I have had crowds of acquaintance and friends here lately. Above all Gussie (Bethell) Parker,[2] a great delight to me. She came and sate with me daily for ten days, and I miss her horridly. . . .

I have lately set to music A.T.'s words, "Nightingales warbled without,"—greatly to Mary Simeon's pleasure,[3] also to Sir Barrington's and Lady S's.

Lord Derby wrote me the kindest letter lately, asking me to bring drawings to England "there is plenty of room yet at Knowsley." . . .

10 *June*, 1883.

I think I told you in a letter I wrote on the 3rd—interruptions—what did I tell you? "D——d if I know"—as the Sentinel at the Corfu Palace was heard to say, when he repeated the words to his successor, "You are not to let anyone walk into the Palace yard of the President or of the Lord High Commissioner." "Which is which?" said the incoming Sentinel. "D——d if I know" was the reply.

Is Miss Stopford at Balmoral? It would be curious to know what she thought of Sanremo, where she staid some months, but (as you may suppose,) I kept aloof. Nevertheless if she reported

[1] Sold eventually to Baron Stern.
[2] Lord Chancellor Westbury's daughter.
[3] Sister of Sir Barrington Simeon, Bart.

at all to H.M., (who was then, it was rumoured absurdly, about to come here,) she must needs have said that Sanremo is a place the said Queen could not like, as there is little probability here of privacy, and less now even than when your President Phocaship was here. . . .

I wish you could see my garden just now! It comes out bouncingly all at once, early in June, and is like a Rainbow. . . . Bye the bye, Bertolini's Hotel (Royal) is now the only place H.M. could come to here, for it is greatly enlarged, and the garden immensely so. Next to it, above me, is a huge Villa, also pretty quiet, and communicating with the Royal Hotel Gardens, this belongs to the rich Marsaglia and has been built since Miss Stopford was here. . . .

Noo, just tak cair of yersell, and dinna wussel on the Sawbath day.

Hotel Monte Generoso.
Mendrisio.
Canton Tessin. Switzerland.
18. *July.* 1883.

I have at last succumbed not only to Williams of Foord's advice which you also name and which many others wrote about,—but to the desire of various old friends, (Lady Goldsmid etc, etc) and have given orders for a change of dispensation as to the fifty Corsican views, which are now for sale separately for £25 each. My great wish was to keep the whole series together, and there were two ladies with £100,000 a year who I thought were likely to buy them; but as I said "all things have suffered change."

I am glad (though there was no need of your

additional kindness) that you have the Corfu Citadel and Campagna, but particularly so that the Platæa walls have become yours, as the drawing is made from the very last sketch I made before my disablement by fever at Thebes in 1848. I made the original drawing in company of Charles Church of Wells, who afterwards was with me all through my bad illness. . . .

There are people here who say your Government are going out, along of Madagascar, Suez Canals, New Guinea, Mr. Chamberlain's virulence, and other causes. I do not myself think the G[ladstone] Government is likely to end just yet, but if it should, one good result may be that you may rush off to Lucerne and through the tunnel to Lugano and Mendrisio and up here. So in that sense I should like you to be free. The end of my stay at Sanremo was also distressing: Ill myself and very feeble, poor old George was much worse, from Bronchitis and other miseries. I sent him with his eldest son to Mendrisio, but the rain of all June made him still worse, and it is only since he came up here on the 4th that there are any signs of amendment. I am however obliged to prepare myself for believing that he can never again be well, and his change for the worse is a daily distress to me. Yet, whatever happens, I choose to keep on in the path I laid down for myself to follow, nor will I allow the help and fidelity with which for thirty years he has served me, to be forgotten because he is now helpless and old. Happily the sale of my work enables me to go to more expense than I otherwise could hope to do. . . .

I was sorry I bothered you with letters at Balmoral. But I thought you were there for a longer time. Miss Stopford was for a period, but she did not know this child.

The word Peeriod reminds me that Earl Mulgrave[1] is a coming to be our new chaplain at the new Sanremo church. One here suggests that he should preach in an Earl's-by-Courtesy Coronet, and so get huge subscriptions. . . .

Write when you can, or even when you can't.

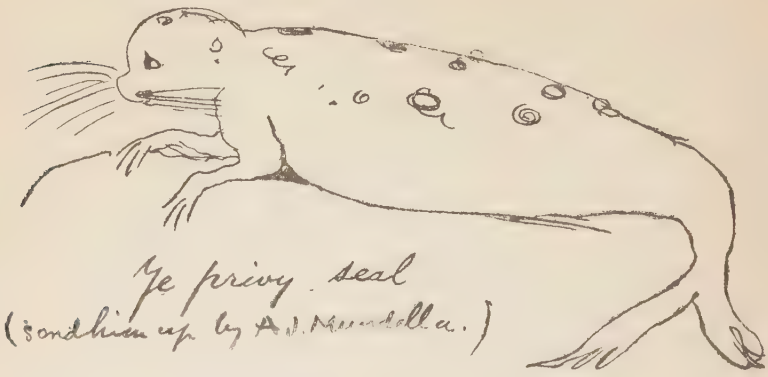
Hotel Monte Generoso. Mendrisio.
Canton Ticino.
Switzerland.
Aug. 2nd, 1883.

. . . Although my own health is better, I am daily in greater distress by seeing my poor old servant Giorgio Cocali suffer so terribly. They (Doctors) say there is no chance of his living, and it is a question of time as to his remaining alive,—the constant coughing and bronchial attacks, and terrible weakness considered. Nevertheless, I cannot send him down to the hot Riviera, (which would at once prove fatal), although the weather here is so cold that he is almost always obliged to keep his bed. His eldest son is always with him, and his youngest looks after me, who, what with bad fits of giddiness at times etc : etc :—dare not walk out any longer alone. . . .

Villa Emily, it really seems, is about to be let, for some sort of a collegiate concatenation. The "doing of it up" will cost possibly more than the rent I should

[1] The present Marquess of Normanby, late Canon of Windsor.

get. It is odd that both you and I (in such different phases of life) should each have a skeleton in the form of a white elephant House. As for Strawberry Hill, I should like to know about the sale. . . .



5.30 *a.m. August* 8. 1883.

This is to say, my dear good servant and friend George died, quite calmly, an hour ago.

He is to be buried at Mendrisio, by the Milan English Protestant chaplain.

Please write to me.

VILLA TENNYSON.
19 *October*, 1883.

You had better keep President of the Council if so be you ain't Privy Seal also. That creature's life is a dreary mystery to me ; but I have already offered you the use of my large cistern if you will send him out.—My two Suliots should take good care of him.

. . . The marriage of Lord Norreys [1] to Miss Dor-

[1] The present Earl of Abingdon, son of the 6th Earl, married in 1883 Gwendoline, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Hon. Sir J. C. Dormer, son of 13th Baron Dormer, as his second wife.

mer I saw in the papers, but, supposing old Lord Abingdon to have died ages ago, I imagined that the bridegroom was the *son* of the Lord Norreys I used to meet—for he must have a boy over twenty— . . . One day at Strawberry he declared dogmatically that the Greek Church always read the Athanasian creed in their churches, which I knew they never did. And, although I quoted Arthur Stanley (who, it so happened, had just written to me on the subject) it was voted that I knew nothing of the matter, *i.e.* that I being a Landscapepainter was necessarily a fool, and that he, being an Earl's son was necessarily in the right. So, knowing my antagonist, I succumbed to circumstances in cerulean silence.

I was kept *au fait* as to all the Copenhagen voyage. The poems read to the Royalties by A were "The Grandmother" and "Blow, bugler, blow!"

There must have been more than a slight resemblance between A. Trollope and myself, as I have long been continually spoken to as "A. Trollope"—both in London and abroad. Anyhow we must have been very much alike in fizziognomy if not otherwise.

You will be glad to know that, although the death of my dear good servant has been and will be always a sorrow, yet his two sons do all in their power to fill their Father's place. A says somewhere, "tyranny tyranny breeds"—and I suppose "kindness kindness breeds," for I have always done all I could for poor George and his family, as indeed I ought, for no one but myself knows what and how much I have owed to him for thirty years past.

CHAPTER IX

October, 1883, to December, 1887.

SAN REMO AND NORTHERN ITALY.

FOR this final chapter I have taken at random characteristic letters written by the painter during the last four years of his life. Almost to the end they show the same unfailing interest in life, the same minuteness, and the same whimsical humour.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

Oct. 29. 1883.

. . . I wonder if you saw my big Kunchinjunga at Lord Aberdare's, and if you thought it looked well. Henry Bruce has always been one of my steadiest friends. So has Alfred Seymour—from whom comes a letter today from Knoyle : they all go to Algiers for the winter. I imagine I owe to him a very nice notice of "Meeself and mee works" which was in the "World" of August 15th last[1] (No. 476). It is well

[1] A flattering paragraph in "What the World says" on his Corsican views then on view at Messrs. Foord and Dickinson's, Wardour Street.

that Wardour Street and my Corsican views should be indicated to people in general, as old friends cannot go on always buying, but I have always to go on eating.

As for your want of energy—*non ci credo.* But regarding your difficulty about Privy Seal or Privy Council paper, I earnestly recommend you to gum a half sheet of each together, and so write on both at once, to which advice I hear you mutter "Gum! gum! gum! this is too bad!"—Nevertheless, I constantly reflect on the condition of that seal itself, and wonder how you get the creature to Balmoral, for it cannot live so many hours without water, and yet the boiler of the engine must be too hot for it. I imagine therefore that you take him either in an indiarubber bag or a tub-box, in the "reserved" carriage in which you travel. . . .

Please observe the handwriting of my address to you. I would ask you to show it to H.M. as a specimen of how one of her subjects can write at 72 æt, and as an example, only it happens that H.M. writes a really *legible* and *beautiful* hand herself, which all her subjects don't. . . .

I am working at a big *Esa*, and at

"Moonlight on still waters between walls
Of gleaming granite in a shadowy pass."

But life—were it not for hard occupation and wandering in the garden would be very slow, and I sometimes wish that I myself were a bit of gleaming granite or a pomegranite or a poodle or a pumkin.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

BALMORAL CASTLE.
Nov. 5. 1883.

. . . The Privy Seal has not accompanied me here, but is left in charge of an old clerk (at the Privy Seal Office, 8 Richmond Terrace) who thinks his duties the most important under Government. My communications with him are limited, because he is stone deaf, but I give him his written directions to affix the seal to a Patent of Peerage or Baronetage, or Office, or Crown Living etc : and then he takes a lump of wax, and a great silver seal out of a box, and he seals the document, and this goes to the Chancellor, and he affixes the Great Seal. It is all a piece of solemn trifling. . . .

The Queen is much better, in good spirits, but does not walk or stand much yet. She is very gracious and kind. . . . I made H.M. laugh about my fair namesake, Miss Fortescue[1] (really Miss Finney) who danced and sang as a Fairy in "Iolanthe" at the Gaiety on Saturday, and next day had a Sunday dinner with Lady C——s, a woman who has never set her foot inside a theatre in her life.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA TENNYSON. SANREMO.
23 *December* 1883.

Besides that it is the season for sending good wishes, it is time to reply to your Balmoral letter of Nov. 5, which pleased me vastly.

[1] "Miss Fortescue," the actress. Fortescue was interested by his namesake, though I do not think he ever saw her act.

Thank the Lord that you are not a Centipede! a bust of gratitude I feel every Sunday morning because on that day happens the weekly cutting of toenails and general arrangement of toes,—and if that is a bore with ten toes, what would it have been if it had been the will of Heaven to make us with a hundred feet, instead of only two—*i.e.* with five hundred toenails? It has been before now a subject of placid reflection and conjecture to me, as to whether Sovereigns, Princes, Dukes and even Peers generally—cut their own toenails. It is useless to think of asking hereditary Peery individuals about this as they are brought up to recognise facts as so to speak impersonal and beyond remark: but it is possible that I may find out some day if A will continue this odious annoyance after he is entitled to wear a coronet. Concerning the Tennyson D'Eyncourt peerage, you may suppose I have plenty of communication; and I daresay you know as well as I do that it was a particular desire of H.M. that she should bestow it,—though I have actually heard people say that she did *not* wish it, but was persuaded by Mr. W. E. G[ladstone], who initiated the whole abooo!

As regards myself and my own health, I cannot tell you much good. I had a bad fit or attack after I wrote last, and fell—happily—in my garden,—remaining insensible for some time. Since then I have had no other similar shock, but only threatenings of paralysis. I rarely go out beyond my own villa, and am quite prepared for a sudden departure at any time—regretting only that I cannot leave, as I had with justice hoped to do—my worldly affairs in order. As to my daily comfort, the two sons of poor dear George leave me

nothing to wish for. The elder, who cooks famously after my fashion, is however, I am sorry to say, in very precarious health, and must fail of consumption unless great care is taken that no fresh cold is incurred. . . .

But the great and constant worry of my life is that Villa Emily. . . . Last Autumn it was let to people for a school, but they—having furnished and inhabiting it, declare their utter inability to pay a farthing of rent! Whether they are swindlers or not is what I cannot determine, but the result is the same, honest or the contrary. As the villa was mortgaged for £2000 to our dear good kind Northbrook three years back, when there was every prospect of its sale for £5000 or £6000, and when no one could have foreseen so brutal an increase of wicked injury, you may suppose how miserable I am about it. . . . Frank Lushington's letters once a week are a comfort. Yesterday his godson, Sir Henry Maine's [1] son brought me an introduction. . . . (Concerning godsons, one Mr. Jones here had this announcement made to him by a waiter—"Sir, one gentleman wishes to see you; he says he is the Son of God belonging to your friend Mr. Smith!!") . . .

All you say of Queen Victoria interests me greatly, as I think her one of the best and most remarkable of living women. The letters of H.R.H. Princess Alice —just published—to such a mother, are invaluable as characteristic of both parties. . . .

Now that the Phoca is known to be Irish, could you

[1] Sir Henry James Sumner Maine, Law Member of the Supreme Council of India 1862–1869, in 1871 became a Member of Council of the Secretary of State for India.

not send the creature to Dublin, and come over here for a week? You can have two rooms in V[illa] T[ennyson] to yourself.

Why should the Ilbert Bill[1] be called the Filbert Pill? Because many people think it hard to crack and unpleasant to swallow.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY
Dec. 27. 1883.

. . . About the Tennyson Peerage my mind is rather confused and perplexed, but I shall say nothing against it, and so far as the House of Lords is concerned, I think it an honour. I did not know that the Queen had originated it. She told me once that he had refused to come and see her, because he didn't know how to make a bow!

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

7 *January* 1884, (8 *p.m.*).

Your very welcome letter of December 27th was a great pleasure to this child, whose chief food mental in these days is letters,—for the grasshopper has become a burden, and the quick-pace downhill transit to indifference and final apathy is more and more discernible as month follows month. Yet that fact does not fully account for the perversity of my nose busting out a-bleeding at this moment—as prevents my going on writing for a time and times and perhaps half a time.

[1] A bill which would render Europeans in India liable to be tried by qualified native judges.

8.30. I have "backbecome," as old Mr. Kestner[1] used to say—and begin to write again, but it is late and I shall soon shut up altogether. I am going to make a remark, which is as follows. Your sincerity and plain straightforwardness, (which I have for so many years known of) have never been more pleasant to me than when you wrote, "I see that you feel yourself feeble in some respects, and that your health and life are precarious." Now this is what I call valuable and truthful writing; yet many of my really kind friends write—"O! what nonsense! Seventy two is no age! —I have an uncle ninty five—" and so on—"vacant chaff well meant for grain" indeed! It *may* please God that I live on for years, but I choose rather to prepare for a shorter period of life. And bye the bye, is not your 61st birthday just about now? January 1st is my dear Frank Lushington's—also 61: Northbrook, I think, is one if not two years younger. But what are these "little differences." In a very short time these units and tens and twentys are all equally nil. (O criky! will the "ridiculous" never leave me? Have you never heard of Emily F—— or Miss G—— or some female shrieker lecturing on the equality of the sexes, and saying—"The sexes are intrinsically equal, spite of some little differences,"—whereon arose a roar of "Hurrah! for their little differences!!" —and after vain efforts to speak again, the shouters of "viva the little differences!" finally won the day, and the Lady Lecturer collapsed. . . .

Here follows another interruption—post—long and

[1] Chevalier Kestner, a well-known figure in Roman society of the forties and fifties.

very nice letter from Wilkie Collins—and other missives. . . .

The little book by T. H. Green [1] came three days ago; many thanks for it. I do not however as yet think that it suits my "fixings" as it does yours—which is a rare case regarding our inter-possessed notions. Perhaps the style confuses me; or perhaps—which is much more probable—I, being an Ass, cannot well appreciate it. I cannot build up lines of Faith-architecture (so to speak ὡς ἔπος εἰπειν (on a substratum of Dogma I can't believe, or understand. It is vexatious even to touch on subjects of this sort so flippantly: if you were here for about forty-eight years, and we were both well and illustrious and pomsidillious,—better times might happen.

Regarding Tennyson and the Peerage. (Have you seen a perfect (and good-natured) caricature in *Punch* about it? It has been sent to me, and A's "Hat" is a miracle of absurd accuracy. How often have we jeered about that Hat!) You may suppose that I have had heaps of letters on the subject: one—from a person I shan't name,—nearly busts me with its folly—"What! make a man a Peer because he has *written a few verses!!* What enemy of his has persuaded the Queen to make him so ridiculous?" I don't envy your fogs. Figs—even frogs—would be better. . . .

Once more (and it is high time) I paws. 8.50 P.M.

[1] T. H. Green, the philosopher. Lear probably refers here to the "Prolegomena to Ethics," left incomplete at Green's death, and published in 1883. He married a sister of John Addington Symonds, who still lives at Oxford.

8 *p.m.*
21 *January*, 1884.

If you will start off at once so as to get here while this weather lasts, you shall have my two volumes of Lodge if you are a good boy to read all day, which you can do in your room, looking out on the sounding syllabub sea and the obvious octagonal ocean ; and bye and bye I will alter my garden so as to give room for a waterspouty small aqueous circular basin, in which, in remembrance of you a live Phoca shall

ever dwell, and I will observe it from the brink of the κύκγος.

(I am reading the Seven against Thebes in Greek just now, which will account for my Hellenic proclivities. One Rev. W. Gurney, now chaplain at Milan, erst Head Master of Doncaster School, who buried my poor dear George at Mendrisio, is a going for to send me a pumphlett he has written on them toppix.)

I must stop now, as the watch said when the little boy filled it full of treacle. Good-night.

Did I send you these two riddles. Why could not Eve have the measles? Because she'd *Adam*— (had 'em.) And " Is life worth the living? "—" That depends on the liver." (translated by Lecky, " La vie,

en vaut elle la peine?" "Ca depend de la *foi* (foie)") Good-night. Amen. . . .

* * * * * *

I do certainly wish you could go to Stratton: N[orthbrook] is seen there to best of all advantage, as is Łady Emma, of whom I have the highest opinion: she has never changed a bit since she was ten years old, or five for the matter of that. I must write to her presently, as she has sent me an absurd Xmas card for my cat Foss. I fully enter into all you say as to your goings into "Society." The Sandringham visit I do not doubt was good for you: for, if, as I think, work is the best solace for your life, then the necessary accompaniments of that work are also its best conditions, and of such are attendance on Royalty etc, however in themselves such necessities are distasteful. I, as you know, detest the Conventionalities of Royal life, and am thankful I never was much connected therewith: but the "career" (as Bowen[1] used to say—bye the bye, how queer his Canton life and Hong Kong!) of a public man cannot be shirked. Next in order in your letter are your remarks on being left alone, and milady's death. The longer I live the more I think I perceive the spaces of this life to be inexpressibly trivial and small, and that, if there be a life beyond this, our present existence is merely a trifle in

[1] Sir George Ferguson Bowen, G.C.M.G., held various high posts in Australia and New Zealand, was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Mauritius, 1879–1883, since when he was Governor of Hong-Kong. His wife was a daughter of H.H. Count Candiano di Roma, late President of the Ionian Senate. It was in Corfû, when he was Chief Secretary to the Lord High Commissioner, that Lear knew him.

comparison with what may be beyond. And that there *is* a life beyond this it seems to me the greatest of absurdities to deny, or even to doubt of. Next you copy the words written by the Q[ueen],[1] who to my mind, is one of the most remarkable women of this century or perhaps any other. The message sent is *absolutely beautiful and touching*, and real, for she has, I am well aware, no idea of show-display, or of affectation, or sham. She is a true and fine woman in every repect, whether Queen, wife, mother or honest worker-out of her life, daily and hourly in either position. I daresay you can imagine that I know much more of Court life than many would suppose: for if you recall how very many persons about Q[ueen] [Victoria] I have known, and if you reflect that the closest holders of secrets are apt to tell their husbands or beloveds or sisters, and that those husbands and beloveds and sisters confide to third persons what is generally supposed to be "unknown"—you cannot wonder that much of truth filters out. Meanwhile, the sentence beginning "she does not wish" etc, etc, is one of extreme pathos and beauty. I don't know if it is proper to call a sovereign a duck, but I cannot help thinking H.M. a dear and absolute duck, and I hope she may live yet thirty or forty more years, for every year she lives will be a blessing to her country. You,

[1] From a letter from H.M. Queen Victoria, Osborne, January 3, 1884:—

. . . "The Queen does *not* wish Lord Carlingford 'a *happy* New Year,' for that is a mockery to those in grief as she has known now for many a year, but she wishes him peace, patience, and courage to *bear* the heavy Cross, and the power to realize the future more and more."

I need not say, may be sure that I repeat nothing of what you write : but after what I have written you may understand how I loathe such animals as, . . . who covertly aid in the progress of republican principles and the downfall of monarchy. As a rule I avoid writing on Poltix but now and then I cannot help alluding to them : for the present I shall only say, in the remarkable words of a Mrs. Malaprop here, "The present Government is one of vaccination and no policy ; nor does it ever act with derision until it is obliged to do so by some dreadful Cataplasm. . . ."

1.

When "Grand old men" persist in folly
In slaughtering men and chopping trees,
What art can soothe the melancholy
Of those whom futile "statesmen" teaze ?

2.

The only way their wrath to cover
To let mankind know who's to blame-o-
Is first to rush by train to Dover
And then straight onward to Sanremo.

I have often seen in lists of dinners, "Cabinet puddings" named. Now what I have a painful curiosity to know is whether all you Cabinet Ministers have such a pudding placed before you at Cabinet Councils, and if W. E. G. has a huge big one at the head of the table. Respond—this being an important philopobóstrogotróbbicle question. . . .

27. *January* 1884.

Here is one more scrawl from your troublesome old Landskipper. I don't much like bothering you, yet as something particularly disgusting has happened,

I wish you to know of it. The people who took Villa Emily for a school have come to utter grief and have absconded, paying me £4 only out of the £100 due, and having had all their furniture seized and carried off by the tradesmen of Sanremo who supplied it. One of the partners sends the key of the Villa to the Agent, and begs that I may be informed that any effort to be repaid is useless on my part, as they have no money whatsoever. Some time back, I went to Villa Emily with an old friend (sister of Sir Erskine Perry) and looked at all the rooms, and when I was going away I said, "But, Miss Wilkin, how about your rent?" Whereon Miss W. busted into tiers, and there was a scene. Said I to Miss P. when we were outside—"What do you think of them?" "They are *possibly* imposters, but *certainly* inefficient." And it seems they are both. Beyond a doubt it has been disgraceful of the agent to have let the house to any people without proper references, and without having a sum paid down. . . .

28 *February*, 1884.

I should like you to know as soon as possible, that I have sold the Villa Emily. I considered the matter thoroughly, and finally came to the conclusion that a great and serious *present* loss is more easily to be endured than an indefinitely greater one in the *future*, aggravated meanwhile by constant necessities of tax and repair payings. So I sold the poor old place, and it now belongs to the highly pious and exalted Miss Macdonald Lockhart, who has bought it for some carrotable institootion.

I very much wish Northbrook could be told this, but I do not like to write to him, because I know—along of Suakim[1] etc: he must at this moment have no need of extra bother. But if you have a Nopportunity, tell him the fulginous and filthy fact. I will write to him bye and bye.

I am reading A. Hayward's essays[2] with great pleasure. What stupidity to say—as some write—that his faculty of "dining out" and his "conversation" were the principally remarkable points of his character.

May not A. Tennyson's

"Too late! Too late!" be adopted as your "grand old man's" motto? Anyhow his supporters, Göschen, Forster, Cowan and Marriott seem to think so.

P.S. The V.E. property was sold for a *shockingly* small sum: but if it was to be sold, the sooner the better.

It is rather odd that both you and I have had

[1] Baker Pasha's forces were routed at Suakim, proving the hopelessness of the attempt to preserve the Soudan for the Egyptians and the uselessness of the native army. Lord Salisbury proposed a Vote of Censure in the House of Lords, which was carried by a majority of 100, whereas Sir S. Northcote's resolution was defeated by a larger majority in the lower House.

[2] Abraham Hayward, the essayist, founder of the *Law Magazine*, a brilliant conversationalist, died in February, 1884. Lear is referring here to his "Selected Essays," or his "Biographical and Critical Essays." He was an habitué of Strawberry Hill and Lady Waldegrave's different houses.

to be bothered by house sales late in life! whereas in early days—

"No house had we whatever
except our covering"—skin

for in those days even Redhouse was not yours.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

24th March, 1884.

. . . This morning I wrote out the eggstrax from my Diary of 1862, thinking they would amuse you. I am not up to writing much tonight, and cannot answer your kind letter: how you can find time to think of me, I can't imagine. There are lots to say, but as usual I can't write all at present. The history of the eggstrax is curious, and relates to rather a disagreeable incident, which caused me to rummage over several years of Diary, whence I culled the two specimens enclosed.[1] Some time back two ladies came here, and one began to speak about Miladi very disparagingly, and so—not a difficult matter—I lost my temper. Said this lady—"After all, Lady Waldegrave was only an ordinary person as to mind: has anybody ever remembered anything that made any impression and could be recollected?" I was such a fool as to flare up and say "Yes, she did! She said of the man you have been hold-

[1] See p. xix, vol. i.

ing up as the particular great man of the century—"He is no statesman, and has nothing of a statesmanlike mind!" I was sorry for having been so outspoken, but my having been so was the cause of my rummaging over various years of diary, and certainly I found I was quite *within* the mark,—not only then but at another time, as to the Irish Church Bill.

These diaries are vastly funny and interesting to me, but could not be as much so to anybody else, as so much more is understood by myself than written. In these last rummagings I have come on a deal of interest in many ways.

I must stop now, as it is 8.45, and poor Dimitri has to take my lamp and bring me some tea. I say "poor" Dimitri, as he must soon be the last of his race; Nicola, poor George's eldest son, one of the steadiest and most active fellows, and who was so good and attentive during the last two sad years of his Father's life, is slowly dying of consumption. He cannot ultimately recover, but I intend to take every care of him till the end comes—if indeed it comes to him before it comes to myself. Good night.

25th. March. 1884. 7 *a.m.*

. . . As for your Government, I never "devoutly wished" its end, though much of what is done and doing is most objectionable, nor do I for this quote Lord Randolph, Salisbury or any of the Opposition, but only *your own supporters*,—Forster, Goschen, Cowan, Marriott, etc; etc; I am as sensible as you can be of the immense difficulty of form-

ing a powerful Ministry seeing that the materials and circumstances are against you. I do not think Salisbury or Northcote could succeed. Had Hartington been less a shilly shally man in all but Gladstone worship, he would be the rightest man to succeed, together with yourself and Derby, whose future I believe will always increase in power. As for you, you appear to me the one of the lot who has most straightforward dignity and quiet, and you are a wonderful contrast to the universal talent that can be good at Exchecquer Chancellorship, jam, treecutting, and anti-papal writing, not to speak of fanatical Greek Church proclivities.

As for your medical and Cattle Bills, I do not understand them and don't try to. Years ago, when it was proposed by some talkers to have a Coalition Cabinet, it was pointed out that if W. E. G. were in it nominally *anywhere*, he would be by his violence and temperament always really at the *top;* but I, as a dirty Lanscape-painter, do not feel sure that the extreme party should not have been challenged to do their worst,—yet naturally I may be quite wrong, as I cannot as an outsider, judge of what may really have been the insurmountable difficulties of the case. Had you but been here when poor Lord F. Cavendish [1] was, and heard him say that "the most impossible of all things was for the Grand old man ever to take office again!!!" . . . If old Lord Aberdeen's Ghost looks on, he may find

[1] Lord Frederick Cavendish, younger brother of the Marquis of Hartington, succeeded Mr. Forster as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and was murdered with Mr. Burke in the Phœnix Park on the day of his arrival in Dublin, 1882.

BASS.E.

(From an oil painting.)

(By kind permission of the Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.)

comfort in the fulfilment of his dictum, "He who can talk most will assuredly get most power,"—talk he sense or nonsense. . . .

My diary of 1862 is full of you, as indeed are those of many other years. I cannot understand how such an asinine beetle as myself could ever have made such friends as I have. . . . Anyhow, the immense variety of class and caste which I daily came in contact with in those days, would be a curious fact even in the life of a fool. Of Northbrook it is a pleasure to find I have always—from 1847—written in the same way.

EXTRACT.

May 24th 1862.

On board the Marathon Liverpool steamer, from Corfû to Malta, I asked the fat Scotch stewardess,—"As you frequently stay here all about these ports, do you get fever?" "O Sir," said she, with the strongest accent, "I have fevers daily and nightly: the Lord God Almighty sends me fevers, even when I don't pray for them, and I am proud to think few is so highly fevered."—By which I found she mistook fevers for favours. But she suddenly went on—(Lady Valsamachi was on board)—"But Sir, is yon leddy the widdy of Bishop Heber or his daughter?" "She is is widow," said I. "His widdy! And is it true then that she, a Christian Leddy could marry a Heathen Greek!! And such a backsleeding and downcoming after having been jined to one as has written such imms as the Bishop writ, which it is my preeveleege to know maistly by heart!"

O pestilential Glasgow Pharisaism and be bothered to you you old fool.

16. *April.* 1884.

[1] Your very kind letter of the 12th., just come. I continue to keep getting a little better, but *very slowly:* and I can sit up two or three hours. Nicola feeds me very carefully and the other Suliot is as attentive as possible.

I have been able to finish the large Gwalior—which was all but done; and hope to get the Argos finished next week. "Een in our hashes live their wonted fires"—as the poetical cook said when they said her hashed mutton was not hot enough. . . .

Bye the bye, a riddle was given me yesterday.—

Upon this Earth she walked
Upon this Earth she talked
Rebuking man of sin;
Sinless she was no doubt
And yet, from heaven shut out
She never will get in!

(Balaam's she-ass.)

Four ladies who went to Fenton's church on Good Friday said the service was so shocking and dreary

[1] On April 8th, Lear wrote to Carlingford, "It is right that you should know that on the 26th March I was taken very ill with Pleurisy and inflammation of lungs—and that on the 28th it was not thought I could live through the night. But Dr. Hassall's constant care got the inflammation under, and now though it is not likely I can ever again be quite well, I am certainly better, and to-day dressed and up for an hour or two. Everyone is very kind! . . . Please show this to Northbrook."

they would never go any more to that conventicle. On the other hand Mulgrave's perpetual processions and palm bearings etc, etc, give as much disgust on the other side. Is it impossible to find more than half a dozen parsons with commonsense enough to avoid extremes?

4. *June* 1884.

Having a notion that you have a little more leisure while you are at Balmoral (as I see by the papers you are about to be,) than when you are in London, I shall send you a few lines just to let you know how your aged friend goes on.

O my aged Uncle Arley!
Sitting on a heap of Barley
Through the silent hours of night!
On his nose there sate a cricket;
In his hat a railway ticket—
—But his shoes were far too tight!
Too! too!
far too tight!

By the 15th. May, I was just able to get away from here on my journey of discovery; I was frightfully pulled down by my illness—with swollen feet; and unable to walk: but George's youngest son, Dimitri, continually pulled me into and out of Railway carriages like a sack of hay. So by dint of pluck and patience I got to Vicenza and to Recoàro, where I have taken rooms for eight or ten weeks, but do not go there till the end of June. If I can keep quiet I may possibly prosper, and if I can do some good to poor Nicola Cocali, George's eldest son, I shall bless myself. . . .

I went, before I got home here on the 24th, to a place, Salso Maggiore, near Parma—famous in Italy for remedies (Iodo Bromiche?) against pulmonary complaints, and here, hoping against hope, I have just now, yesterday, sent poor Nicola Cocali to try twenty days inhalation, in charge of Dimitri who is turning out a most valuable and steady fellow. . . .

A thunderbolt happened recently in Christie's having at the last moment declared they had no room or time left for my sale of pictures, so all are gone to Foord's. Please do what you can to make my Eggzibition known. Some of the work there is of the best I have done, I think.

In the meantime I rise now at 4.30, and after 6, work at the never finished Athos, and the equally big Bavella, and the infinitely bigger Enoch Arden. . . .

I daresay you have plenty to do so I shall not write any more. I often wish you were here. Generally speaking I have latterly resembled this.

18. *June* 1884.

P.S. You will be glad to know that I continue to have better accounts of poor Nicola. At this moment a letter from my dear good old Calvanistic sister (æt. 84) makes me laugh. The daughter and son-in-law of my N. Z. nephew are coming to England with their son (my great-great-nephew, aged 17) to place him at either Cambridge or Oxford.

"I am sure" (writes my sister,) "I hope it is to be the former! I do not like *either*, but there is less Popery in Cambridge I believe and hope than in Oxford." [1]

June 27. 1884.

I was very glad to get your letter of the 22nd, and to know what you told me about Charles Braham's[2] last hours. It was a most immense blessing for all that both you and Constance could be with him to the end. . . . No one who knew Charles Braham could doubt his extreme affection to Milady: . . .

I think a great deal in these latter days of all my life, *every particle* of which from the time I was four years old, I, strange to say, can perfectly remember. (Even earlier for I well remember being wrapped in a blanket and taken out of bed to see the illuminations in the house at Highgate, on the Battle of Waterloo occasion—and I was then, 1815, just 3 years old and odd weeks). And, thinking over all, I have long since come to the conclusion that we are *not wholly* responsible for our lives, *i.e.*, our acts, *in so far as* congenital circumstances, physical or psychical over which we have no absolute control, prevent our being so. Partial control we assuredly have, but in many cases we do not come to know our real responsibilities or our nonresponsibilities, till long after it has become too late to change the lines we have early begun to trace and follow. Once or twice I have written somewhat concerning these matters, and if you were here I

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Gillies and their son.

[2] Lady Waldegrave's other favourite brother.

might possibly dig them forth, though I might also possibly remember that every man has a lot of remembrances of his own, and may not care to be bothered with those of others, even of the most intimate friends. I also wish at times that you were quit of office, but only because I hate the despotic government of an incompetent fanatic, for I very well understand, or partly so, the fierce necesssity—if England is to be governed by one of two parties,—of keeping that one in power whose original watch-word and action was wise and liberty loving.

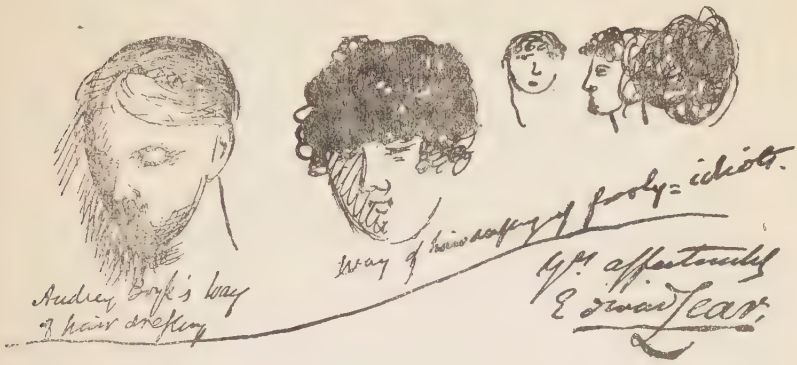
. . . But enough of this as the frog said angrily to the Lizard who averred that he was neither fish nor beast after his tail fell off.

I have lately come across other talk recorded by me of your Lady, and all of it shews, what one knew before, that her perception of character was of the most remarkable justness.

Regarding your visit to Wardour Street, I have already unbuzzomed myself: but I should certainly like to know your opinion of the four large paintings, particularly of the "tract all dark and red" of which I hear there has been a faint whisper of its being bought by thirty admirers of Alfred Tennyson (and also of E.L.) at ten guineas each, as a wedding present for Hallam. . . . Hallam Tennyson has just sent me his photograph and that of Audrey Boyle; her face is delightful, and the dressing of her hair a lovely example to the myriad fooly-idiots of fashion.

P.S. My poor servant Nicola Cocali left Salsomaggiore for Milan yesterday, and the reports of the Doctor and Innkeeper were on the whole good. Bill altogether £11, and that is cheap if the poor fellow is

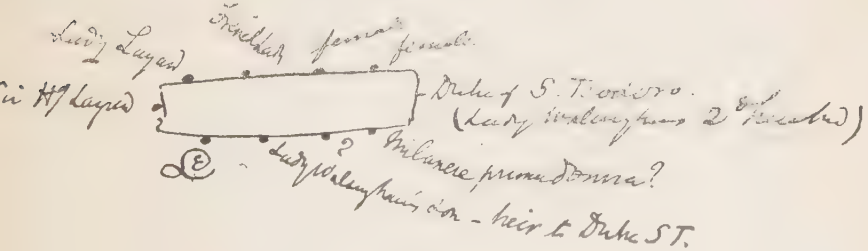
benefited. Anyhow, no son of George Cocali shall die in a Hospital if I can help it. Same time I send £10 by sister Ellen to that poor foolish Texas brother, and £10 to a Nartist as is unphortschnit. So Charity, you see, don't always begin at home.



Hotel Cavour,
Milano.
8 *September*, 1884.

There has been an envellope written for you for weeks past, but I find at this moment that it is packed up and sent off in the big trunks,—whereby I take another, and will fill it with this letter if I can do so. . . .

You know my old mode of noting down a dinner —society—what do you think of this?


Lady Layard
Sir H. Layard
Duke of S. Teodoro.
(Lady Wallenstein 2nd Husband)
Milanese prima Donna?
Lady Wallenstein's son - heir to Duke S.T.

(I must however hasten to tell you that the Layards were *not* at the dinner, having gone off to Venice the day before, but all the rest is correct.)

Northbrook sent me the kindest letter just before he started; (I believe he would have come up to Recoaro if he had gone to Trieste by the Venice line) but he says he will come and see me at Sanremo in November. This I doubt about; and his going at all to Egypt[1] is to me a grief, though if any straightforwardness and administrative ability can compensate for crooked imbecility and bad statesmanship, I believe that he is about the best man who could be there, as well also as Evelyn Baring. But with a policy, or rather no policy, of shilly-shally Suakim-Soudan stupidity, I do not look for much hopeful result, though I doubt if Lord Salisbury would be a happier Factor. . . .

My Gallery at 129 Wardour Street don't thrive at present; but as it remains stationary, I don't see any particular reason for doubting its success by little and little as the man said when he threw the gunpowder in the fire. I, and Mr. Williams shall have to consider whether some Advertisement will not be advisable. After all do not Royal Academicians "advertise" when they hang their pictures on public walls?

Hallam Tennyson has sent me (along with a photograph of Mrs. H.T. and of himself,) a sonnet on my Villa at Sanremo.[2] . . .

[1] The Earl of Northbrook and Lord Wolseley left London for Egypt together, the former as British High Commissioner, the latter to take charge of the military operations for the relief of Khartoum.

[2] See Appendix A, p. 363.

You would have been edified by the society of several Americans at Recoaro. One, a well-bred and educated family, electrified me by their opinion on "Slave Emancipation." "It had nothing to do with hatred of slavery, though hatred of slavery was used as a factor in the matter. It was wholly in substance a political move against the Southern States. Not one of *us*, nor of thousands in America, would sit at table with a black man or woman!" "But," said I to one of the sons, "you would sit in a room with your dog?" —"Dog? Yes, Sir! but you can't compare an inferior creature such as a negro is with a dog?" There were other lots of Americans not so agreeable, and I often got out of their way—particularly when they reviled and ridiculed Q[ueen] V[ictoria]. And as I never spoke on political subjects, I listened to their praise of your Capo the G.O.M. in silence, or fled: especially when they predicted his careful gradual bringing about a Republic, and "Wall, Sir, I think old G. is the right sort of man: rayther than give up a spikket of power he will go on with the mob till they pull down the Peers as they ought to do," and after that, though he would cry hot tears all the time, he would order Queen V's decapitation quite easy, and go on cutting down trees all the more."

> It is a virtue in ingenuous youth,
> To leave off lying and return to truth,
> For well it's known that all religious morals
> Are caused by Bass's Ale and South Atlantic Corals.

Whereby, as I have just found the missing 2½ Envellope, I shall sacrifice that sum to the redistribution of facts and the annihilation of phibs.

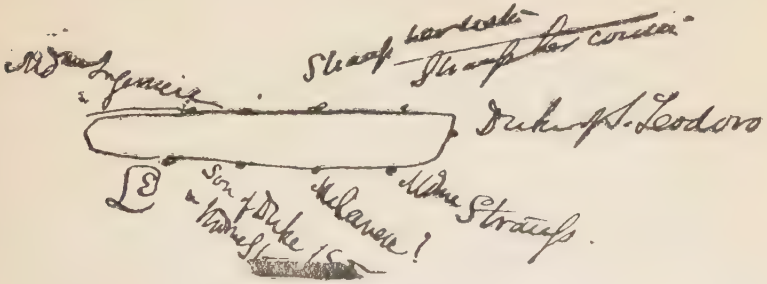
For whereas I wrote that I sat near a son of Lady

Walsingham, no such circumstance took place, seeing that the said Lady Walsingham, heretofore Duchess of Sant' Arpino, never had no son, but only one daughter, which that there daughter married one of the Colonna,—but the boy as I sate next to—and who

1. Duke of S.T.
2. The Strauss
3. Intelligt little reptile
4. Strauss's sister
5. Strauss's cousin
6. Ld.

is a most intelligent little urchin, is the son of the Duke of San Teodoro (formerly Sant' Arpino) by the Strauss, who lives with the Duke of ST, and must have been so living for years, since the intelligent urchin is some 15 years old. The Strauss is a well-

known Singer connected with the Paris Opera, and is a vast big bouncing female, and the other two females are her sister and her cousin—all "travelling together" as part of the diaphanous Duke's family. The dinner party would therefore stand thus—



and that is all to be said on this subject.

Sept. 13, 1884.

One of my correspondents writes, "I dare say you know much more of these matters than I do, but as I know that Lord Carlingford is one of your kindest old friends, I must tell you that in various papers he is said to be leaving the ministry on account of ill-health." Of this the only additional oblique confirmation is that in the paper of the 11th. just come it is said: "Lord Carlingford is, it is reported, going to Berlin to replace Lord Ampthill." I do not say that any of these rumours may not be correct, though on reading that there was to be a round of change at the Embassies I fixed in my own mind that you would go to Madrid and Morier would ascend to Berlin, or go on to Constantinople or Rome. And in no case did it strike me as impossible that your name might follow —though late—those of Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cowper, Duke of Argyll, Messrs. Goschen and Forster, as

standing aloof from the G.O.M. and revolutionists generally. . . . Among the letters I found was a *particularly nice* and long one from Frank (Viscount) Baring, with messages from Lady Emma and a great deal about their father. . . . Did I ever send you all the titles of the 200 subjects of my Tennyson illustrations [1]? If I didn't I will do so, viz: all if you tell me.

Did I tell you Hallam has written a sonnet on Villa Tennyson?

Sep 28th. 1884.

The "40scue" is the writing table at which I am now writing—which you gave me in Stratford Place in 1849 or 1850. The F. L. sofa is an object of similar value—given me by Frank Lushington. I lie on this one and sit at the other most days, nearly all day. . . . Alfred Seymour who after many criticisms on the works I now have exhibiting at 129 Wardour St. writes "Take the entire lot, oil and water colors, I do not think you have ever done anything better. The Ravenna and Gwalior are quite remarkable, as are indeed also the Argos, and the poetical and mysterious Pentèdátilo. The Corsican drawings are all lovely,—some more striking than others, according to the subject chosen."

3. *November.* 1884.

From the time I last wrote to you, (I think September 30th) I have been in most disagreeable trouble, of a kind which to me is very painful: of this anon. . . .

Just as I take up this paper to write, I see in the *Daily Telegraph* what appears a sort of semi-official announcement that you are leaving the Ministry, and even if on no other account, the possibility of my

[1] Appendix D, see p. 368.

seeing you here is a something to look forward to, and at once (having also observed that you are going to or gone to Balmoral) I send this thither to remind you that if you do come to Sanremo, (where you certainly would be quiet enough this year!) I can put you up most perfectly, opposite the sea and garden, with a bed and sitting-room. If you came for a long period (I don't write "Peeriod" out of respect to Mr. Chamberlain and other haters of Lords,) you would like to pay for your Board, and might make what arrangements you pleased: you could likewise have your own servant in the house, for shortly I shall have nearly all my "Establishment" 'revised and corrected,'—having already a new Milanese servant, and a good cook is coming. I think too that your coming here and living as quietly as you pleased would benefit this child and prevent his "taking to drinking." Should the living with me not suit you, then I beg you to remember that the HOTEL ROYAL *joins* my garden and is in all respects a good place to be in: the Bertolini are a respectable and good lot, and there any amount of rooms to choose from.

Of my trouble I shall say as little as possible, though it is really a shocking matter to me. Demetrio Cocali, poor George's youngest son, who has served me so faithfully since his father's death, has gone altogether to the bad and has left me. I only discovered his ways after I left Recoaro, but on returning here found it was impossible to keep him in my service. The intellect of these poor people is so shallow and semi-useless that I would make all allowance for a lad of 19 whom I have

taught to read and write etc., and whose father was so good a servant to me for so long a time; but with all my desire to save a human being from ruin, I could not see my way to do so. The bad company he has frequented will I don't doubt eventually bring him to total misery.

There remains now only his eldest brother Nicola, a thoroughly good man æt. 33—as far as I have known him—a devoted son to his mother now dead, and for the last two or three years doing all for his poor Father. But he is gradually dying of consumption, and though still able to cook at times, is less and less at work and more and more obliged to lie down. In these difficulties I have got a highly recommended man from the Cavour at Milan, and have written for a second to act as cook: ugly and expenseful doings, but I have been all my life "in difficulties."

They would certainly look less ugly if you were to come out.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Balmoral Castle.
Nov. 6. 1884.

. . . I find the Queen remarkably well, better in body and mind than I have seen her for a long time, though anxious about public affairs. The lady in waiting is the widowed Duchess of Roxburghe, whom I like. Princess Frederica of Hanover[1] and her husband Baron Pawel von Rammingen are here. He is a pleasing sort of man in an awkward posi-

[1] H.R.H. Princess Frederica, daughter of George V., ex-King of Hanover, and a sister of the present Duke of Cumberland, married Baron von Pawel Rammingen, K.C.B., at Windsor in 1880.

tion—(one of the servants informed a Maid of Honour that "Mrs. Rummagem was come"). She is very tall, distinguished and charming. She was one of the last people we received at Carlton Gardens in '79, and she speaks to me warmly of my Lady.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

2. December 1884.

I was very glad to get your nice letter from Balmoral; I believe those parts of your Ministerial duty are very good for you. In a letter I had from Henry Grenfell to-day he speaks well of your health; I am glad to find from a letter of his I saw in print, that this dirty Landscape painter is not eccentric and monomaniac as to his opinion about the Right Hon. Joseph (re. "toil not neither spin"—Down with the Lords! etc, etc,—would you become plain Mr. Samuel Chichester Fortescue—if Mr. Thorold Rogers had his way?) My chief advice now is this—before it is too late, utilize the big Phoca privata: he would bring you across the Channel or take you round by the Bag of Biscuits and you could land just below Villa Tennyson at Sanremo.

The "household difficulties" as you call them *are* trying to this child. After trusting and teaching a lad for six or seven years to find him such an absolute hypocrite and good for nothing and untrustworthy! I have heard of Demitri having reached Brindisi, almost penniless and with not enough money even

to cross to Corfû: yet he certainly had over £30 from savings and pay when he left this house. His good brother Nicola is always extremely ill, and yet up to two days ago would persist in cooking; (would to goodness his successor cooked as he does!) He is now a great part of the day lying down, and often miserably depressed on account of his brother's acts. All I can do is to grin and hold on, though among other drawbacks, the expense of these days ain't at all pleasant. Yet if a man resolves to do what he thinks a duty—done it must be, and I have so often been in great difficulties that at æt 72½ it is not worth while to be over anxious, however sad one may be. The new personal servant, Luigi Rusconi, seems a jewel; . . . the new cook, Pietro Pavedi (also recommended by Suardi of the Cavour Hotel,) don't seem greatly gifted, but I have to remember that my great economy is not favourable to culinary genius.

Hardly a creature is at Sanremo. Lady Agnes Burne (Lady Fitzwilliam's sister,) called some days ago, but I don't expect to sell nothing this winter. . . . Happily Sir J. Lubbock[1] bought some drawings lately, for I am becoming tinless and tearful. . . .

I am sorry for Northbrook, on account of all sorts of odious articles against him, and now particularly that Bonham Carter[2] his brother-in-law has died so

[1] The present Lord Avebury, author of "Prehistoric Times," "The Pleasures of Life," and many works of research on ants and bees.

[2] John Bonham-Carter, formerly M.P. for Winchester. He was at various periods a Lord of the Treasury, Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, and Deputy-Speaker. His wife was Lord Northbrook's eldest sister.

suddenly. (Do you remember our dining with J.B.C. in Spring Gardens when except we two every one said A. Tennyson was no poet—in 1849?)

A letter I had a few days ago would amuse you. The writer has friends in Hong Kong; but speaking of R. Morier and his nomination to St. Petersburg, he says: "a curious rise to those who remember him a huge boy of 16: he wished to go to Berlin, but Bismarck vetoed. With him as with G. F. Bowen, unfailing confidence in himself, and untiring watchfulness to make good use of opportunities and get himself forwarded have prospered."

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Athenæum Club.
Dec. 5. 1884.

Your welcome letter came this morning. I have just come from the House of Lords, where the Franchise Bill [1] passed without a word said—a very remarkable political event, which ought to strike foreigners as a proof of the great political sense of this country. The Queen told me on Saturday that the two leaders spoke to her in the highest terms each of the conduct of the other, in respect of the negociations which have taken place, and Gladstone

[1] The frank adoption by Lord Salisbury of a democratic programme of reform had greatly assisted the solution of the question, and the previous agreement of the leaders of the two parties rendered futile the opposition of those whose seats were threatened with extinction.

has spoken to me with much admiration of Salisbury. H. M. also spoke to me in the kindest possible way of the newspaper reports of my resignation.

You draw the Phoca beautifully. The last event of the Privy Seal Office is that my private secretary . . . has privily forged various documents and cheated a charitable association, of which he was secretary, and has received the very mild sentence of a year's imprisonment. . . .

P. S. Anecdote—My solicitor's daughter, copying picture in National Gallery. British citizen gazes long at the picture and the copy—at last speaks: "Please, Miss, can you tell me *what they do with the old 'uns?*"

Lear to Lord Carlingfora.

VILLA TENNYSON. SANREMO.
21. *December* 1884.

I agree with all you say about R.D. Morier, and G.F.B. . . . R.D.M. I never thought a "Noomboog" (as Hudson the Railway King said to Prince Albert—I was close by the company at the time) H.R.H.: "Mr. Hudson, what is your opinion of the Atmospheric Railway?" Hudson—"please your rile īness, I think it is a Noomboog." H.R.H.—turning to Lord Farnham, "Explain to me what is a Noomboog?") . . .

My poor Nicola keeps sinking very gradually, Dr. Hassall does wonders in alleviation of suffering, and Nicola now, not being able to stand for any length of time, passes his day mostly sitting by the kitchen fire, or lying on his bed. He is always

grateful and good and uncomplaining. His brother Dimitri is at Corfû, and will get employment there at a Trattoria. Lambi is at Brindisi. This is a comfort to me as well as to poor Nicola. It is my fixed belief that a resolute determination to assist those whose miserable want of sense and principle, together with tendencies, temptations, and circumstances to us unknown, tends to being one of the best forms of charity we can aim at achieving; and I scout the notion of treating domestics less kindly than horses or dogs; and even when they are ever so much in fault I think it is wiser to try and keep them from total ruin, than to be indifferent to their welfare. And if I am laughed at for these ideas and acts,—I don't care for that the 999th part of a spider's nose. The new cook was a distinct failure: Luigi Rusconi and Nicola suspected him from the first, and from the back kitchen window, L.R. saw him—(unperceived, for the cookly back was turned) empty the half of bottles of wine into a jar and filling them up with water; whereon, speedily calling Nicola, both together entered the back kitchen by the door, and took him in the fact, so that he could not denige the theft, and had to go. Since his departure, I have my own meals in from the Hotel Royal, while Luigi gets and cooks for himself and poor Nicola. As for Luigi Rusconi, he continues to be one of the best servants possible—punctual—obliging—industrious—clean—intelligent, and very good to poor Nicola, for which I am very thankful, for these small worries are trying. . . .

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Chewton Priory,
Bath.
Dec. 22. 1884.

I write because I wish you to have a few words of greeting on or before Christmas Day. I have little to tell you about myself, except that the newspapers have at last left off informing the world that I am in bad health and about to resign office. You will have seen the happy results of the Autumn Session, which have secured the accomplishment of a great and inevitable constitutional change without further conflict between Parties, or between the two Houses of Parliament. I wish foreign affairs looked as well as affairs at home.

I paid a visit a week ago to Lord Granville[1] at Walmer, and I do not envy his responsibilities. There I met a curious mother and son—the mother the Duchesse de Galliera, and the son calling himself Monsieur Ferrari. The Gallieras (the Duke is dead) are a great and wealthy Genoese family long settled in Paris. The son refuses to take the title or the fortune. He behaves like an idiot in society, but is a Professor of History in some Paris Institution. The Duchess is disposing of her wealth by great acts of charity and generosity. She has just built a hospital at Genoa. She has given an hotel and an estate at Bologna to the Duc de Montpensier, and she has given up the first floor

[1] Foreign Secretary for the third time from 1880 to 1885. He had to face the troubles in the Soudan, differences with Germany and France, and the threatened rupture with Russia over the Afghan boundary question.

of her magnificent house in Paris to the Count and and Countess de Paris.

I am here alone, as usual. The Boyles who live close by, will eat their Christmas dinner with me. Constance who, as you know, lives seven miles off, cannot of course leave her own home.[1] I was there two days ago, and found Sir Edward[2] much revived, and more active than he has been. I hope I shall hear from you before long. Have you got the Tennysonian drama? I am prepared to be disappointed. I have a letter today from Miss Nightingale begging me to give a good appointment in the Education Department to a clever son of Arthur Clough, who was once (much to our honour) in the Office himself. I fear that I must appoint another candidate, much against my wishes.

Goodbye for today. We are both very lonely. You must fancy me at my solitary meals, with your pictures externally and others internally for company.

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Chewton Priory,
Bath.
Jan. 24. 1885.

We live in strange times. Just as I was sitting down to write to you five minutes ago, a telegram was put into my hands—"Two dynamite explosions at Houses of Parliament today. Westminster Hall much damaged. House of Commons wrecked inside

[1] Sutton Court.
[2] Sir Edward Strachey, father of the present Baronet.

—seven persons injured."[1] This is a success for these infernal villains, and it seems next to impossible to catch them, so long as the conspirators don't betray each other.

. . . I think I owe you a letter. I remember your last contained a good deal of damning and cursing of Gladstone, which I trust relieved you somewhat. I of course can't join you in that occupation, though I have never been a worshipper at that shrine. I believe him to have done great services to his country as a legislator and Parliament man, but in foreign affairs I sigh for Palmerston. . . .

I have been spending more of my life than I like on the Great Western Railway, and on Monday I am off again, in order to attend a Council at Osborne for the Royal Assent to the Battenberg-Beatrice marriage. I met the young man there the other day and thought very well of him, and she struck me as a changed person, happier and younger.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA TENNYSON. SANREMO.
8. *March.* 1885

I cannot write much, but wish to let you know that my poor Nicola Cocali left me on Wednesday 4th and that he was buried by Lord Mulgrave on Friday 6th.

[1] On January 24th simultaneous explosions occurred at the Houses of Parliament and at the Tower of London. An infernal machine had been placed in the crypt, and another in the House of Commons, where much damage was done. At the Tower the chief damage was done to the Bankruptcy Hall and the passage to St. John's Chapel. It was not ascertained who instigated these two dastardly crimes.

For the last five days he was completely unconscious, and seemed to suffer until latterly—though I do not think he really did suffer after all sentient power had gone. I had hired a very good woman as his nurse, who never left him day or night; and for the kindness of Luigi Rusconi, as well as for that of Cesare Ghezzi the cook and of Erasmo the gardener—and last not least for that of Dr. Hassall, I cannot be sufficiently thankful. . . .

Tennyson sent me Beckett—it is to my judgment—by far the best of his dramas.

I see you have the Phoca no longer, and cannot help hoping you may ere long be independent. . . .

Do you see the *Saturday Review?* Please read an article praiseful of Seals, to your Phoca; it would gratify that dear old beast.

19. *March* 1885.

I cannot now write a letter to your very kind letter of the 4th (which I have only just got, on my return from Milan after nine days absence,) because I find among my other letters, one announcing the death on the 16th of my dear sister Ellen, the last of my thirteen sisters, æt. 84. I will write to you again as soon as I can.

22 March 1885.

The two deaths of my sister Ellen and of Nicola have an effect—mental and bodily—which increases instead of diminishing—daily. I am glad to think

that Mrs. Clive[1] is coming on Thursday—her visit will be a great comfort, as the want of spoken sympathy is sadly wearying. My sister was, as you know, one of the elder members of our large (twenty-one) family, and as she was eleven years old when I was born and was married when she was seventeen or eighteen I knew but little of her in my early days. But of late years, as she became the only survivor of the thirteen sisters, and as she lived near London (close to Mrs. Greville Howard's of Ashstead,) I always saw her a good deal when I was in England: and inasmuch as for many years I have regularly written to her once a fortnight, and she (through her servants—for she was blind,) as often to me,—a sort of continuity of relationship seems now to be all at once mysteriously dissolved. We had but little in common intellectually, yet never disagreed at all. Spite of her narrow Calvinistic theories, she was absolutely good and charitable in practice, a combination as you well know may happen, as in the instance of dear old Mrs. Ruxton. All her property goes to the nephews and nieces of her husband who died about 1860 or earlier, and anything she may have had of her own she has always given to the two brothers in America, for the last remaining of whom (now æt. 82,) I find by a letter just received from him and forwarded to me, she has lately built a house in Texas. I trust she may have provided for her two excellent women servants, who must feel her

[1] Widow of George Clive, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department 1859–1862—a very old personal friend of Lear's.

loss pitiably, after respectively fifty and thirty years of her service.

In the case of my dear good Nicola I lose not only an admirable servant, but a companion whose great intelligence and whose perfect disposition could hardly be surpassed, nor could his faithful affection to myself, nor his admirable help to his parents. The conduct of his brother Demetri troubled him terribly, but with a true Suliot courage he hardly ever gave way to sorrow, though the last three months of his life were a time of suffering and melancholy. Almost to the last he would go on keeping the accounts, and often read a good deal of Greek and French; and he frequently said "how good Luigi and Cesare are to me!" The two last sentences I heard him speak were "Padrone, quanto siete stato sempre a me!"—and—"Spero frapoco di vedere mia madre."[1] During his long illness he had hardly ever uttered a word of complaint; but from Saturday morning February 28 to the evening of March 4 when he died he was quite insensible, and I believe suffered no pain. You yourself have suffered so much by separation —though in a widely different sense,—that I am sure you do not blame me for dwelling on what is a great change in my own lonely life.

Looking to your letter of the 11th, I certainly do wish the Government had gone out if that would have led to your coming here. As for the Russian Mess,[2]

[1] "Master, how much you have always been to me!" "I hope soon to see my mother."

[2] The English and Russian Commissioners could not agree as to the delimitation of the Afghan frontier; whilst the Russian

the Russians are certain to gain in all arrangements while the G. O. M. is at the head of affairs. . . .

30 *April* 1885.

You must have been glad to get back to England, for I know Court life is not to your taste—though a duty. As for me, I never could have mastered it even in that light; one day, after long repression of feeling, I should suddenly have jumped all round the room on one leg—or have thrown a hot potato up to the ceiling,—either of which acts would (possibly) have ruined my "career" as G.F.B. used to say. You are certainly a wonderful cove—if so be a Cabinet Minister is a cove, for writing so much and so kindly to this "dirty Landscape painter," who not seldom repents of his violent writing to a "statesman with a well-balanced mind," —as I truly believe you to be. So far from 'not respecting' you or N., I endeavour to look at Poltix from your point of view, and can well understand your both being perfectly conscientious, though I may prefer the line of Forster and Goschen, and (latterly even) of Duke of Argyll. "Let us make an oath and keep it, with a quiet mind, Not to write on Politics, if never so inclined." And now that the monstrous folly of supposing that Russia "is not truthful," seems to be beaming out on many minds hitherto obstinately dark, I wish nowise to touch on that subject, to which even you allude, though I cannot agree with you that "the Russians

Foreign Office was profuse in conciliatory despatches, the Russian War Department was suspiciously active. The difficulties were at length settled by a compromise in September.

have behaved abominably" since after Bulgaria and Mid Lothian, Batoum and Dulcigno and much more, it appears to me that they have only acted very naturally. This leads me to write about the Admiralty horror and explosion.[1] For a whole day I was really utterly miserable, as the first telegram from Turin was only—"Explosion Admiralty—supposed dynamite; building much destroyed: damage great—nothing yet certainly known." In point of fact, the whole of our friends might have been killed, had the Devilry exploded one hour later, when all would have been at lunch.

This morning's post brings me a long letter from N. The Barings are all so little demonstrative that, even regarding themselves I wonder at the calmness with which they take really awful matters. Poor Lady Emma a little while back (after Easter) was thrown out of a carriage at Stratton, and fell among bushes, where a pointed stick pierced her ear, and went nigh to ending life. I have read the account with horror. She was driving (?) and is a thorough first class whip, and with pluck and coolness enough to set up a regiment of soldiers: but I suppose the horse shied The reason of this Baring matter cropping up after the "Politix" paragraph, is that I thought it right—to prevent N. writing to me on such matters, and because I hate false colours—to tell him I was no Radical, and that I fully believed mismanagement had been the cause of all the troubles now about. Naturally I didn't run on in the Asinine way I do to you:—indeed, I

[1] An explosion occurred at the Admiralty in the room occupied by Mr. Swainson, the Assistant Under-Secretary, who was seriously injured. The explosion was the result of an accident.

have never taken the least notice of what my dear good N. writes on such toppix, and I even find, looking at my diary of some time back, that when he wrote to me about the Russians having Batoum, I replied nil—but have written regarding his remark—"I think the Russians should have Batoum—for the greater will be their responsibility"—"Certainly—and such would be the case if you gave them Anglesea or the Isle of Wight." Please say nothing of this. You yourself wrote—"I sigh for the Foreign Office as it was under Palmerston"—but God forbid I should allude even to your saying so. . . .

I have been often thinking of you to-day, as I have been working on Elm trees [1]—from sketches made at "Nuneham." July 27, 28, 29, 30, 1860. Hence onward, my letter will be confused and indicative of my mucilaginous and morose mind—all more or less queer and upside down as the mouse said when he bit off his grandmother's tail, having mistaken it for a barley straw.

Yesterday was a very gratifying day. Principal Professor Shairp (of St. Andrews, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford,) brought me a letter of introduction from Edr. Lushington (Lord Rector of Glasgow University.) He looked over all my two hundred A4 drawings with the greatest care and interest, and complimented me about them as would make the paper rose-colour if so be I wrote down his words. . . .

Tozer [2] of Oxford sends me a charming book

[1] For No. 43 of his Tennyson illustrations "And one an English home" (Stratton).

[2] The Rev. Henry Fanshawe Tozer, author of several works on Greece and European and Asiatic Turkey; he also wrote an English Commentary on Dante's "Divina Commedia."

(wanting in dates though) by Theodore Bent (Longmans,) all about the Cyclades. (Dearly beloved child let me announce to you that this word is pronounced "Sick Ladies,"—howsomdever certain Britishers call it "Sigh-claids.") . . .

I should greatly like to know what has become of the Phoca? Did he go to Aix les Bains with you?

EDWARD LEAR, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, 1886.

Should you be injuiced, by contemplating the remarkable development of my "Political knowledge and aspirations" to offer me some lucrative place under Government, be assured that I will take nothing but the Chancellor of Exchequership, or the Archbishoprick of Canterbury. Various people bother me to publish my Autobiography,—inasmuch as I have sixty volumes of Diaries: but at present I shan't. Some of the notes written in years when I used

to drive for days on the Campagna with Lady Davy are funny enough ; as are others not in that category.

Now if you've got so far, you've read enough.

P.S. And this is certain ; if so be
You could just now my garden see,
The aspic of my flowers so bright
Would make you shudder with delight.

And if you voz to see my roziz
As is a boon to all men's noziz,—
You'd fall upon your back and scream—
"O Lawk! O criky! it's a dream!"

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

Balmoral Castle,
May 30. 1885

. . . Don't be surprised if you should see some day in the newspapers that the Reynolds, The Three Ladies Waldegrave, is about to be sold.[1] I have made up my mind that the estate cannot afford to keep the sum of money that it represents locked up—but I am anxious that, if possible, it should go to the National Gallery. Don't say anything about this at present.

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

Villa Figini,
Barzano,
Monza,
Italia.

25. *July*. 1885. 6 A.M.

Did I tell you I used in old days often to hear Irving[2] preach? And how he used to walk about

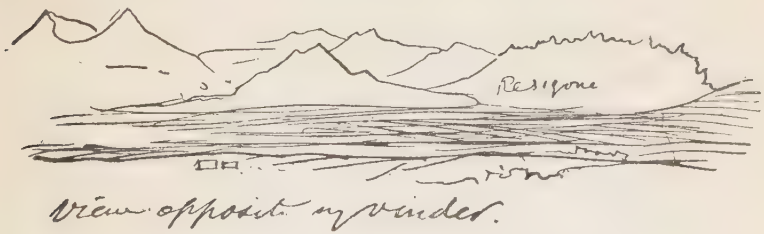
[1] It was later sold to Mr. Thwaites, and is now the property of Mrs. Yerburgh, his daughter.

[2] Edward Irving began to preach at the Caledonian Church

Middleton Square, reading a Bible over the head of his baby? . . .

Should I keep alive and well, I should like to master German, next winter. Carlyle has made me think of this. . . .

What mania possesses the incomers to new titles to call themselves "North"—this or that? *North*bourne—and now *North*ington,[1] instead of the real good title Henley? I believe (*vide* Duke of Argyll on sheep) that the next batch will be Lord North North West, or Lord North North by North East. . .



Lear to Lord Carlingford.

16 *August*, 1885.

Of the Duke of Argyll's judgment I am at this moment in accord with you in one particular at least,

in London in 1822 with wonderful success. After his Homilies on the Sacraments appeared he was convicted of heresy and ejected from his new church in Regent's Square in 1832, and finally deposed in 1833 by the Presbytery of Annan which had licensed him.

[1] Frederick Henley (eldest son of the 3rd Baron Henley) was created Baron Northington in 1885. He was an attaché in the Diplomatic Service from 1868 to 1873.

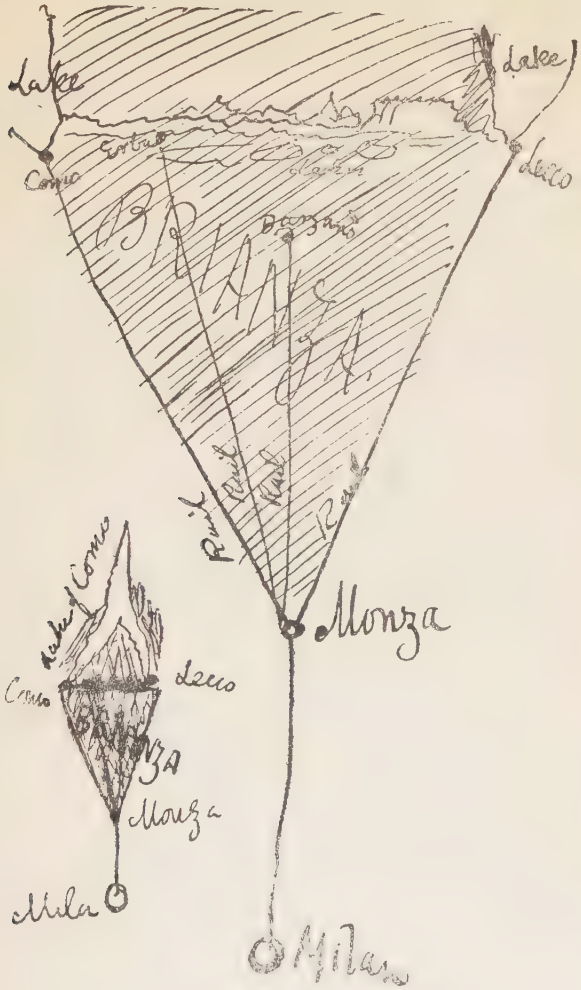
inasmuch as he owes me £22 12s and I have written to ax him for it. The "exigencies of poltix" naturally forbid you to agree with him, or Forster or Goschen etc: for all that I am glad you are out of office. What amuses me most at this moment is to look back on the positive opinions given to me from various persons of highest office and repute—as to the 4th party—D. Wolff an ass: Lord R[andolph] C[hurchill] a furious fool etc—all the lot incredible boobies and quite impossible to rise as men of the governing classes. Yet all four are in the present ministry!!!! you may say—"still they are asses"—but that don't affect the fact—*they have risen*—spite of the high opinion of lofty personages. What you write of the Q[ueen] and of the P[rince]ss's wedding[1] is very nice. Did you not like the lines on the marriage by A? Emily T[ennyson] Lady T[ennyson] has been taken back to Aldworth, and Edmund Lushington is at Faringford; his last letter to me is sad enough, *re* Lady T[ennyson]. Frank Lushington is with the Venables party: G. S. V[enables][2] will have felt M. Milnes'[3] death greatly. You also more or less. I think I met him first at your house, St. James' place, at breakfast: but his intimacy with Harry Lushington brought me in contact with him often later. Did I tell you he came to see me at Sanremo on his way to Cairo? And how—when there was a

[1] H.R.H. Princess Beatrice was married to H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg on the 23rd of July.

[2] Canon George Venables of Norwich. Select Preacher at Cambridge since 1883.

[3] Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton the poet, died suddenly at Vichy on the 11th of August.

discussion—just as he was going away about the G.O.M.'s foreign policy, with various disastrous



deductions from Lady Galway and others,—he said, "Three things will save England from your prophecies being fulfilled: 1stly the good sense of the Queen.

2ndly the good temper of the P[rince] of W[ales], and 3rdly the good looks of the P[rince]ss of W[ales]." Whereon with his usual jovial chuckle, he left my door, those being the last words I ever heard him utter. . . .

If I had a baby son and daughter, I would christen the boy Barólo—and the girl Brianza.

VILLA TENNYSON. SANREMO.
17. *September* 1885.

I to my Riviera home on Saturday the 12th, with great regret at leaving Barzanò, but in much better health,—back returned. And I send you a few lines just to let you know this fuliginous fact. I never passed three months so tranquilly and comfortably, that I can remember, *anywhere*, and I should not have left but that I had come literally to the end of all my work and could not live in idleness. The weather also had become wet, so I could not go out to sketch. . . .

Lord Carlingford to Lear.

CHEWTON PRIORY,
BATH.
Sep. 19. 1885.

. . . I had a kind of affectionate feeling for poor Houghton, and am very sorry that he is gone. Your story of his reasons why your prophecies of evil would not be fulfilled is very characteristic. One feels as if Death ought not to have taken him so seriously.

You write truly enough of the whimsical success of Randolph Churchill—a success not very creditable to our system of Party.

San Remo and Northern Italy

Lear to Lord Carlingford.

VILLA TENNYSON. SANREMO.
11. *November* 1885.

I lament to say I cannot give you a bed here,[1] but you can feed and be here as much as you like: the fact being that I expect F. T. Underhill to stay two or three weeks, on account of my great "vastness" Tennyson Book, which the said Underhill is to Lithograph. . . .

24 *November* 1885.

I got your telegram yesterday, and now send Luigi to meet you; (he don't speak English :) and he will bring you and your luggage in a comprehensive cab up to my door. You will have to pay one franc, unless you have much luggage, when the driver may perhaps claim half a franc more.

I shall be very glad to see you—rather that I did

[1] After the change of Government, Carlingford resolved to go and see Lear at San Remo.

not much expect to see you again. And I think it is immensely kind of you to come so far to see this pig.

I do not know if the Phoca Privata has a permanent place, or if he is changed with a change of government. But if you have brought him with you, please give him to Luigi, who will put him into the cistern and give him a piece of bread and ham. I should not like to have him in the Library because now lots of my drawings are there.

1. *December* 1885.

I was afraid you would take cold. On no account whatever allow yourself to leave the house without an overcoat.

I think I would not pay Dr. Hassall—*till you are sure you are quite well.*[1]

[1] One afternoon, nearing dusk, Lord Carlingford sat on a seat insufficiently clothed for the dangers of the Riviera climate, and dropped off to sleep for a short time. The result naturally was a chill. This chill was the beginning of a very serious illness and breakdown. Lord Carlingford suffered from the consequences for a long time, and it left his nerves in a permanently weakened condition. Those who knew him intimately and his own medical adviser, considered it to be consequent on the great grief through which he had gone, and under which he had at no time previously succumbed in health—though hard worked with the cares of office.

6. *December* 1885.
1. P.M.

Dr. Hassall called on me early, and told me all about you, and in my opinion you are going on as well as you can expect to be after so violent a chill as you have unluckily taken—along of not dressing according to Italian winter climate which is hot by day and cold by night.

I wish some Indian would buy my Gwalior picture —which is now dubbly wallible as a Nistoric Topography.

I wish I could do you any good, but don't see how I can : *only sometimes I wish you hadn't come out to see me.*

Bundy Bording.
21. *December* 1885.

I am much disgusted by seeing in the *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday—the following, " Lord Carlingford is lying very ill at Sanremo."

Lear Nonsense—to Lord Carlingford.

San Remo,
23 *Dicembre*, 1885.

Illustrissimo Egregio Signore,—Noi, i Consiglieri Municipali ed il nostro capo—il Signor Sindaco di San Remo,—abbiamo pensato che mandare l'inchiusi disegni alla Vostra Egregia Signoria, sarà—certo il nostro dovere :—e probabilmente un piacere alla Vostra Signoria.

Ieri sera, verso il calar del sole, si è trovato nel Porto di San Remo, una Bestia assai straordinario e fuor di commune. Mandiamo a V. S. il ritratto di questo animale, (insieme con un ritratto dell' insigne

pittore, il Sig. Edward Lear chi l'ha rappresentato). Quest' animale sta presentamente in una Capanna al Porto—badato bene di 50 uomini della Polizie.

Intorno al suo collo si è trovato un collaro di Oro, coll' inscrizione seguente—

"Phoca Privata or Privy Seal"—

con il sigillo particolare della Regina d'Inghilterra attacato. Abbiamo dunque creduto che il nostro dovere ci spinse subito di fare chiaro quest' affare alla Vostra Signoria, sappiendo noi che la V. S. fù poco tempo fa "Guardiano del Sigillo Private della Regina."

Ora ci tocca domandare di V. S.—cosa possiamo fare di quest' animale? Potessimo mandarlo al Giardino od alla Cisterna del Sig. Edward Lear, chi V. S. conosce bene:—ma la sua cisterna manca spazio—non avendo un' apertura che de $\frac{1}{2}$ metro, mentre che questa Phoca ha 3 metri di lunghezza.

E—però—non sappiamo se sia lecito di mandarla Phoca all' Hotel Royal, siccome non siamo certo che vi sarebbe ricevuto.

In somma, dopo molto deliberazione abbiamo deciso di mandare alla vostr' Illustrissima Signoria,—questa spiezagione con disegni ragguardevoli. E speriamo che V. S. si degnera di accordaci una risposta che metterà in giust' ordine quest' affare serio.

Fin ora, il Phoca Privata si e condotto amabilmente —eccettuato che ha muzzicato e distrutto 4 diti delle consiglieri Municipali chi—senza troppo precauzioni,— hanno meso loro mani nella bocca del Phoca.

Ma siccome queste uffiziali sono di condizione beni-

Photo] [*Bassano.*

CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, LORD CARLINGFORD.
(About 1886.)

stante, la perdita di qualche dite—o più o meno,—non gli darà fastidio.

Siamo, ed abbiamo l'Onore di segnarci,

Illustrissimo Signore,

I vostri servi umibumilissimi,

Consiglieri Municipali
- Il Sindaco di San Remo
- Conte Rovinzio
- Sig. Zirio
- Sig. Marsaglia
- Sig. Cav. Gastaldi
- Gandolfi
- Bottini
- Camburrotti
- Buscallivacci
- Boshii [1]

[1] San Remo,
23rd December, 1885.

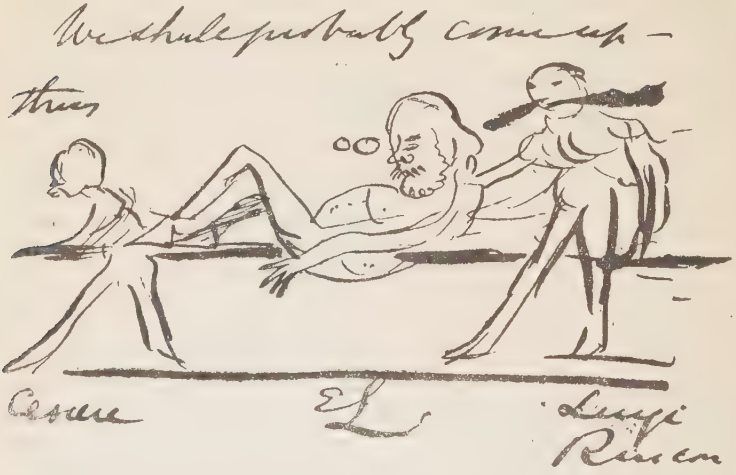
Illustrious and Honoured Sir,—We, the Town Councillors and our chief, the Mayor of San Remo, have considered it decidedly our duty and probably a pleasure to your Excellency to send you the enclosed designs. Last night towards sunset, a rather extraordinary and uncommon beast was found in the port of San Remo. We are sending your Excellency a portrait of this animal, (together with the portrait of the distinguished artist, Mr. Edward Lear, who has sketched it).

This animal is at present in a hut at the Port, well guarded by fifty policemen. A golden collar has been found round his neck with the following inscription: "Phoca Privata or Privy Seal," with the Queen of England's private Seal attached. We have accordingly considered that our duty compelled us to make known this matter to your Excellency at once, as we knew that your Excellency was, a short time ago, "Guardian of the Queen's Privy Seal."

Now we must ask your Excellency what we can do with this animal. We could send it to the Garden or to Mr. Edward Lear's Tank, which you know well, but his tank is not big

25 December 1885.

. . . Luigi and Cesare—to whom with the two gardeners I have given two dinners: (as also money to the infant school here, and to the two remaining sons of my dear servant George,)—will anyhow convey me up to 3rd floor Hotel Royal at 6 P.M. I shall tell Luigi to come back at 9—or 9.15.[1]



enough, having an opening of only half a metre, while this seal is three metres long. On this account, we do not know if it is permissible to send the Seal to the Hotel Royal, as we are not sure whether it would be received there.

In short, after much deliberation, we have decided to send these explanations to your Illustrious Excellency with the appertaining designs. And we hope that your Excellency will deign to give us an answer, which will satisfactorily dispose of this serious business.

Up to the present, the Privy Seal has conducted itself

[1] Lear had overdone a walk and talk the day before, and at first had thought it impossible for him to join Carlingford. Anyhow he felt better as the day advanced and wrote the above, and the two lonely men ate their Christmas dinner together and were the better for each other's company.

26 December. 1885.

I am none the wusser, but rather the more betterer for your good dinner and company yesterday.

This morning has brought me a fearful amount of letters—of which those from Augustus Drummond, Mary Mundella, the Walsingham Grants, Laura Coombe and other good women are very beneficial. God certainly made good women.

amiably, except that it has crunched and destroyed four fingers of the Town Councillors, who, acting rashly, have put their hands in the Seal's mouth. But as these Officers are in comfortable circumstances, the loss of a few fingers, more or less, will not cause them annoyance.

We are and have the honour to sign ourselves, Illustrious Sir,

Your most extremely humble servants,

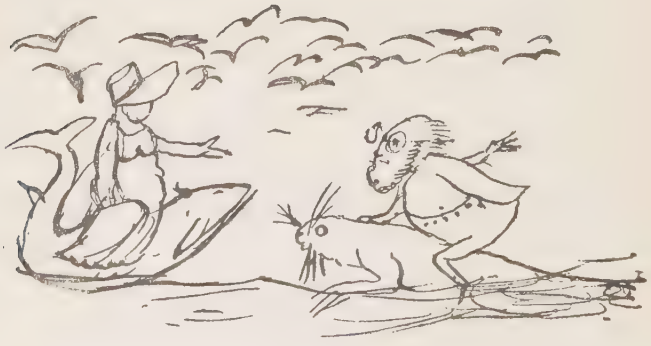
Town Councillors	The Mayor of San Remo
	Count Rovinzio
	Sig. Zirio
	Sig. Marsaglia
	Sig. Cav. Gastaldi
	Gandolfi
	Bottini
	Camburrotti
	Buscallivacci
	Boshii

29. *December* 1885.

This is only to say—don't make it so late before you come out. The best time is from 12 to 2. And always put a Sill Kankerchief in your pocket in case of change of wind: throats is very excitable in these latitudes. And never stay out after 4—better indoors 3.45.

I wished to tell you that the Phoca has been placed in my great cistern, whence it can easily out-be-got by the lower water course.

I give him four biscuits and a small cup of coffee in the early dawning, and this morning I thought I would go out to sea on his back—which I did more than half way to Corsica—for he swims orfle quick. I had previously telegraphed to Miss Campbell at Ajaccio, and she met me half way on her Porpoise (for she hasn't got a Phoca,) but our meeting was very short, owing to the amazing number of seagulls she herself brought with her, who made such a d——d row that all conversation was unpossible. So I came straight back and telegraphed to Lord Harrowby's Phoca that your's was all right.



18. *January* 1886.
Bunday Afternoon.

Yours of yesterday, came this morning. I am very sorry to know you are still so poorly. Let me hear from you again shortly. As for myself, I am sitting up to-day for the first time—partly dressed as the cucumber said when oil and vinegar were poured over him salt and pepper being omitted. I go on with medecine every three hours—and the cough—(which has shaken off one of my toes, 2 teeth, and 3 whiskers,) is thank God, somewhat diminished, but I am still very ill—and have only (till today,) been able to leave my bed by Luigi's lifting me out of it, and rolling me up in a chair till I was lifted in again. It is a great blessing that the sun is always so bright.

Villa Tennyson.
Sanremo.
19 *February.* 1886.

I was glad to know both from yourself and from Lord Clermont as well as from Mrs. Urquhart that you had reached London safely. I cannot help hoping that you may go to Chewton, where you have so many interests, and where the air is (I suppose) bracing. I hope to hear you are sleeping better bye and bye.

For myself I only grow weaker: but am in no pain, though I have been obliged to send for Hassall this morning owing to return of partial congestion and new threats of Bronchitis. . . .

This morning's post brings me many duplicates of a letter written by Ruskin on "Choice of books."

Naturally it is a matter of pride with me that he places "*Edward Lear*" at the *head of his list* of 100!! (Vy! Vell! No I never did!!!)!!![1] . .

I continue to miss your visits extremely, but could not wish you to be here now, for though the sun is hotter, the wind is colder. Hassall irritates me by his d——d Thermometers and Barometers. As if I couldn't tell when an East wind cuts me in half—spite of the thermometer—by reason of sunshine —being ever so high!! I told him just now that I had ordered a baked Barometer for dinner, and 2 Thermometers stewed in treacle for supper.

P.S. A letter from Lady Lyttelton, with Photographs just come—but ain't up to seeing bearer—one Baroness Oppell,[2] granddaughter—how? why? where? of W. Scott. My love to Northbrook if you see him.

11. *March* 1886.

. . . I have lost a good deal of acute Bronchitic symptoms, but am still in bed, congestion of lungs requiring great care day and night. Hassall does all he can.

I enclose my last nonsense—but if it worries or tires[3]—don't read it.

[1] "I don't know of any author to whom I am half so grateful for my idle self as Edward Lear. I shall put him first of my hundred authors."

[2] Mary, granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott's brother, Thomas Scott; married Baron Oppell of Wilsdruff, near Dresden—consequently great-niece of Sir Walter.

[3] I regret not having found this, but believe it to be "Uncle Arley."

2. April. 1886.

Though I do not like to trubbl your ize or 'ed, I must write a line to tell you that I have a beautiful letter to-day from Lord Northbrook, with a *stamped Receipt* for the £2000. So I can do now just what I please about what sketches I send or don't send.

It is impossible to say what a relief this has been to me.

You will be sorry however to hear that all the last trials of the Autotype Company have come back —all *total* failures!! they adduce some qualities of the paper used for this.

I am a little better: and by Luigi's help actually got down to the second Terrace yesterday!! but only by the merest toddling.

I hope you are better: let Powell [1] write a line.

VILLA TENNYSON.
Dec. 2. 1886.[2]

I have plenty of discomforts just now, my rheumatism giving me great and constant suffering. But of all my discomforts, the hearing nothing of you is certainly one of the first. Not any one letter from either your sister or yourself give me the least

[1] Lord Carlingford's valet.

[2] Lear had improved in health and gone in May to Milan, drifting on to the Brianza, where he had been the previous year. In the early part of September he was at Lucerne, working back to Milan, from whence he writes September 27th: "I have at length, thank God got away from Switzerland and so far towards Villa Tennyson which I hope to reach on Oct. 1st. . . . I am still very ill."

idea of how you really are, or what you do, or can do. I wish you would write.

The weather here is always bright and lovely, but cold now and I can hardly keep warm, tho' I have fires in two rooms. I do not work, having nothing to work on, for the great 200 ₳ illustrations have come to grief, the Autotype Company having failed to do any good, and their suggestion that at my age I should execute all the 200 drawings afresh is of course too absurd to think of. But I fear this labour of fifty years must be given up altogether. I read a good deal, lying down: just now, Charles Kingsley's life, and I wish you were here to ask you about some parts of it. My own life seems to me more and more unsatisfactory and melancholy and dark. Northbrook's last account of Alfred Seymour is not very luminous. I live all but absolutely alone.—At the "Royal," are Mrs. and two Miss Monro Fergusons, old acquaintances and pleasant enough. An old sculptor friend also, student in Rome with me in 1836, has come out just newly married at 75 æt! I miss Lushington extremely. Some Indian books also (Heber etc) keep me alive, but on the whole I do not know if I am living or dead at times. So that on the whole you see that life is not lively: and I trust you will write by way of charity if for no other motive. Mrs. Hassall looks in at times, a pleasant and sensible woman. But there is no interchange of thought in these days. Hassall has proved himself an excellent Doctor to me.

My cook don't improve and my food ain't lovely. I think I shall stop this intellectual epistle.

10. *December* 1886.

Once at a village prayer meeting, this conversation took place.

1st old woman. "Say something!" 2nd. Ditto. "What shall I say?" 1st. Ditto. "How can I tell?" 2nd. Ditto. "There is nothing to say!" Both. "Say it then at once!"—Result. I send this card, but having nothing to say but that I am not worse, perhaps rather better at times, but still quite disabled by rheumatism in arm and leg—right.

He only said, "I'm very weary. The rheumatiz he said. He said, its awful dull and dreary. I think I'll go to bed."

April 1. 1887.

A letter (date March 27) has just come from you, and I am so glad to know you are, however slightly, better. I wonder if you pay thorough attention to regularity of diet, on which I believe much depends. You will be glad to know that I go on improving. I have walked out on the Terrace, (always helped of course,) and have been more able to balance myself than I was a week ago. This is my unvaried scheme of diet. 6 A.M. cup of black coffee. 9 A.M. two eggs upbebeaten with sugar, and then diluted with tea: two pieces of dry toast, and a slice of brown bread with butter. 10.45, a ¾ glass of Port wine and a biscuit. 1. P.M. lunch, generally fish or brains or some light food, and nothing more unless indigestion pains in left side worry, when I take a ¼ glass of cognac and water. 7.15 P.M. bed, which I am undressed for and put into. I regret to say that my good servant Achille San Pietro who succeeded

Luigi Rusconi, goes to-day. His silly wife at Como would not let him stay, professing to believe that all Sanremo was full of earthquake, whereas nothing has happened *here* though horrors enough at villages around.

Northbrook's stay and Lady Emma's were a very great blessing and I wish them back hourly. . . .

I expect Mrs. Parker here presently—Augusta Bethell, Lord Chancellor W[estbury]'s youngest daughter: and I have a dear little girl, Mrs. Eliot, Mary Nevill as was, who often comes to see me, whom I expect for an hour or two.

My great A work—200 illustrations naturally is shunted for the present, whether ever to be resumed who can tell. However, there is no doubt that I must be thankful to God for very great improvement in health during the last eight or ten days. . . .

Weather here, day after day, is perfectly calm and lovely. If breathlessness allows, hope to get on to the Terrace later. Have got four pigeons. Have killed three flies. Wish Northbrook and Lady Emma were back. She is delightful, far more than you would suppose possible.

18. *June.* 1887.

. . . You will be glad to hear I am *considerably better.* At 7. A.M. to-day I walked nearly round all the garden, which for flowers in bloom is now a glorious sight. Also the ten pigeons are a great diversion, though beginning to be rather impudent and aggressive. Their punctuality as to their sitting on their eggs and *vice versa* I never knew of before. The males and females take their turns EXACTLY

every two hours. Giuseppe[1] (says he) believes they have little watches under their wings, and that they wind them up at sunset, 8 P.M. standing on one foot and holding the watch in the other.

Gd. Hotel d'Andorno,
Andorno,
Biella,
Piedmonte,
Italia.
August 1. 1887.

To-day's papers has brought me the sad news so long expected—and Clermont[2] is gone. I think no better man has made the exchange from this to the next life. But the loss to you, different as you were, must be most distressing: and when you think proper I should like to know how poor Lady Clermont and the rest are. It seems all very like a dream, and indeed reality and dream seem to approach each other in an undefined way.

Personally, your brother's death distresses me much. He has been for forty years a constant and helpful friend: and it never occurred to one that he would be the first to go. I cannot give you any good account of myself, the tremendous heat (even up here) and the incessant labour of knocking away flies worries me sadly, and to-day. . . . I can take no solid food whatever. It is a great thing to have so good a servant as Giuseppe Orsini.

I am not up to writing any more, so must say

[1] The new servant who was with him till he died, and tended him most faithfully.

[2] Lord Clermont was the elder brother of Lord Carlingford, his wife was a daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde.

goodbye, only begging you to let me hear of you soon. Also of Clermont's last hours if possible.

P.S. I address as usual, not knowing if you are called Clermont yet. Someone said you would be Clermont-Carlingford?[1]

Sep. 29th, 1887.

I must send you a line, and shall be glad to hear how you are now. As for my own life, it is full of sadness, of various grades: one of my oldest friends, Harvie Farquhar, Mrs. G. Clive's brother has just died. He was always full of kindness and helpfulness for me, and his death is a great sadness.

Then, my companion for thirty years—old Foss—died three days ago. I am so glad he did not suffer much, as he had become quite paralysed for two days. He had been my daily companion for thirty years, and was therefore thirty-one years old. I'm having a little tablet placed over where he is buried, and will send you a copy of it later on. Overleaf is a catalogue of my last works, twenty in all, and I think that no painter of Topography and Poetry has ever done more.

Foss is buried in the garden, and I am putting up a little stone memorandum.

Oct. 21. 1887.

I am in great distress. My dear good nephew, Charles Street having died *quite* suddenly in New Zealand. Thus in that lately happy house there are now 2 widows, (for Charles' son-in-law died only a short time ago—leaving a widow and 9 children) and a terrible amount of grief.

[1] Lord Carlingford never took the former title.

FOSS'S TOMBSTONE IN THE GARDEN OF VILLA TENNYSON.
(The age of the cat is a mistake. See text.)

Thanx for card. Glad you are somewhat better. The "Nonsense" Article in *Spectator*,[1] was really well

[1] A long article appeared in the *Spectator* of September, 1887, reviewing and giving extracts from Lear's three Nonsense Books and Laughable Lyrics, etc. "In these verses graceful fancy is so subtly interwoven with nonsense as almost to beguile us into feeling a real interest in Mr. Lear's absurd creations. . . . His verse is, as he would say, 'meloobious' . . . he has a happy gift of pictorial expression, enabling him often to quadruple the laughable effect of his text by an inexhaustible profusion of the quaintest designs. . . . The parent of modern nonsense-writers, he is distinguished from all his followers and imitators by the superior consistency with which he has adhered to his aim—that of amusing his readers by fantastic absurdities." This delightful article of September 17, 1887, was by Mr. Graves on Lear's Nonsense Books. He also quotes the following set of examination questions which a friend, who is deeply versed in Mr. Lear's books, has drawn up for us :—

"1. What do you gather from a study of Mr. Lear's works to have been the prevalent characteristics of the inhabitants of Gretna, Prague, Thermopylæ, Wick, and Hong Kong?

"2. State briefly what historical events are connected with Ischia, Chertsey, Whitehaven, Boulak, and Jellibolee.

"3. Comment, with illustrations, upon Mr. Lear's use of the following words :—Runcible, propitious, dolomphious, borascible, fizzgiggious, himmeltanious, tumble-dum-down, sponge-taneous.

"4. Enumerate accurately all the animals who lived on the Quangle Wangle's Hat, and explain how the Quangle Wangle was enabled at once to enlighten his five travelling companions as to the true nature of the Co-operative Cauliflower.

"5. What were the names of the five daughters of the Old Person of China, and what was the purpose for which the Old Man of the Dargle purchased six barrels of Gargle?

"6. Collect notices of King Xerxes in Mr. Lear's works, and state your theory, if you have any, as to the character and appearance of Nupiter Piffkin.

"7. Draw pictures of the Plum-pudding Flea and the Mopp-sikon Floppsikon Bear, and state by whom waterproof tubs were first used.

"8. 'There was an old man at a station
Who made a promiscuous oration.'

written and pleased me greatly. It has been sent to me three times.

I am feeling somewhat better, but terribly weak, and head bad. Can't write.

Beginning to work on the 200 A's. large size. Very absurd possibly.

P.S. Expect the Mundellas to-morrow.

VILLA TENNYSON. SANREMO.
10 *Nov.* 1887.

I should like to know how you are going on. I have gone back a good deal lately, but am better to-day than for 3 days past when I had that nasty fall on the Lamps. The pains in side are says Hassall caused by champagne, so he has prohibited my drinking any more at present—a great and ridiculous bore, inasmuch as Frank Lushington has just sent me 30 Bottles as a present. And moreover I detest cognac and water, but there is no other way out of the dilemma and it is certain that the pain has diminished since I left off the Champagne. Did you see the notice about one of my works in *The Spectator* of Oct. 27th? Vere nice indeed. There is one also in "Frith's" new book vol. i. p. 44.[1] How is poor Lady Clermont? Is she still living at Ravensdale? Write soon if only a card.

Yours affectionately,
EDWARD LEAR.

What bearing may we assume the foregoing couplet to have upon Mr. Lear's political views?"

[1] "Edward Lear, afterwards well known as the author of a child's book called 'A Book of Nonsense,' was one who

On January 29th, 1888, Lear's end came. The above is the last letter to Lord Carlingford that I have found. The mistake he makes as to Foss the cat's age, is repeated on the memorial stone Lear put up in the garden. Foss was really 17 years old. "And the excellent Foss now 8 years old," says Mr. Lear in a letter of October 28th, 1878, p. 210.

The following letter from Madame Philipp, widow of Dr. Hill Hassall, and the extract from that from Giuseppe Orsini to Mr. Lushington, are a fitting ending to these letters, when the poor dead hand had ceased to tell its own story.

NICE, 21*st Jan.* 1911.

I hasten to answer your letter. First of all; with respect to the Italian translation of some of Tennyson's poems, including "Enoch Arden." They are by Carlo Faccioli,[1] *not* by Mr. Lear. Lord Tennyson had asked Mr. Lear's opinion of the translation and he,

became an intimate friend of mine, as well as fellow-student. He is still living, I believe, somewhere in Italy. Lear was a man of varied and great accomplishments, a friend of Tennyson's, whose poetry he sang charmingly to music of his own composing. As a landscape-painter he had much merit; but misfortune in the exhibition of his pictures pursued him, as it has done so many others, and at last, I fear, drove him away to try his fortune elsewhere" (W. P. Frith, "My Autobiography and Reminiscences," 1887, vol. i. p. 44).

[1] A little volume Lear sent to Fortescue, which I now possess, and which makes our great poet look strange in his foreign garb of wording.

knowing I was particularly fond of "Enoch Arden," gave me a copy to read, and when I told him afterwards that the translation had made me cry just as the original always did, he said: "The translation *must* be good then, and I shall write and tell Lord Tennyson what you say." Mr. Lear then gave me the book and wrote my name in it with the date, April, 1886. Of course this book has always been treasured by me, as indeed are all my mementos of this remarkable man.

In the Introduction to your delightful book, page xxxii, there is a letter from Mr. Lear of July 31st, 1870, in which he refers to the form of heart disease from which he suffered for many years and which was primarily the cause of his death. With advancing years he had repeated attacks of bronchitis and bad fits of coughing, with much difficulty of breathing, which greatly distressed him. The pain of which, he writes in the letter I send, marked I.,[1] was caused by indigestion, from which he suffered very much, and when the bout was over he would often write to me of wonderful remedies he had invented for it; of course describing his symptoms with his own characteristic spelling.

Of late years he spent a great deal of time in his bedroom (see letter marked II.),[2] going to bed early and getting up late, and it was in his bedroom, very much wrapped up, as you see, in spite of the sun shining full on his face (and particularly on his glasses, much to the discomfiture of the photographer!) that the last photograph of Mr. Lear was taken. Foss was to

[1] See Appendix B, p. 364. [2] See Appendix B, p. 365.

LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF LEAR, 1887.

have been taken with him, but he jumped down at the last moment. In the photo you can see Mr. Lear's hand, as it was when holding the cat. On Foss's death, the 26th September, 1887, Mr. Lear had him buried in the garden at Villa Tennyson and I send you a photo of the grave. By the date on this it is evident that on the tombstone is an error.

As time went on poor Mr. Lear became weaker, and gradually his walks in the garden ceased and at last he remained entirely in his bed-room, finally taking to his bed in January, 1888.

My first husband, Dr. Hassall, was constantly in attendance on him, and I was continually in and out. Mr. Lear did not complain and was wonderfully good and patient. The day he died I was there a long time, but he was sinking into unconsciousness and did not know me.

Dr. Hassall and the Rev. H. S. Verschoyle, a great friend of ours, were with Mr. Lear when he died. I was in the room half an hour before the end, but my husband sent me away, fearing the last scene might try me too much. It was most peaceful, the good, great heart simply slowly ceasing to beat. We went of course to the funeral. I have never forgotten it, it was all so sad, so lonely. After such a life as Mr. Lear's had been and the immense number of friends he had, there was not one of them able to be with him at the end.

I shall be very glad if anything I have written is of use to you, but in my opinion the beautifully written "Introduction" to "The Letters of Edward Lear" is the most perfect and touching character sketch that could have been written of him.

Norfolk Square, W.
February 6th, 1888.

Dear Lord Carlingford,—I am sure you will be interested in an extract from a letter I received a day or two ago from Giuseppe Orsini, the servant who was in waiting on our dear old friend Edward Lear up to the time of his death.

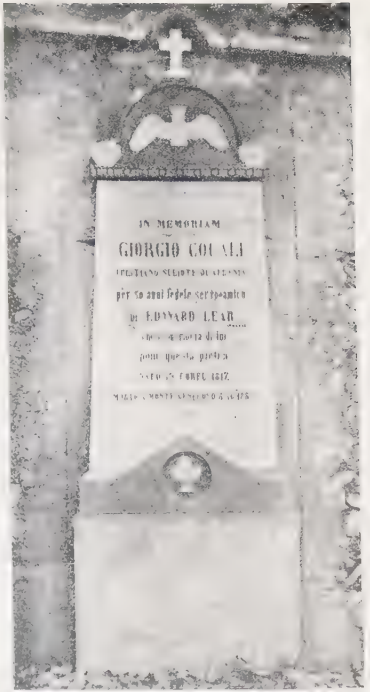
"Da un mese e mezzo non si stanca mai di parlare dei suoi stretti e stretti suoi buoni amici. Ma il giorno 29, a mezza notte e mezzo con mio grande dolore mi faccio inter prete dell' ultime sue parole—sono queste precise e sante parole—'Mio buon Giuseppe mi sento che muojo—Mi renderete un sagro servizio presso i miei amici e parenti, dicendo loro che il mio ultimo pensiero fui per loro, specialmente il giudice, Lord Northbrook e Lord Carlingford. Non trovo parole abbastanze per ringraziare i miei buoni amici per tutto il bene che mi hanno sempre fatto. Non ho risposto alle loro lettere perché non potevo scrivere, perché appena prendevo la penna in mano che mi sentivo morire." [1]

. . . Lear had given him an inscription which he wished to have placed on his tomb.

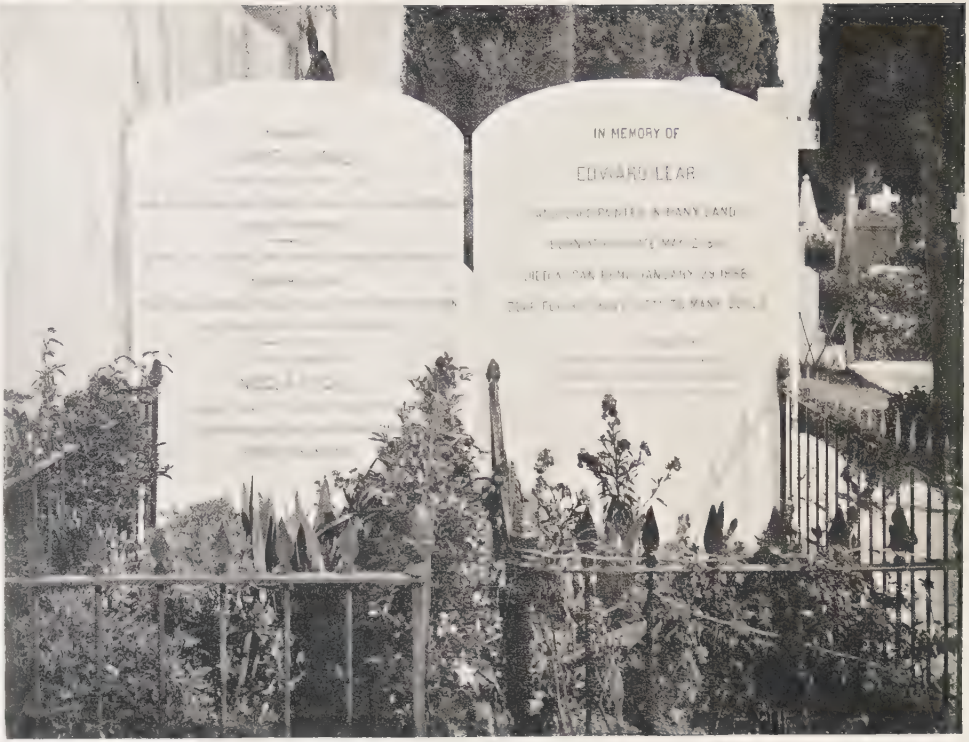
Believe me, very truly yours,

F. Lushington.

[1] "For a month and a half he was never tired of talking of his nearest and dearest, his good friends. But on the 29th, half an hour after midnight, with the greatest grief I act as interpreter of his last words—they are these precise and holy words—'My good Giuseppe, I feel that I am dying. You will render me a sacred service in telling my friends and relations that my last thought was for them, especially the Judge and Lord Northbrook and Lord Carlingford. I cannot find words sufficient to thank my good friends for the good they have always done me. I did not answer their letters because I could not write, as no sooner did I take a pen in my hand than I felt as if I were dying.'"



TOMBSTONE OF GIORGIO COCALI
AT MENDRISIO.



GRAVES OF LEAR AND NICOLA COCALI AT SAN REMO.

APPENDIX A.

FARRINGFORD,
FRESHWATER,
I.W.

ORANGE-BLOSSOM.

Far off to sunnier shores he bad us go,
And find him in his labyrinthine maze
Of orange, olive, myrtle,—charméd ways
Where the gray violet and red wind-flower blow,
And lawn and slope are purple with the glow
Of kindlier climes. There Love shall orb our days,
Or, like the wave that fills those balmy bays,
Pulse through our life and with an ebbless flow;
So now, my dove, but for a breathing while
Fly, let us fly this dearth of song and flower,
And, while we fare together forth alone
From out our winter-wasted Northern isle,
Dream of his rich Mediterranean bower,
Then mix our orange-blossom with his own.

H. T.

APPENDIX B.

I

VILLA TENNYSON,
SAN REMO.

March 1, 1886.

DEAR MRS. HASSALL,—I don't expect the Doctor will get out for some time yet, for it seems to me to get colder and colder every day.

I had another DREADFUL bout of pain yesterday morning, but it passed off thanks partly to the "*Red*" physic: and to Luigi, who for once was frightened,—for giving me some coffee and cognac.

To-day I am rather better as to indigestion, but with more difficulty of breathing, which I impute to the greater cold. Meanwhile I beg to assure Dr. H. that I will mind his advice about keeping my feet warm,—and (though you need not tell him this,) I have just hit upon 2 quite original inventions, (1. for keeping the feet warm, and 2. for getting rid of what is called phlattulence), and I believe 2 gold meddles at least will be awarded to me.

Your oat-broth—(as Cesare Gheggi makes it)—is wonderfully good; with the Port wine, of which I take *one* glass daily. Ought I to drink some hot water and put my feet into gruel?

I shall be very glad whenever you can afford time to give me a visit, but I don't expect you, knowing how much you have to do with your own invalid.

I see by to-day's paper that Professor John Ruskin is about to publish a "Treatise on Nonsense"!!!!

So I am sending him 3 more of my books. And I have just written (the last Nonsense poem I shall ever write), a

history of my "Aged Uncle Arley."[1]—stuff begun years ago for Lady E. Baring.

Yours sincerely,
(*Signed*) Edward Lear.

II

Villa Tennyson.
Octbr. 21, 1885.

Dear Mrs. Hassall,—This morning's post brings me a very nice letter from Mr. Kettlewell, which I think you and Dr. Hassall may like to see, whereon I send it.

I was sorry to see so little of the Doctor yesterday, but I rise so late now and go to bed so early, that I have but very little leisure time. The best conditions of finding me now-a-days are from 12 to 1 p.m., in the garden, which I get to when it is fine.

I did not say all I might have said to Dr. H. about my health, thinking he might upbraid (or down-braid) me for doing more than I ought to do at my age, and considering how feeble I am, consequently—though I tell you in confidence—I did *not* tell him that I had climbed to the top of the tallest Eucalyptus tree in my garden and jumped thence into the Hotel Royal grounds,—nor that I had leaped straight over the outer V. Tennyson wall from the highroad,—nor that I had run a race with my cat from here to Vintimiglia, having beaten Foss by 8 feet and a half. Those facts you can impart to Dr. Hassall or knot as you like.

Yours sincerely,
(*Signed*) Edward Lear.

[1] Published in one of Messrs. Warne & Co.'s series of Nonsense Books.

APPENDIX C.

VILLA TENNYSON.
SANREMO.
Novr. 3, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—I send you in this letter 2 Corpses of the most abominable—or rather, bee-bominable insects that ever made a florist miserable. The plague of black bees has multiplied here so horribly, and they are so destructive —that there is not a seed of my beautiful Grant-Duff Ipomœas anywhere, as the beestly bees pierce all the flowers and no seed is matured. We are driven mad by these bees, and have bees on the brain; we kill them by scores and the ground is beestrewn with their Bodies. Even the broom we use to sweep them away is called a Beesom. Can you at all enlighten me as to where these creatures build, or if they live more than a single summer? Or is there any fluid or substance which may kill them and save me the trouble of running about after them? I beeseech you to do what you can for me in the way of advice.

I saw by the papers that you have been staying at Knowsley lately—a place which was my home in past days for many years. I wonder if you saw a lot of my paintings and drawings. Lord Derby is always employing me in one way or another, as did his father, his grandfather, and his greatgrandfather. Fancy having worked for 4 Earls of Derby!

Please do not forget to send any of your friends to my gallery at Foords, 129. Wardour Street, where I have now the only exhibition of my topographic works—oil and water colors. You may have seen some of Corsica if Lord D. has those of mine, at Knowsley.

I heard from Miss Mundella last from Varese, and keep hoping that they may all yet come here. I did not alas! see

them at Monte Generoso, which I had just left after the death of my dear good old Suliot servant who died there on Augt. 8 last, and whose death, after 30 years of service and good work has been to me a most serious grief. Nevertheless his 2 sons are now with me, and if you would come I could still manage to receive you comfortably, and you might study the Beeze all day long. Some of Govr. Grant-Duff's Ipomœas are delightful. One of the plants he sent, Solanum Jubulatum, has such and so many thorns that we cannot walk at all near it.

Yours sincerely,

Edward Lear

APPENDIX D.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF POEMS BY LORD TENNYSON.

From Original Drawings by Edward Lear.

INDEX.

PLATE.	ILLUSTRATED LINE.	PLACES REPRESENTED.	POEMS.
1.	The sun was sloping to his western bower	Cannes, France	Mariana.
2.	,, ,,	Albenga, Italy	,,
3.	,, ,,	Sattàra (Bombay Presidency, India)	,,
4.	,, ,,	Wàiee (Bombay Presidency, India)	,,
5.	Embowered vaults of pillar'd palm	Tel-El-Kebeer, Egypt	Recollections of the Arabian Nights.
6.	,, ,,	Wady Feiràn, Palestine	,,
7.	Far down, and where the lemon grove	Virò, Corfù, Greece	,,
8.	The solemn palms were ranged above	Philæ, Egypt	,,
9.	From the long alley's latticed shade	Turin, Italy	,,
10.	The waterfall, a pillar of white light	Mendrisio, Switzerland	Ode to Memory.

Appendices

Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
11.	The waterfall, a pillar of white light	Oëschiner See, Switzerland	Ode to Memory.
12.	Wild and wide the waste enormous marsh	Terracina, Italy	,,
13.	And from the East rare sunrise flow'd	Amalfi, Italy	The Poet.
14.	Flowing like a crystal river	Platanià, Crete	The Poet's Mind.
15.	The purple mountain yonder	Mt. Olympus, Thessaly	,,
16.	Sweet is the colour of cove and cave	Palaiokastritza, Corfù	The Sea Fairies.
17.	One willow over the river hung	River Anio, Campagna di Roma	The Dying Swan.
18.	Stands in the sun, and shadows all beneath	Barrackpore, Calcutta, India	Love and Death.
19.	,, ,,	Dead Sea, Palestine	,,
20.	In the yew-wood black as night	Kingly Vale, Chichester, England	The Ballad of Oriana.
21.	Till all the crimson passed and changed	Pentedatelo, Calabria, Italy	Mariana in the South.
22.	,, ,,	Calicut, Malabar, India	,,
23.	Like the crag that fronts the evening	Kasr Es Saàd, Nile, Egypt	Eleanore.
24.	Crimsons over an inland mere	Lago Luro, Epirus, Albania	,,
25.	Thunderclouds, that, hung on high	Joánnina, Epirus, Albania	,,
26.	,, ,,	,, ,,	,,
27.	The white chalk quarry from the hill	Arundel, Sussex, England	The Miller's Daughter.
28.	The sunset, north and south	Narni, Italy	,,

Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
29.	Beneath the city's eastern towers	Constantinople, Turkey	Fatima.
30.	There is a vale in Ida	Mount Ida, Asia Minor	Œnone.
31.	Beneath yon whispering pine	Phyle, Attica, Greece	,,
32.	My tall dark pines that plumed the craggy ledge	Bavella, Corsica	,,
33.	,, ,,	,,	,,
34.	A huge crag platform	Mendrisio, Switzerland	The Palace of Art
35.	,,	Meteora, Thessaly, Greece	,,
36.	One show'd, all dark and red, a tract of sand	Pentedatelo, Calabria, Italy	,,
37.	One show'd an iron coast	Gozo, Malta	,,
38.	One show'd an iron coast and angry waves	Cape St. Angelo, Amalfi, Italy	,,
39.	And one, a full-fed river winding slow	River Sperchēius, Thermopylæ, Greece	,,
40.	And one, the reapers at their sultry toil	Below Monte Gennaro, Tivoli, Italy	,,
41.	And highest,—snow and fire	Táormina, Sicily	,,
42.	And one a foreground black with stones and slags	Etna, Sicily	,,
43.	And one, an English home	Stratton, Hampshire, England	,,
44.	The Maid-mother by a crucifix	Campagna di Roma, Italy	,,
45.	,, ,,	Mount Soracte, Italy	,,
46.	A clear wall'd city by the sea	Ragusa, Dalmatia	,,
47.	Hills, with peaky tops engrail'd	Telicherry, Malabar, India	,,

Appendices

Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
48.	Girt round with blackness	Mar Sabbas, Palestine	The Palace of Art.
49.	,, ,,	Lago Lugano, Switzerland	,,
50.	A land of streams	Vodghenà, Macedonia	The Lotus Eaters.
51.	They sate them down upon the yellow sand	Eubœa, Greece	,,
52.	Moonlight on still waters	Philæ, Egypt	,,
53.	To watch the crisping ripples	Parga, Albania	,,
54.	Only to hear were sweet	Eubœa, Greece	,,
55.	All night the spires of silver shine	Wady Feiràn, Palestine	A Dream of Fair Women.
56.	Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark	Civitella di Subiaco, Italy	,,
57.	I will see before I die the palms and temples of the south	Date Palms, Sheikh Abadeh	"You Ask Me Why."
58.	,, ,,	Dôm Palms, Mahatta	,,
59.	,, ,,	Cocoa Palms, Telicherry	,,
60.	,, ,,	Cocoa Palms, Mahée	,,
61.	,, ,,	Cocoa Palms, Aleepày	,,
62.	,, ,,	Cocoa Palms, Ratnapoora	,,
63.	,, ,,	Cocoa Palms, Avisavella	,,
64.	,, ,,	Palmyra Palms, Arrah	,,
65.	,, ,,	Areka Palms, Ratnapoora	,,
66.	,, ,,	Sago Palms, Calicut	,,
67.	,, ,,	Talipat Palms, Malabar	,,

Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
68.	I will see before I die the palms and temples of the south	Temples of Paestum, Italy	"You Ask Me Why."
69.	,, ,,	Temple of Segesta, Sicily	,,
70.	,, ,,	Temples of Girgenti, Sicily	,,
71.	,, ,,	Temple of Bassæ, Arcadia, Greece	,,
72.	,, ,,	Temple of Thebes, Egypt	,,
73.	,, ,,	Temple of Philæ, Egypt	,,
74.	,, ,,	,,	,,
75.	,, ,,	Temple of Dendoor, Nubia	,,
76.	,, ,,	Temples of Conjeviram (Madras Presidency, India)	,,
77.	,, ,,	Temples of Mahabalipuram (Madras Presidency, India)	,,
78.	,, ,,	Temples of Tanjore (Madras Presidency, India)	,,
79.	,, ,,	Temples of Trichinopoly	,,
80.	A place of tombs	Kleissoura, Albania	Morte d'Arthur.
81.	A cedar spread his dark green layers of shade	Mount Lebanon	The Gardener's Daughter.
82.	Sighing for Lebanon	,,	Maud
83.	A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark	Tivoli, Italy	The Gardener's Daughter.
84.	And the sun fell, and all the land was dark	Tel El Fûl, Gibeah, Palestine	Dora.

Appendices

Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
85.	The white convent down the valley there	Sta. Maria de Polsi, Calabria, Italy	St. Simon Stylites.
86.	Hail, hidden to the knees in fern	Blithfield, Staffordshire, England	The Talking Oak.
87.	Among these barren crags	Ithaca	Ulysses.
88.	For all remembrance is an arch	Campagna di Roma	,,
89.	There lies the port	Ithaca	,,
90.	Breadths of tropic shade, and palms in cluster	Darjeeling	Locksley Hall.
91.	,, ,,	,,	,,
92.	,, ,,	Khersiong	,,
93.	,, ,,	Conoor	,,
94.	,, ,,	,,	,,
95.	,, ,,	,,	,,
96.	,, ,,	Ratnapoora, Ceylon	,,
97.	,, ,,	,,	,,
98.	,, ,,	,,	,,
99.	Summer isles of Eden	Calicut, Malabar, India	,,
100.	Darkness in the village yew	Westfield, Hastings, England	The Two Voices.
101.	In gazing up an Alpine crag	The Matterhorn, Switzerland	,,
102.	Across the hills and far away	Montenegro	The Day Dream.
103.	The twilight died into the dark	Coast near Via Reggio, Italy	,,
104.	A light upon the shining sea	Monastery of Pantokràtora, Mt. Athos	St. Agnes' Eve.
105.	Illyrian woodlands	Ahkridha	To E. L. on his Travels in Greece.

Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
106.	Echoing falls of water	River Kalamà, Albania	To E. L. on his Travels in Greece.
107.	Sheets of summer glass	Lake of Ahkridha	,,
108.	The long divine Penĕian Pass	Pass of Tempe, Thessaly, Greece	,,
109.	The vast Akrokeraunian walls	Coast of Albania	,,
110.	,, ,,	Khemara	,,
111.	,, ,,	Pass of Tcheka	,,
112.	,, ,,	Dragihadhes	,,
113.	Tomōhrit	Mount Tomōhrit from above Tyrana	,,
114.	,,	,,	,,
115.	Athos	Mount Athos from the sea	,,
116.	,,	Mount Athos from above Eriligova	,,
117.	,,	Mount Athos from above Erissò	,,
118.	,,	Mount Athos from above Karuès	,,
119.	,,	,,	,,
120.	,,	Monastery of Koutlomoussi	,,
121.	,,	Monastery of Pantokràtora	,,
122.	,,	Monastery of Stavronikites	,,
123.	,,	Monastery of Karakalla	,,
124.	,,	Monastery of Philotheo	,,
125.	,,	Monastery of Iviron	,,
126.	,,	Monastery of Laura	,,

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Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
127.	Athos	Monastery of Laura	To E. L. on his Travels in Greece.
128.	,,	Monastery of St. Nilos	,,
129.	,,	Monastery of St. Paul	,,
130.	,,	Monastery of St. Dionysius	,,
131.	,,	Monastery of St. Gregorius	,,
132.	,,	Monastery of Simopetra	,,
133.	,,	Monastery of Xeropotamos	,,
134.	,,	Monastery of Zenophontos	,,
135.	,,	Monastery of Russikon	,,
136.	,,	Monastery of Dochiarēion	,,
137.	,,	Monastery of Kostamonites	,,
138.	,,	Monastery of Zographos	,,
139.	,,	Monastery of Khiliandarion	,,
140.	,,	Monastery of Esphigmenon	,,
141.	,,	Monastery of Batopaidi	,,
142.	All things fair	Corfù	,,
143.	,,	Campagna di Roma	,,
144.	,,	Constantinople	,,
145.	,,	Kinchinjunga, from Darjeeling	,,
146.	In curves the yellowing river ran	Tepelene, Albania	Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
147.	In curves the yellowing river ran	Suli, Albania	Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.
148.	Beyond the darkness and the cataract	Wady Halfeh, Second Cataract, Egypt	The Vision of Sin.
149.	Uprose the mystic mountain range	Mount Œta, Greece	,,
150.	Yon orange sunset waning slow	Ravenna, Italy	"Move Eastward, Happy Earth."
151.	In lands of palm and orange blossom	Nice	The Daisy.
152.	,, ,,	Esa	,,
153.	What Roman strength Turbiá show'd	Turbiá	,,
154.	How like a gem beneath, the city	Monaco, from Turbiá	,,
155.	,, ,,	Monaco	,,
156.	Lands of palm and orange blossom	Mentone	,,
157.	,, ,,	Vintimiglia	,,
158.	,, ,,	Bordighera	,,
159.	,, ,,	Sanremo	,,
160.	,, ,,	,,	,,
161.	Ice far up on a mountain head	Taggia	,,
162.	High hill convent seen	Sanctuary of Lampedusa	,,
163.	Olive hoary cape in ocean	Porto Maurizio	,,
164.	What slender campanile	Finale	,,
165.	Nor knew we well what pleased us most	Capo di Noli	,,
166.	A moulder'd citadel on the coast	Vado	,,

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Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
167.	High on mountain cornice	Varegge	The Daisy.
168.	I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto	Cogoletto	,,
169.	The grave severe Genoese of old	Genova	,,
170.	Sun-smitten Alps before me lay	Monte Rosa, from Varese	,,
171.	,, ,,	Monte Rosa, from Lago di Orta	,,
172.	,, ,,	Monte Rosa, from Monte Generoso	,,
173.	We came at last to Como	Lago di Como, from Villa Serbellone	,,
174.	,, ,,	,,	,,
175.	One tall Agave above the Lake	Lago di Como, from Varenna	,,
176.	That fair port	Varenna, Lago di Como	,,
177.	Rosy blossom in hot ravine	Petra, Syria, Palestine	,,
178.	A promontory of rock	Capo St. Angelo, Corfû	Will.
179.	Calm and still light on that great plain	Mount Hermon, Syria	In Memoriam.
180.	,, ,,	Monte Generoso, Switzerland	,,
181.	A looming bastion fringed with fire	Coast of Travancore, India	,,
182.	The fortress and the mountain ridge	St. Leo, near San Marino, Italy	,,
183.	On Sinai's peaks	Mount Sinai, Palestine	,,
184.	Silver sails all out of the West	Malabar Point, Bombay, India	The Princess.
185.	On thy Parnassus	Mount Parnassus, Greece	,,

Plate.	Illustrated Line.	Places Represented.	Poems.
186.	The cataract shattering on black blocks	First Cataract, Nile, Egypt	The Princess.
187.	The splendour falls on castle walls	Suli, Epirus, Albania	,,
188.	,, ,,	Sermoneta, Pontine Marshes, Italy	,,
189.	,, ,,	Celano, Abruzzi, Italy	,,
190.	,, ,,	San Nocito, Calabria, Italy	,,
191.	,, ,,	Bracciano, Italy	,,
192.	The cypress in the Palace walk	Villa d'Estè, Tivoli, Italy	,,
193.	A little town with towers upon a rock	(?) Near Orte, on the Tiber, Italy	,,
194.	Among the tumbled fragments of the hills	Cánalo, Calabria, Italy	Lancelot and Elaine.
195.	Between the steep cliff and the coming sea	Beachy Head, Sussex, England	Guinevere.
196.	On some vast plain before a setting sun	Damascus, Syria	,,
197.	,, ,,	Missooree, India	,,
198.	,, ,,	Monte Generoso, Switzerland	,,
199.	,, ,,	Thebes, Egypt	,,
200.	The mountain wooded to the peak	Enoch Arden's Island	Enoch Arden.

APPENDIX E.

PICTURES EXHIBITED BY EDWARD LEAR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

1850. Claude Lorraine's house on the Tiber.

1851. Street Scene in Lekhreda, &c.

The Castle of Harytena, &c.

1852. Mount Parnassus, &c., Northern Greece.

1853. Prato-lungo, near Rome.

The City of Syracuse.

1854. Marathon.

Sparta.

1855. The Temple of Bassæ, &c.

1856. The Temple of Philæ.

The Island of Philæ.

1870. Kasr es saad.

Valdoniello.

1871. Cattaro in Dalmatia.

On the Nile near Assioot.

On the Nile, Nagadeh.

On the Nile near Ballas.

1872. Pietra.

1873. The Monastery of Megaspelion in the Morea.

APPENDIX F.

The following Persons, being desirous that Mr. LEAR's Picture of the "Temple of Bassæ," should find an appropriate and permanent place in the Museum of a Classical University, have subscribed towards its purchase, with a view to its presentation to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart.
Anonymous.
Anonymous.
Anonymous.
Rev. Ellis Ashton.

Thomas G. Baring, Esq., M.P.
William F. Beadon, Esq.
Professor Bell, P.L.S., &c., &c.
Robert J. Blencowe, Esq.
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John Battersby Harford, Esq.
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A. Heywood, Esq.
Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby.
Lady Hornby.
Rev. J. J. Hornby.
Mrs. Hornby.
The Miss Hornbys.
The Hon. Mrs. Greville Howard.
Bernard Husey-Hunt, Esq.

William Langton, Esq.
Colonel W. Martin Leake.
Mrs. W. Martin Leake.
The Ladies Legge.

Franklin Lushington, Esq.

K. Macaulay, Esq.
James G. Marshall, Esq.
R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.
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William Nevill, Esq.

T. Gambier Parry, Esq.
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Thomas Potter, Esq.
Sir James Reid.

Henry R. Sandbach, Esq.
William R. Sandbach, Esq.
Mrs. William and Mrs. George Scrivens.

Alfred Seymour, Esq.
Sir John Simeon, Bart.
Lord Stanley, M.P.

Thomas Tatton, Esq.
Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Poet Laureat.
George S. Venables, Esq.

Frances, Countess Waldegrave.
Lord Wenlock.
S. F. Widdrington, Esq.
Thomas H. Wyatt, Esq.
Charles Griffith Wynne, Esq.
Mrs. Griffith Wynne.
Charles Griffith Wynne, Esq., Jun., M.P.

Miss Yates.

15, Stratford Place, Oxford Street,
December 10*th*, 1859.

APPENDIX G.

ARGOS FROM THE CITADEL OF MYCENÆ

BY EDWARD LEAR;

A Classical Landscape, embracing the Sites of Argos, Tiryns, Nauplia, And the Lernæan Marsh:

IS PRESENTED TO

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

BY THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE:—

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Professor H. Sidgwick.
Hon. Mr. Justice Stephen, K.C.S.I.
Charles Johnstone Taylor, Esq.
Frederick Tennyson, Esq.
Hon. Hallam Tennyson.
Lord Tennyson.
Francis Charlewood Turner, Esq., M.D.
Rev. Charles Henry Turner.
J. Westlake, Esq., Q.C.
George V. Yool, Esq.

April, 1887.

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